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THE NEW YORKER

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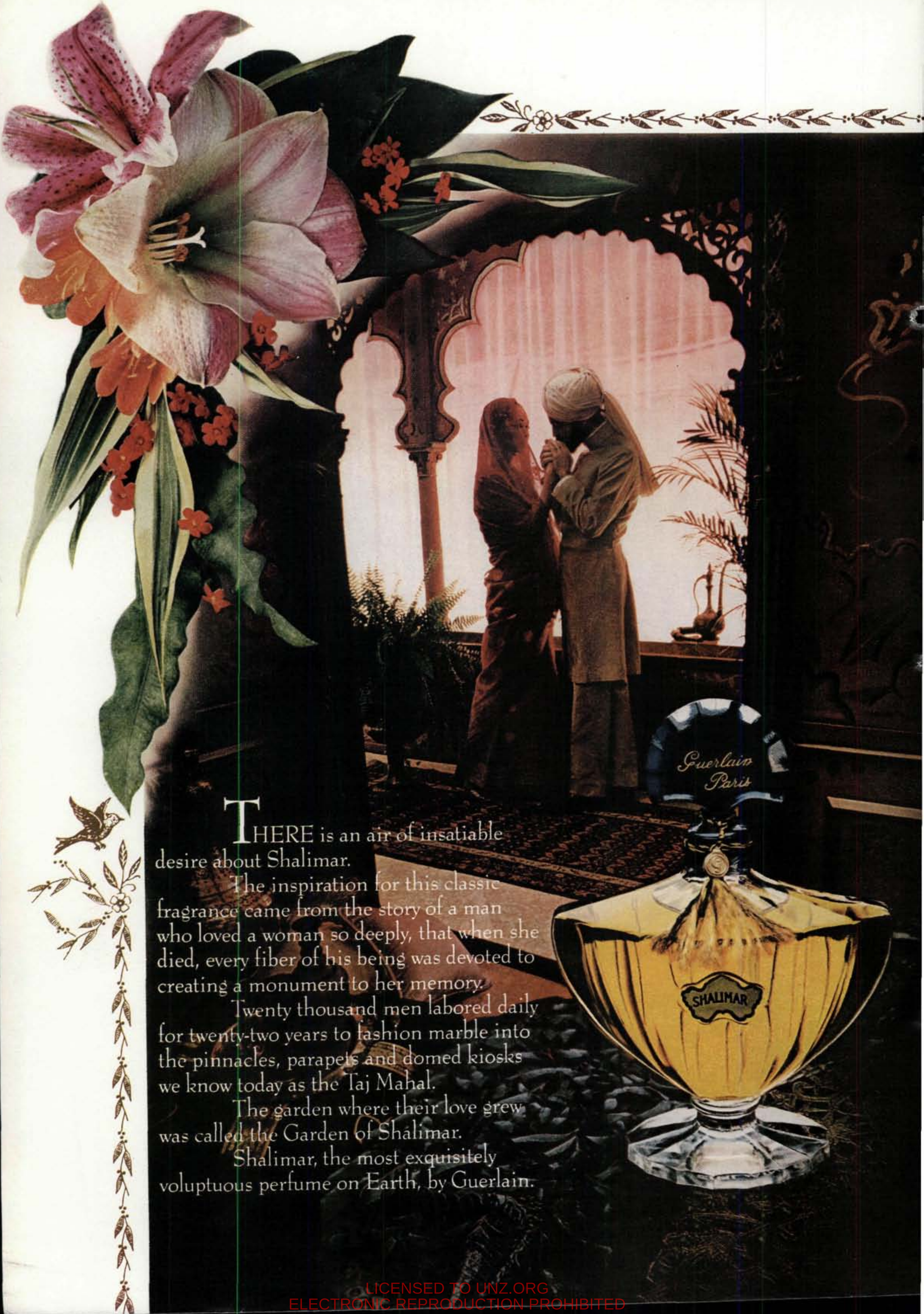

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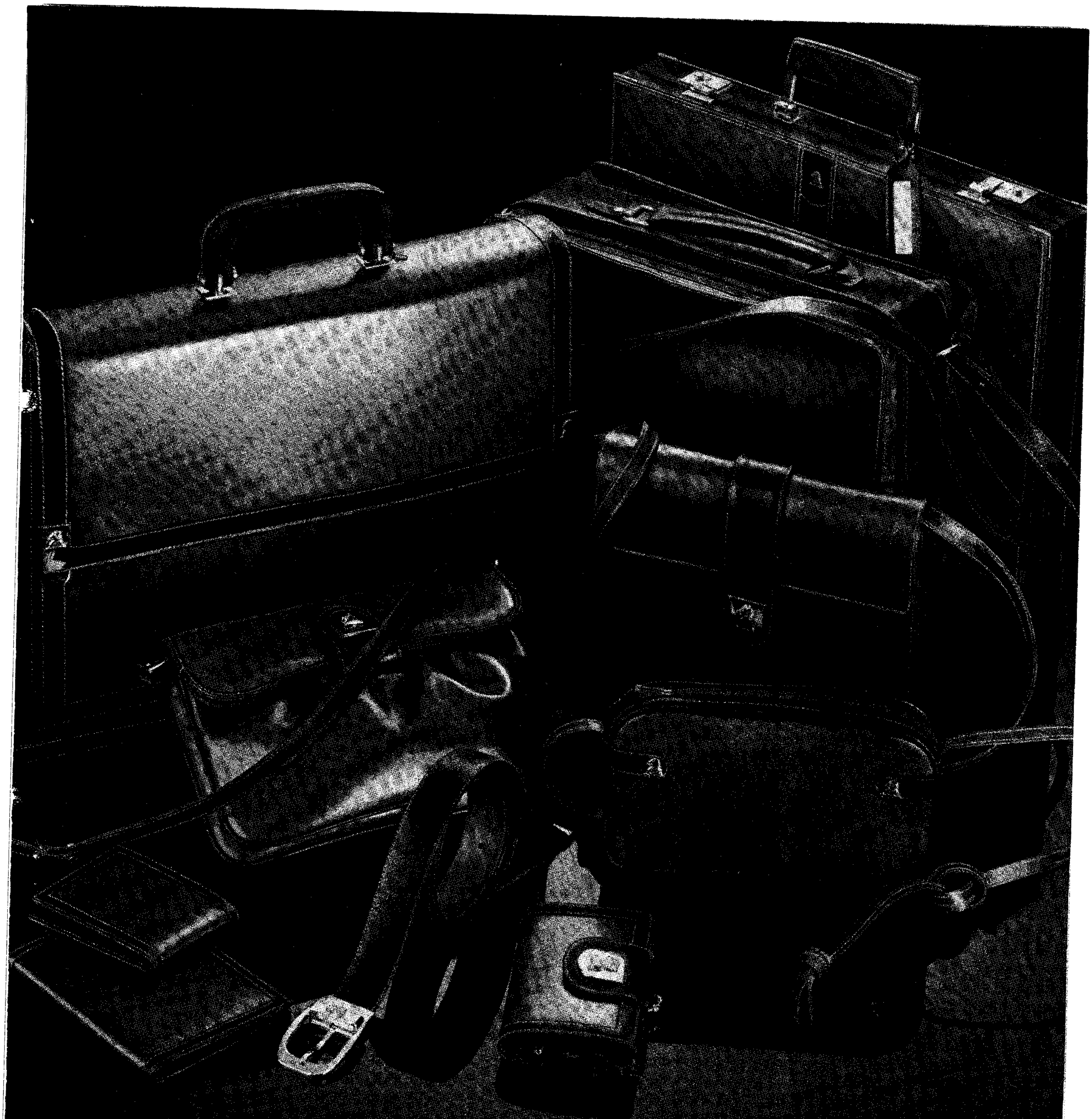

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A marvellously intricate and nearly always very funny account of four marriages. The setting is three bedrooms, so problems emerge. Alan Ayckbourn is the author, and the cast is headed by Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big Bad Burlesque—A musical entertainment conceived and directed by Don Brockett. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **BURIED CHILD.** The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15.... ¶ A play by Marty Martin, **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN,** with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Enchanted Pig—Charles Ludlam's fairy tale for his Ridiculous Theatrical Company is not entirely for children; there are enough references to "King Lear" and "Macbeth" and other classics to keep their escorts alert. Even in its stretches of depressing coyness, one is always aware of an original dramatic imagination at work. Directed by Mr. Ludlam. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Friday, Sept. 7, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 8, at 8 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gilda Radner—Live from New York—Two stars of the TV show "Saturday Night Live"—Miss Radner and Don Novello—in a series of funny skits, along with some pleasant singing and dancing. (8/13/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.)

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Kid Champion—A revival of Thomas Babe's distinguished play about a rock singer, directed by the playwright. Alan Rosenberg's performance in the title role is more openly emotional than was Christopher Walken's cryptic, haunting Champion, four years ago, but it is strong, all the same. With John Seitz and with Sasha von Scherler, repeating her wonderful characterization of the singer's mother. (Stage One, 120 W. 28th St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, Sept. 9.)

Knockout—A sad little tale of life in the lower depths of Hoboken, which is low enough for all practical purposes. Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill help to redeem the writing, which is by Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 9: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** ... ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 12-16: **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 12. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—Sandy Duncan has the title role and George Rose is Captain Hook in a revival of the musical with lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, music by Mark Charlap (additional lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and additional music by Jule Styne). Directed by Rob Iscove. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 6. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play, which has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, is better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Sept. 13, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

Sweeney Todd—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—A brilliant play by Brian Clark, in which a paralyzed young man argues with wit and eloquence that he must be allowed to die. Tom Conti is superb as the young man, and he is well supported by, among others, Jean Marsh and Philip Bosco. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Long Runs—**Ain't Misbehavin'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Annie**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Chapter Two**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A Chorus Line**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Da**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Dancin'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Deathtrap**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Dracula**: Jean LeClerc and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Eubie!**: Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Fantasticks**: 8,048 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Gemini**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Grease**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Mummenschanz**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Oh! Calcutta!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Vanities**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30. At the moment, a series of movie musicals is being shown, at 11 A.M. only. This week, through Friday, Sept. 7, "Daddy Long Legs," with Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron; Monday through Friday, Sept. 10-14, "Good News," with June Allyson and Peter Lawford. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

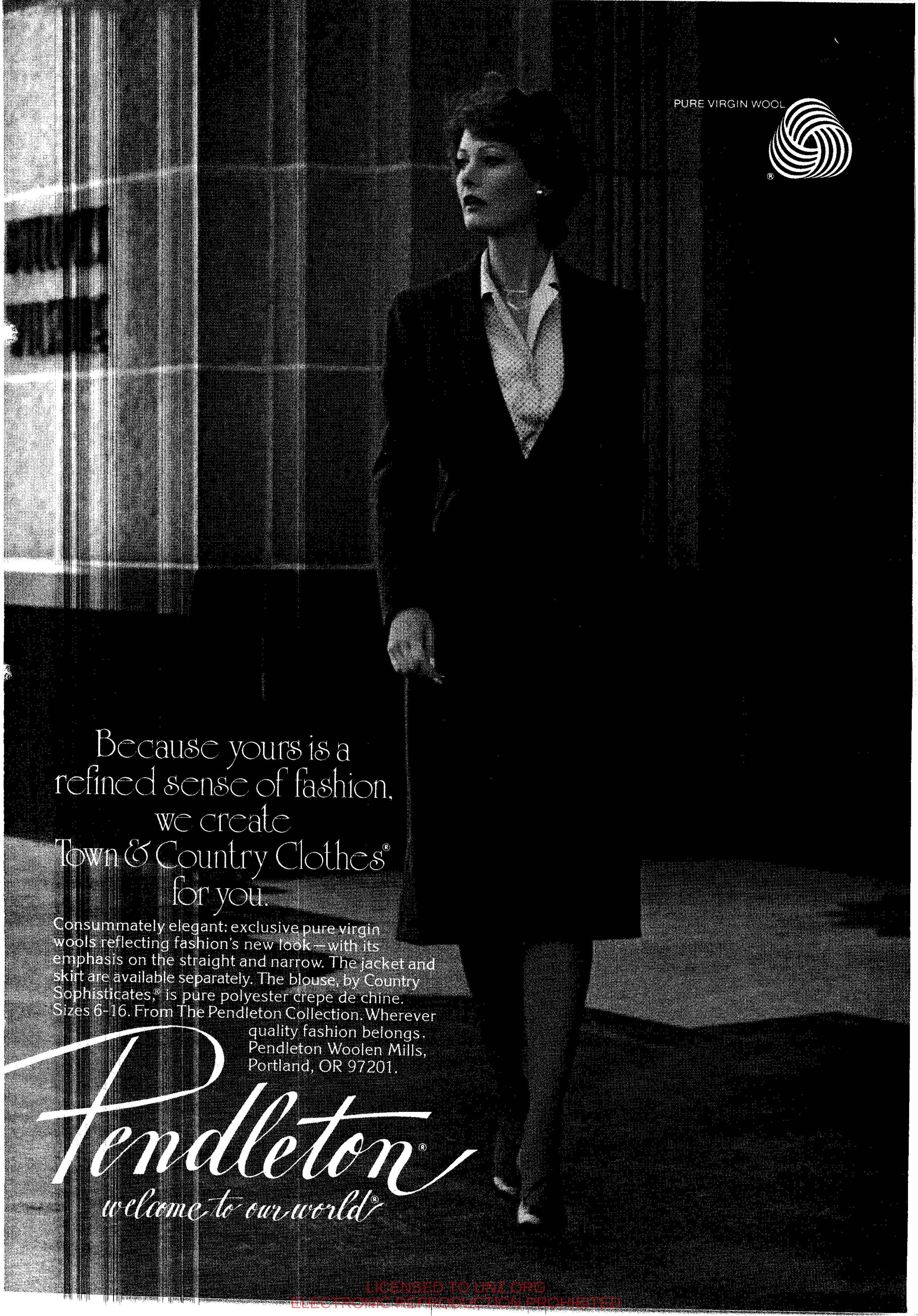
DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Sept. 5: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 6: "Firebird," "Flames of Paris," "Voluntaries," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 7: "Theme and Variations," "Other Dances," "Voluntaries," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 8, and Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 9: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 11-12: "Firebird," "Contredances," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 13: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Sept. 14-15, and Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 16: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Pearl Primus—Miss Primus solos in "Inner Being of African Sculpture" on Wednesdays at 3. . . . ¶ Her company of twelve, including Percival Borde, performs "Earth Theatre" Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3 and 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-7812)—This particular branch of a steakhouse chain might be more appropriately named Bebop Charlie's. Saxophonist Zbigniew Namyslowski will head up a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8; on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12-13, trumpeter John McNeil will be here with a quintet that will feature drummer **BILLY HART** and saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**; on Friday, Sept. 14, singer Roberta Baum will perform with her heavyweight backup trio, which is composed of drummer **BILLY HART**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS**; and on Saturday, Sept. 15, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and his trio will drop by. Sets begin at nine and eleven Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Convenient to Washington Square Park, where, before the show, one can watch the spontaneous, open-air disco-roller-skating scene (which is quite entertaining on its own). Irish rock and blues singer Rory Gallagher performs through Thursday, Sept. 6; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, a British rock band called the Records will be on hand; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 10-11, **TRACY NELSON** will sing blues and ballads with her backing crew; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15, the **DILLARDS** will come in with a gunnysack full of country and bluegrass songs. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists and bassists in jazz. **LOU LEVY**, a West Coast pianist and Peggy Lee accompanist of long standing, works with bassist **RUFUS REID** nightly, except Sundays, which belong to singer and pianist Joe Derise. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** inhabits this world of pastel murals and brocaded love seats until Saturday, Sept. 15, after which Bobby Short will return. She can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Visitors to this club, which basks in its seediness, or to Hurrah or Max's Kansas City will notice that sadomasochist safety-pin jewelry, menacing leers from patrons and musicians, and a general hostile ambience have given way to jeans, painter's pants, Buddy Holly-inspired horn-rimmed glasses, and sneakers—punk now has a collegiate following. In knowledgeable circles, the music isn't even referred to as punk rock anymore—it is now called new wave (and in artier circles, no wave). Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 5-8, the Plasmatics, a quintet that introduced chain saws, G-strings, and Mohawk haircuts to the new wave, will be onstage. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The dancing that goes on here may look more like Broadway musical-comedy choreography than authentic juke-joint jiving, but the dances—the Texas Two-Step, the Shotess, and Cotton-Eye Joe—are genuine, and the skies are not cloudy all day. Exuberant live country bands mosey in nightly at about ten.

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The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—A corner café that faces Central Park. One can sit next to the bank of windows and gaze at trees and people or sit near the piano and bass and listen to singer **RONNY WHYTE** and his accompanist, **JACK SIX**. They perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**LARRY ADLER**, the harmonica virtuoso, is celebrating the instrument's hundred-and-fiftieth year by performing "I Got Rhythm," "Melancholy Baby," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "Shenandoah," and assorted cowboy campfire songs. Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, go on at eight-thirty and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** now claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and he plays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, Sept. 9, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will guide a swing quintet from eight. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors and mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls are all that is left from the disco past of this downstairs jazz club. **SONNY FORTUNE**, the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can make one grateful for the era of the long, extended solo, leads his quintet through Saturday, Sept. 8. On Tuesday, Sept. 11, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** will begin working with pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **CECIL MCBEE**, and drummer **BILLY HART**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** usually work with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** will be present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; and Tuesdays, to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **NINA SHELDON**, an easygoing singer and a bebop-influenced pianist, leads a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Joe Albany alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll is played from nine to eleven-thirty and between sets. The bands: the Contortions on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6; Model Citizens and Dirty Looks on Friday, Sept. 7; Red Crayola and Urban Looks on Saturday, Sept. 8. Live music every night from eleven-thirtyish. Closed Sundays and Monday, Sept. 10.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do here is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, and jazz musicians take up their instruments and play. Music Fridays through Sundays from nine.

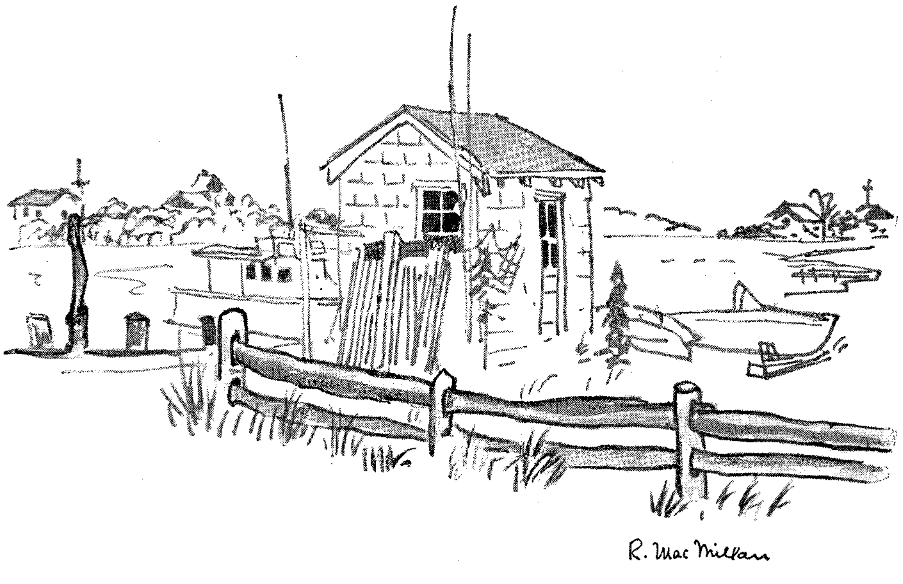
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—The home piano-bass team—**BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN**—has returned to do a three-week stand. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A club that draws genuine, if transplanted, Texans and an impressive range of blues, rock, and country musicians. Country-pop singer Bobby Bare is onstage Wednesday, Sept. 5. Monday through Thursday, Sept. 10-13, have been set aside for rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY**. Mr. Diddley, who has been in fine form all year—this will be his third appearance since January—still plays a cigar box of a guitar; his music, though, now sounds more like fuzzy, modern rock than like his exaggerated, raw, jangling, rhythmic experiments of the fifties. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**HELEN WARD**, Benny Goodman's vocalist in the thirties, is currently singing here with support from pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER**. Shows usually start at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at ten-thirty and midnight on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) Wednesday, Sept. 5, Invaders and Jumpers; Thursday, Sept. 6, Heartbreakers, Cheetah Chrome & the Casualties, and Vengeance; Friday, Sept. 7, Heartbreakers and Voodoo Shoes; Saturday, Sept. 8, Heartbreakers



and Fear; Sunday, Sept. 9, Sleazy Living and Cutthroats; Monday, Sept. 10, New York Niggers, Militia, and the Bongos; and Tuesday, Sept. 11, Frank Maya & the Decals and the Flux. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The music of Hoagy Carmichael is an understandable cause for celebration. The celebrants: trumpeter **DICK SUDHALTER**, singer **BARBARA LEA**, pianist **BOB DOROUGH**, and drummer **BUTCH MILES**. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-thirty until one-thirty. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. Singer Esther Satterfield and her band wind up their visit on Saturday, Sept. 8; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 13-15, second-generation Chicago-blues-harp specialist and singer **JUNIOR WELLS** will be on the premises with his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. The Russ Morgan orchestra provides the music through Sunday, Sept. 9; and beginning Tuesday, Sept. 11, **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet will return. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed Thursdays through Saturdays, at nine and eleven-thirty, by singer Barbara Cook. Tuesdays and Wednesdays are claimed by singer Karen Akers, and Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Trumpeter and proprietor **RANDY BRECKER**, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON**, and drummer **AL FOSTER** form an impressive quintet for a Thursday-through-Sunday (Sept. 6-9) engagement. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11-12, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will lead a trio; and on Thursday, Sept. 13, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will arrive with his quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Sept. 5.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, celebrates the Crescent City with lots of turn-of-the-century red curlicues—in the carpeting, on the brocade-like wallpaper, and in the bright stained glass overhead. The World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart performs modestly from nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist Mike Nock is in charge of a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 8; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 9-10, bassist **MICKEY BASS** will be here with his group; and on Tuesday, Sept. 11, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will move in with a quartet that will feature **TOM HARRELL** on trumpet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD**, and a quartet perform Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 7-9, **JOHN ORE**, **TOMMY TURRENTINE**, **SHIRLEY SCOTT**, **C-SHARPE**, and **KENNY SHURLAND** will be on the stand; Monday, Sept. 10, will belong to the Charles Moffett Family, a youthful trio; on Wednesday, Sept. 12, trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** will lead a combo; and on Thursday, Sept. 13, tenor saxophonist **GARY BARTZ** will bring in a quartet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Recently renovated, this club is now one long room with good sightlines to the stage all the way from the bar area. The standouts on the current blues and rock schedule are **LOUISIANA RED**, a blues singer and guitarist, on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6; and blues singer and pianist **ROOSEVELT SYKES** on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12-13. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for rising rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Music after eleven, usually. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the barnlike downstairs room, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, the master, and his quintet trade sets with drummer **ART BLAKEY** and the latest edition of his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** through Sunday, Sept. 9. On Tuesday, Sept. 11, singer **CARMEN MCRAE** will take over with her backing combo. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio are performing here Tuesdays through Sundays. On Monday, Sept. 10, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** will lead his big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Sadik Hakim is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and Esther Blue is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly and his Jazz Sultans are on hand through Sunday, Sept. 9; on Monday, Sept. 10, the stage will be turned over to a quartet headed by trumpeter Franc Williams. Music from about nine.

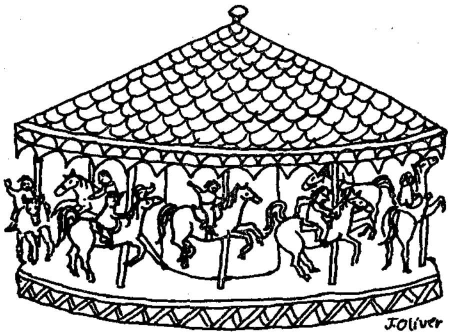
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Liza Minnelli—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Nightly at 8. Closes Friday, Sept. 14.

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6, at 7:30.

Ella Fitzgerald—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Sept. 6, at 8.

Bee Gees—With Sweet Inspirations. (Madison Square Garden. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 7-9, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11-12, at 8.)



Shirley Bassey—Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Monday, Sept. 10 through Saturday, Sept. 22. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.

Dire Straits—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Ray Charles—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Sept. 13, at 8.

The Who—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 13-14, and Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 16-18, at 8.

Dionne Warwick—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.

Jazz at Symphony Space—A two-day event. Friday, Sept. 14, at 7:30: George Coleman Band, Donald Smith Band, and Amiri Baraka. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 14, at midnight: James (Blood) Ulmer Band, Philly Jo Jones Band, Ted Curson, and Amiri Baraka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8: Barry Harris with a concert jazz ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through Sept. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Flaccus—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Sept. 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Don Gummer—A six-sided painted-wood and stone sculpture. Through Sept. 23. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

Joyce Kozloff—A sumptuous environment that takes up the whole gallery space and has a strong Middle Eastern atmosphere. It is centered on a richly decorated and slightly raised tile floor (ten and a half feet by fourteen and a half feet), which is surrounded by silk-screened or lithographed silk panels hanging from the walls between pilasters ornamented with tiles. The artist made everything herself: tiles, panels, pilasters—the works. Through Sept. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mary Petty (1899-1976)—Twenty-six watercolors that became *New Yorker* covers and were bequeathed by the artist to Syracuse University. Through Sept. 28. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.)

Italian Renaissance Paintings from the Hermitage—A show of eleven paintings from the period, including Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna and Child" ("Benois Madonna"), and works by Correggio and Titian. Through Sept. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Open daily.)

Group Shows—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: William Merritt Chase's "The Kimono" (1895), Georgia O'Keeffe's "Yellow Calla Lily" (1927), and Richard Pousette-Dart's "Untitled (Presence)" (1974) are three of the paintings in a show of works by Americans. Through Saturday, Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.). . . **SEAPORT GALLERY**, 215 Water St.: A show of cityscapes, in prints and photographs, from the twenties and thirties, by Louis Lozowick, Berenice Abbott, Max Weber, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—More than a hundred and fifty of his Western landscapes. Starts Saturday, Sept. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, until 9.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82)—Twenty-five photo-

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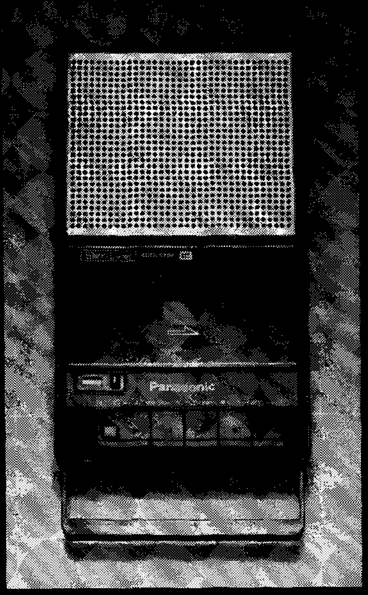

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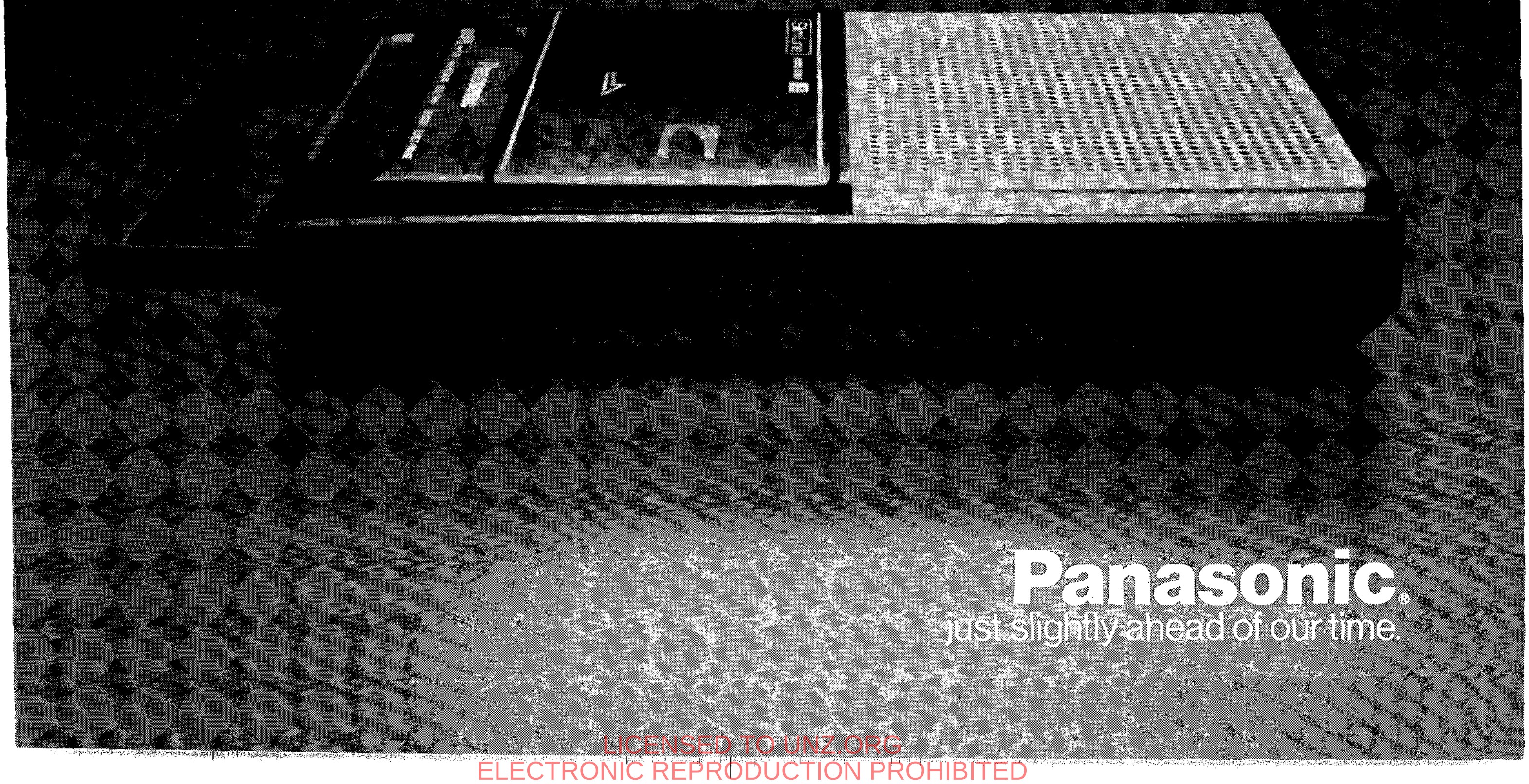
The Panasonic SlimLine™ tape recorder.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphs: early landscapes at Fontainebleau and military maneuvers at the Camps de Châlons through late works made in Egypt. Through Sept. 29. (*Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.*)

William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77)—The Morgan Library has mounted a show of forty photographs that trace his entire career. Among the examples, a city view of London dated 1839. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A historical survey (1839 to the present) of Polish photography. Through Saturday, Sept. 15. (Open Sundays.)... **seagram building,** 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. (fourth floor): Thirty-seven photographs, including Steichen's "Sunday Night on 40th Street" and Ben Shahn's "Linworth, Ohio." Through Friday, Sept. 14. (Closes at 4.)... **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works by nine contemporary photographers. Through Oct. 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sampling of major twentieth-century art movements can be seen in a show of eighty-five paintings and sculptures on loan (mostly) from private New York collections. Among the works: Picasso's "Bather," Brancusi's "Kiss," and an untitled painting by Nabil Nahas. Among the collectors are Ethel Redner Scull, Clement Greenberg, and Christophe de Menil. Through Sept. 30.... ¶ Eleven fragments of sculptures from the façade of Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, which disappeared during the French Revolution and were found two years ago (underneath a courtyard on the Right Bank). Starts Thursday, Sept. 6.... ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum's Department of Architecture and Design has recently acquired a number of objects, including a glass pitcher and a silver tureen and ladle by the nineteenth-century English designer Christopher Dresser; a hanging lamp by Louis Tiffany (made for his own dining room); a folding screen composed of black lacquer plaques by Eileen Gray; and lamps by Isamu Noguchi. Through Sept. 30.... ¶ A show of still-lifes by Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936), an American modernist neglected in his lifetime. Through Oct. 9.... ¶ A show of eighty newly acquired drawings by Europeans and Americans. Through Nov. 13.... **photography:** Western landscapes by Ansel Adams. Starts Saturday, Sept. 8. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Matisse and Master Drawings from the Baltimore Museum of Art," a show of *seventy-three* Matisse *paintings,* drawings, and sculptures together with ninety-one drawings and watercolors by other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Through Oct. 8.... ¶ Eighty-five examples of George Rickey's kinetic sculptures. Through Oct. 14. (Open *daily except* Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sunday, Sept. 9.... ¶ "Selected Recent Acquisitions: Graphics," includes works by Isabel Bishop, Richard Estes, and Larry Rivers. Through Oct. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—In the Hall of Late Dinosaurs, an exact polyester-resin-and-fibreglass replica of the museum's triceratops skeleton is being assembled, and the skeleton itself, dismantled for the reproduction, is being reassembled. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other articles designed by him. Through Sept. 16.... ¶ More than a hundred examples of glass objects that date from the first century to the present, with emphasis on the last three centuries. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—William Blake's twenty-one watercolor illustrations for the Book of Job and his illustrations for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Dec. 2.... ¶ Photographs by William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77). Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 5-7, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, Sept. 8-9: A special engagement of Lehár's "The Merry Widow." There will be alternating casts: Diana Soviero, Marianna Christos, Alan Titus, Bruce Reed, David Rae Smith, and James Billings, or Glenys Fowles, Kathryn Bouleyn, Howard Hensel, Henry Price, David Rae Smith, and James Billings. Conducted variously by Imre Pallo and Judith Somogi. ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 11: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Joshua Hecht; conducted by Cal Stewart Kellogg.... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 13: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Rico Serbo, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 14: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Ermanno Mauro, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Charles Long; John Crosby.... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 15: "Faust," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Joshua Hecht; Cal Stewart Kellogg. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Rafael Kubelik conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 3. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Sept. 13, at 8; Friday, Sept. 14, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 18, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Russell Sherman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Sept. 7, at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in a program of music of the eighteenth century. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

Edward Flower—Classical guitarist and lutanist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 8.)

Ivan Davis—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 8.... ¶ Detroit, Friday, Sept. 14, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 15, at 2.... **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 7, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9, at 2:05.... ¶ Phila-

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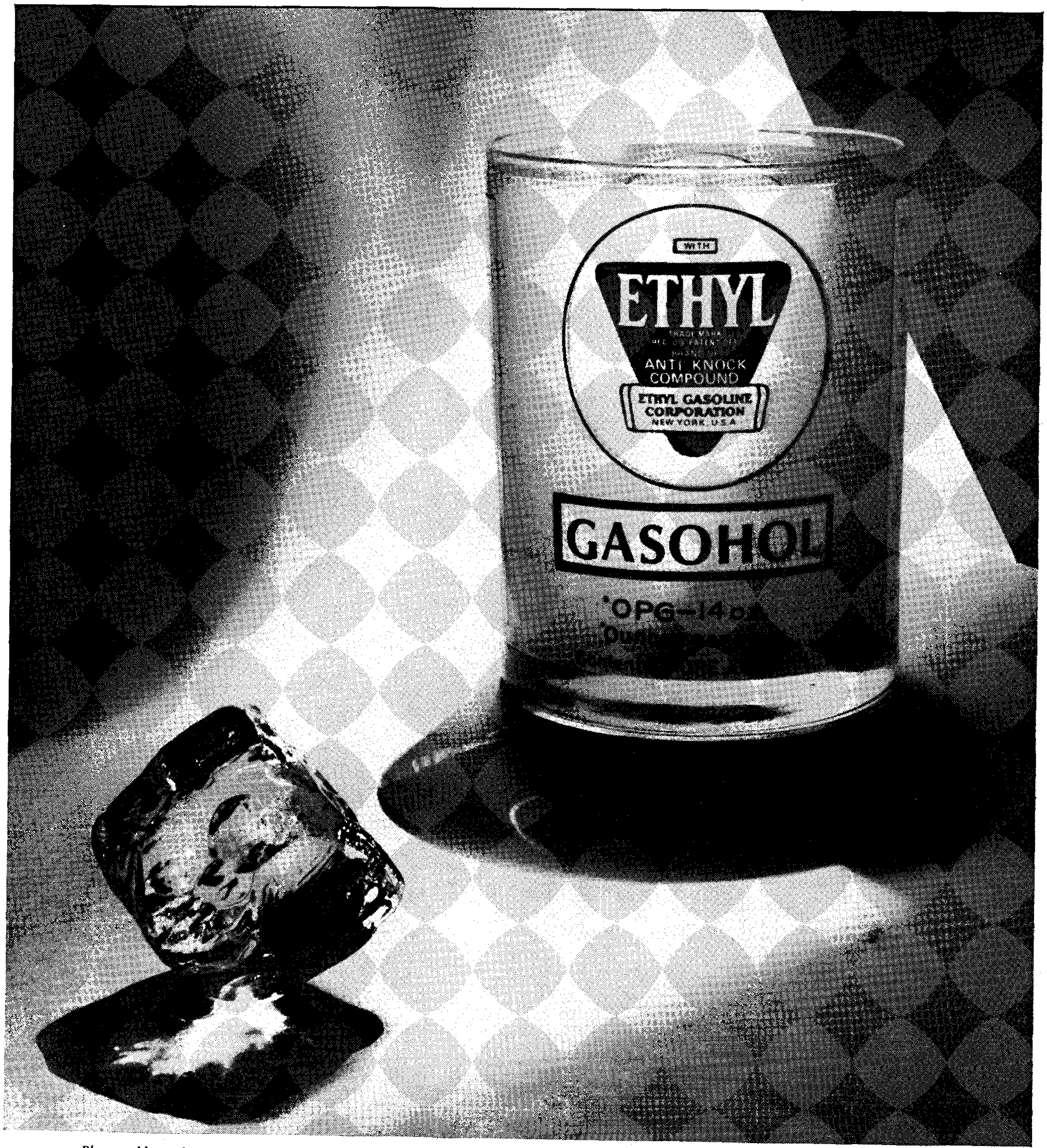
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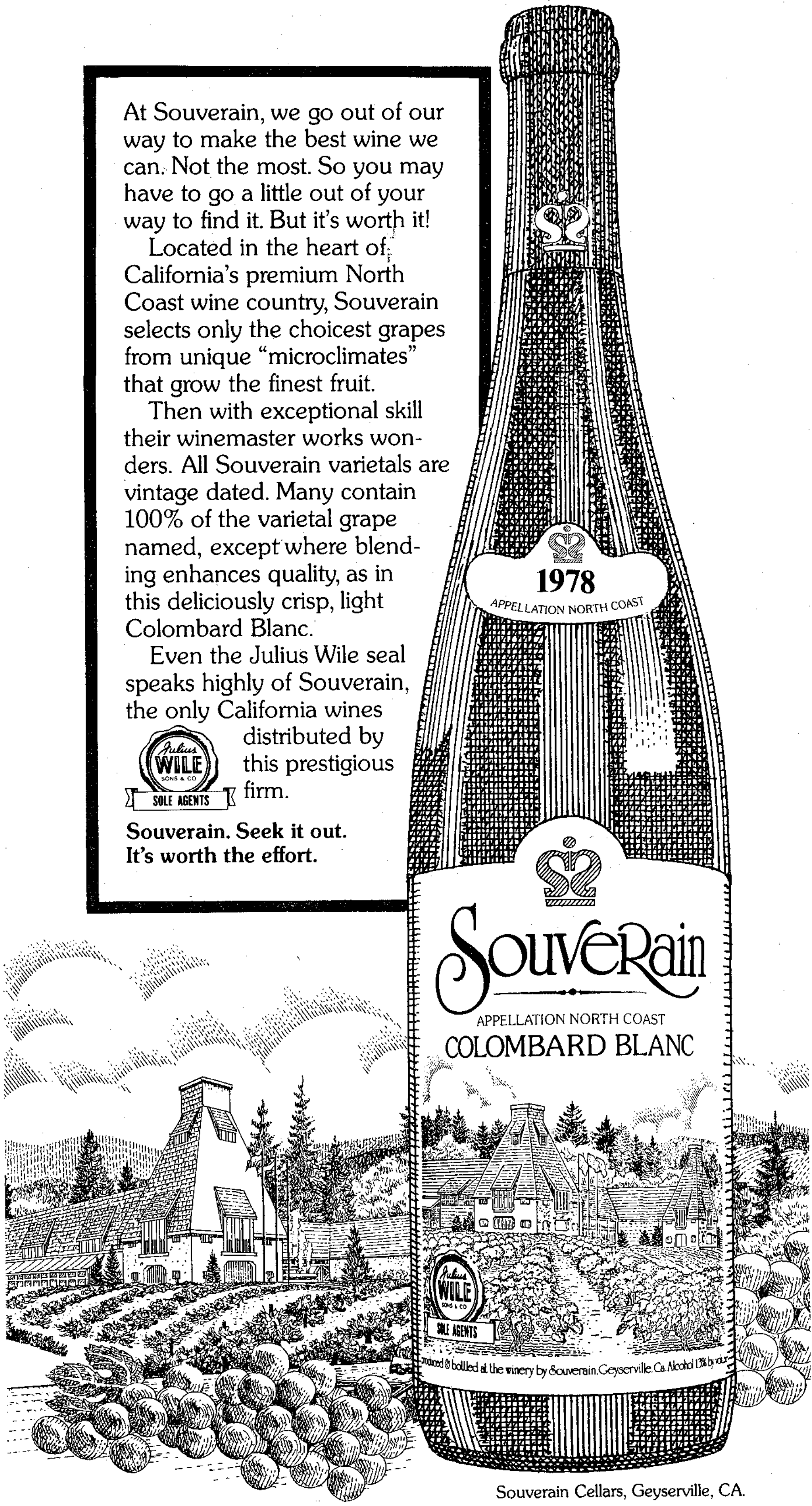
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Souverain Cellars, Geyserville, CA.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

delphia, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 11-13, at 8:05.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 8:** Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Holy Cross, at New Brunswick, at 2:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 15:** Army vs. Connecticut, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Millersville, at Fordham, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 9: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 8; the Maskette, Wednesday, Sept. 12; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Running—The Women's Half Marathon, of 13.1 miles, will start at eleven on Saturday, Sept. 8, in Central Park near East 90th Street, and finish at the same place.

Soccer—Soccer Bowl Championship. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 7-9, at 2. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 17.

ET ALIA

Fall Antiques Show—An Americana show, including furniture, glass, china, bronze sculptures, pewter, silver, jewelry, toys, and quilts. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 12-15, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Sept. 16, noon to 6.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Dance Festival—Seven free performances—Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7, at 8: Indrani & Sukanya, Don Redlich Dance Company, Karena Brock & William Starrett, Wendy Osserman Dance Company, and Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9, at 8: Vanaver Caravan, Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company, Elisa Monte & David Brown, Houston Ballet, and Dan Wagoner and Dancers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 9, at 3 (a one-hour program): Vanaver Caravan, Bowyer & Bruggeman, and Asakawalker Dance Company. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 10-11, at 8: Asakawalker Dance Company, Gary Chryst, Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Bowyer & Bruggeman, Carmen de Lavallade and Eivind Harum, and Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Rain date, Wednesday, Sept. 12. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Walking Tour—"The World of Wall Street: Tycoons and Tickertape," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 9, starting on the steps of City Hall, Broadway and Park Row, at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15-16, from noon until sundown.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

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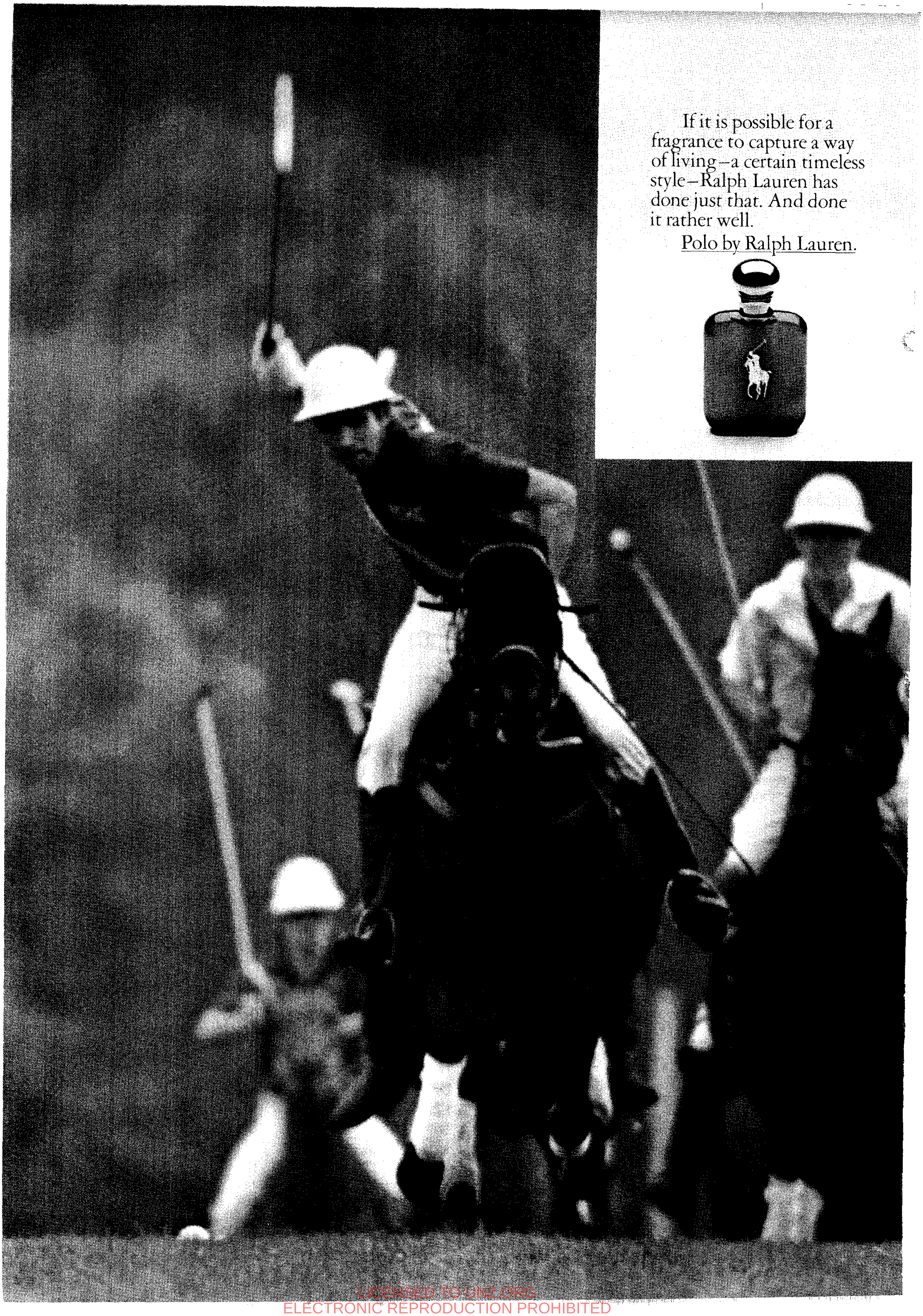

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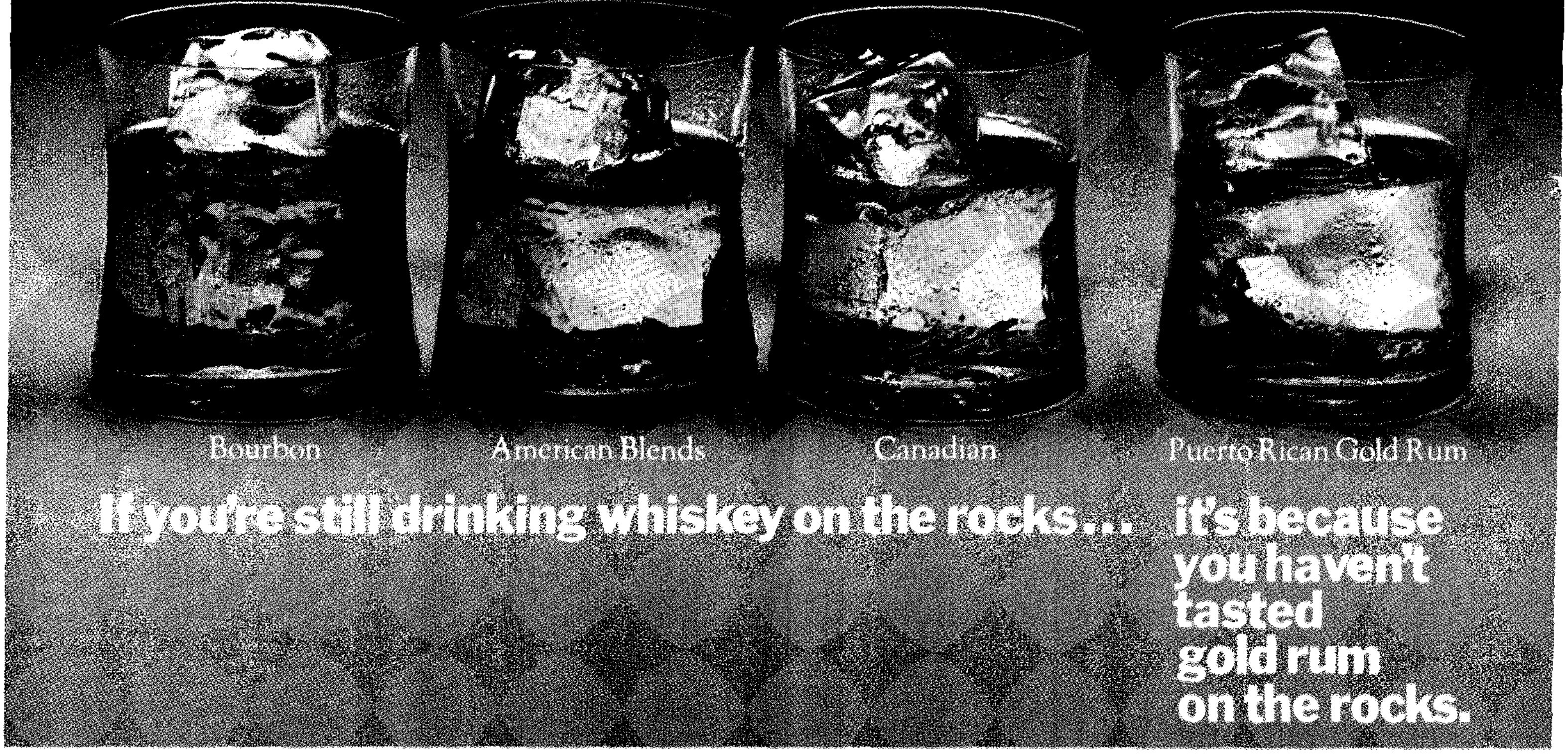
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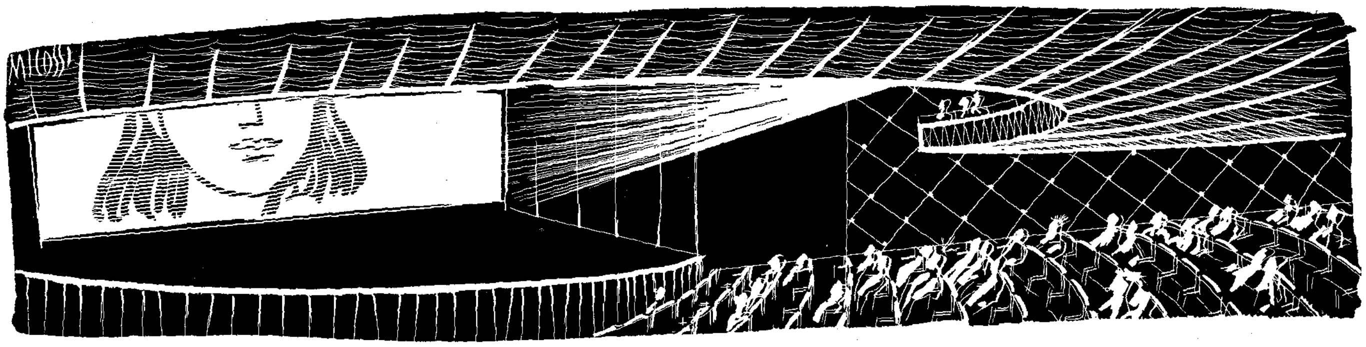
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 5: "Woman of the Year."
Sept. 6: "The Appointment."
Sept. 7: "Lilith."
Sept. 8: "Two for the Road."
Sept. 9: "A Perfect Couple."
Sept. 10: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 11: "Freaks" (at 6 and 10:30). Also "Black Bird" (Sept. 11), "The Show" (Sept. 12), "The Unholy Three" (Sept. 13), "West of Zanzibar" (Sept. 14), and "Miracles for Sale" (Sept. 15), all directed by Tod Browning.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Moonraker."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 6: "Escape from Alcatraz" and "Goin' South."
Sept. 7-13: "Star Wars" and "Silver Streak."
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"El Super."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"North Dallas Forty."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 6: "Sunburn."
Sept. 7-13: To be announced.
From Sept. 14: "Run After Me—Until I Catch You!"

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 13: "More American Graffiti."
From Sept. 14 (tentative): "The Green Room."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 6: "Escape from Alcatraz."
From Sept. 7: "Nest of Vipers."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rich Kids."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Harold and Maude."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Life of Brian."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Orchestra Rehearsal."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 6: "Manhattan."
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Soldier of Orange."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Star Wars."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Peppermint Soda."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 6: "Dracula."
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"North Dallas Forty."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Amityville Horror."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan."
Theatre 2: "More American Graffiti."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): "Rocky II."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "The In-Laws." From Sept. 14: "The Frisco Kid."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 13: "A Little Romance." From Sept. 14: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
Theatre 4: "Woyzeck."

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Wednesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 7: "On the Waterfront."
Sept. 8-9: "The Strange One."
From Sept. 10: Theatre temporarily closed.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The In-Laws."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Apocalypse Now."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Manhattan."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why Not!"

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meetings with Remarkable Men."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Muppet Movie."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 13: "Woyzeck."
From Sept. 14: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 13: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
From Sept. 14: "Woyzeck."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Frisco Kid."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Escape from Alcatraz."
Theatre 2: "Moonraker."
Theatre 3: "Manhattan."
Theatre 4: "The In-Laws."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 6: "Escape from Alcatraz" and "King of the Gypsies."
Sept. 7-13: "Hair" and "Movie Movie."
From Sept. 14: "Manhattan" and "Rabbit Test."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 13: "Sunburn." (†)
From Sept. 14: "Shame of the Jungle."

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Bloodline."
Theatre 4: "Meatballs."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Star Wars." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"North Dallas Forty." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Dracula." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Moonraker." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 6: "More American Graffiti." (†)
From Sept. 7: "Patrick."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Amityville Horror." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Fifth Musketeer" and "Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 5: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien.
Sept. 6: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "Pandora's Box" (1929), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks, Fritz Kortner, Francis Lederer, and Alice Roberts.
Sept. 7: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.
Sept. 8: "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn; and "Quiet Days in Clichy" (1970), directed by Jens Jorgen Thorsen, with Paul Valjean.
Sept. 9: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (1975; "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser"), in German, directed by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "Padre, Padrone." (†)

Sept. 10: "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne; and "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.

Sept. 11: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Queen Bee" (1978), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.

Sept. 12: "The Naked Kiss" (1965), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, and Betty Bronson; and "Ruby Gentry." (†)

Sept. 13: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.

Sept. 14: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere; and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

Sept. 15: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Reflections of a Golden Eye." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 5: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; and "Coup de Grâce" (1976), in German and French, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.

Sept. 6: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (1935), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Brady, Gloria Stuart, Dick Powell, and Hugh Herbert.

Sept. 7: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Stromboli" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman.

Sept. 8: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.

Sept. 9: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy.

Sept. 10: "Crime Without Passion" (†); and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Nöel Coward.

Sept. 11: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†); and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Sept. 12: "Doktor Mabuse." (†)

Sept. 13: "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

Sept. 14: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†); and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Sept. 15: "Brewster McCloud" (†) and "Morgan!" (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 6: "Desperate Living" (1977) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both directed by John Waters.

Sept. 7-8: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Sept. 9-10: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere and Brooke Adams; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Sept. 11: "The Great Train Robbery" (†) and "Robin and Marian." (†)

Sept. 12-13: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant.

Sept. 14-15: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 6: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979), a documentary about Neil Young.

From Sept. 7: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 8: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Conquest" (1937), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer.

Sept. 9-10: "Maytime" (†) and "Interrupted Melody." (†)

Sept. 11-12: "The Big Parade" (†); and "Cameraman" (1928), a silent film, directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton and Marceline Day.

Sept. 13-15: "Gigi" (†) and "Brigadoon." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 5: "The Savage Innocents" (1961), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Anthony Quinn, Yoko Tani, and Peter O'Toole; and "Born to Be Bad" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan, Zachary Scott, Joan Leslie, and Mel Ferrer.

Sept. 6: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "La Prisonnière" (1969), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot.

Sept. 7-8: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke; and "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

Sept. 9: "The Garden of Allah" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer; and "Rancho Notorious" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer.

Sept. 10: "Le Chat" (1971), in French, directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre, with Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret; and "The Widow Couderc" (1974), directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre, with Alain Delon and Simone Signoret.

Sept. 11: "Christmas in July" (†) and "The Big Pond." (†)

Sept. 12: "La Marseillaise" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Sept. 13: "Trio" (1950), "Encore" (1952), and "Quartet" (1949), each film made from three or four Somerset Maugham short stories.

Sept. 14-15: "The Haunting" (†) and "The Innocents." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 5: "China Seas" (1935), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Robert Benchley; and "Hold Your Man" (1933), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Stuart Erwin, and Dorothy Burgess.

Sept. 6: "High Society" (1956), directed by Charles Walters, with Bing Crosby, Grace

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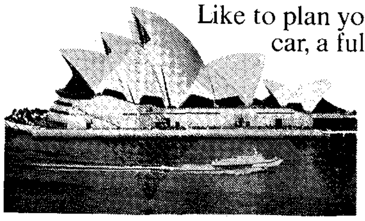

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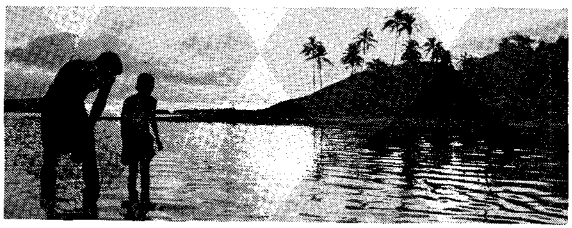

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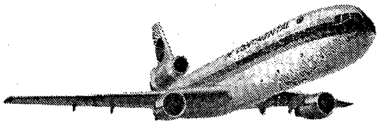

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail.

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

U.S.A./Canada/Mexico/Hawaii/Micronesia/Australia/New Zealand/Fiji/Samoa/and the Orient.

Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, and Louis Calhern; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953), directed by George Sidney, with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

Sept. 7-8: "Charlie Chan in the Secret Service" (1944) and "Jade Mask" (1945), both films directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as the detective.

Sept. 9: "Born to Dance" (1936), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen; and "Rosalie" (1938), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Eleanor Powell, Ray Bolger, and Nelson Eddy.

Sept. 10: "The Bride Comes Home" (1936), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Robert Young, William Collier, Sr., and Donald Meek; and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." (†)

Sept. 11: "Old Acquaintance" (†); and "Satan Met a Lady" (1936), directed by William Dieterle, with Bette Davis, Warren William, and Alison Skipworth.

Sept. 12: "Gypsy Wildcat" (†) and "White Savage." (†)

Sept. 13: "Picnic" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Betty Field, and Cliff Robertson; and "A Woman of Distinction" (1950), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell, Edmund Gwenn, and Janis Carter.

Sept. 14-15: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 6 at 2:30: "Kino-Eye" (1924), a Russian silent film, directed by D. Vertov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "A Sixth of the World" (1926), a Russian silent documentary film, directed by D. Vertov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 8:30: "Forward, Soviet!" (1926), a Russian silent documentary film, directed by D. Vertov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 2:30: "Zvenigora" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by A. Dovzhenko; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 6: A program of films made by D. W. Griffith at Biograph between 1908 and 1913. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at noon: "A Summer to Remember" (1960), in Russian, directed by G. Danelia and I. Talankin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "A Sixth of the World.". . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 5: "Forward, Soviet!". . . ¶ Sept. 9 at noon: "A Summer to Remember.". . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: "Kino-Eye.". . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 5: "A Connecticut Yankee" (1931), directed by David Butler, with Will Rogers, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at noon: "Enthusiasm" (1931), in Russian, directed by D. Vertov, with miners of the Don coal basin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: "The Great Road" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by E. Shub, compiled from Soviet newsreels from 1917 to 1927. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 6: "Zvenigora.". . . ¶ Sept. 11 at noon: "Enthusiasm.". . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30: "A Connecticut Yankee.". . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 6: "The Great Road.". . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2:30: "Prisoner No. 13" (1933), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Alfredo del Diestro; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "El Compadre Mendoza" (1933), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Alfredo del Diestro; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 8:30: "Let's Go with Pancho Villa" (1935), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Domingo Soler; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: "The Tiger of Yautepec" (1933), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Luipta Gallardo; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: A program of American comedy films, 1904-17, including one-reelers made by Biograph, Solax, Keystone, and Vitagraphstudios. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at noon: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "El Compadre Mendoza.". . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 5: "Let's Go with Pancho Villa." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio 1; starting Sept. 14.)

The Amityville Horror—Based on the book, which should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/13/79.) (Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Apocalypse Now—This may be the blackest comedy ever made. Its beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a hole of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness;" but its tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." The comedy is not safely detached from suffering. Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is Coppola's own movie—inspired by Conrad but reimagined. When Kurtz appears, it turns coarsely literal, as if Coppola and John Milius, the co-author of the screenplay, had read Conrad with their teeth. The movie collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld.)

The Appointment (1969)—With Omar Sharif, Anouk Aimée, and Lotte Lenya; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Sept. 6.)

The Big Parade (1925)—John Gilbert, in too much makeup but at his poetic best, as the small-town boy who enlists and falls in love with a French girl (Renée Adorée), in King Vidor's silent classic. It is a vigorous, romantic work—a war story with sentimental scenes that are so simply and innocently felt that they remain touching. With Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Tom O'Brien, and Hobart Bosworth. From Laurence Stallings' story, via a couple of other writers. (Regency; Sept. 11-12.)

The Big Pond (1930)—The pond is the Atlantic, and in this musical starring Maurice Chevalier he's a Frenchman whose intentions are often misunderstood in the United States, particularly by George Barbier, the rich, chewing-gum-manufacturer father of the girl Chevalier loves (Claudette Colbert). Preston Sturges did the rewrite job on the 1928 Broadway play, but the script isn't memorable. What is remembered chiefly are the charming songs that Chevalier introduced, especially "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight." Hobart Henley directed. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film bears a heavy mark of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the Indiana landscape, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Coronet.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

Brigadoon (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but the way it has been done it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. (Regency; Sept. 13-15.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur devised a tricky plot about a devilishly unscrupulous lawyer (Claude Rains), who looks for a perfect alibi to conceal a murder. They also produced and

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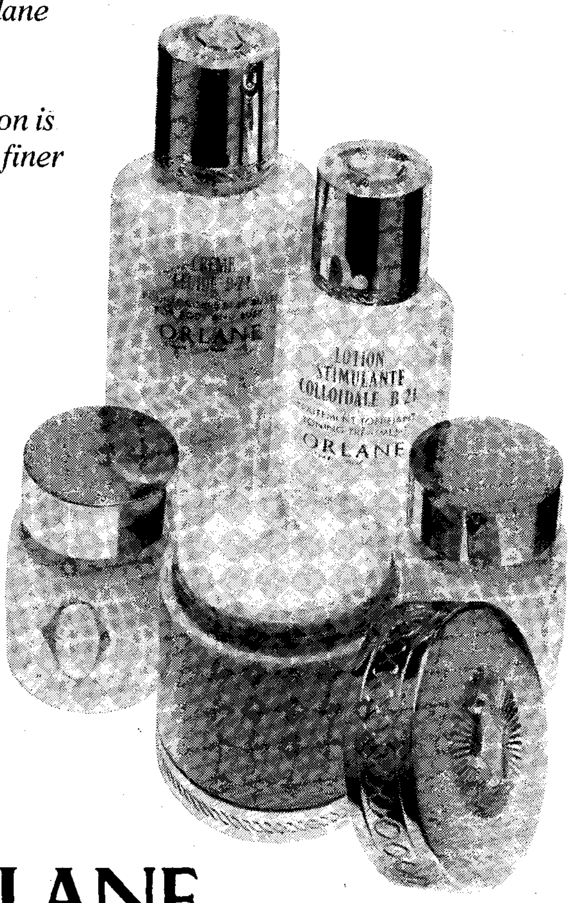

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directed, and they got very fancy and artistic; their pseudo-stream-of-consciousness story is dolled up with a lot of symbolism and dated avant-garde novelties. The film, which emphasizes night-club life, was produced at the Astoria Studios in New York; Lee Garmes was the cinematographer and associate director, and the famous Slavko Vorkapich designed two montage sequences. The one with the Furies being unleashed is a true period piece; this is an entertainingly terrible movie. The blond Whitney Bourne is the lawyer's new love, and the brunette Margo his old love and his victim. With Esther Dale, and a fleeting appearance by Helen Hayes in a hotel lobby. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cutthroats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stocks to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, but full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence, the film, which runs four and a half hours, was condensed to a generally incoherent ninety minutes when it was first released in the U.S. The version showing here is less than four hours. It's still better than no Mabuse. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (Loews State 2. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 6.)

Escape from Alcatraz—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Trans-Lux East, and Olympia; through Sept. 6.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Sept. 11, at 6 and 10:30.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 14.)

Gigi (1958)—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionery style. (Regency; Sept. 13-15.)

Goin' South—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's prankish performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a straitjacket. An actor-director who prances about the screen manically can easily fool himself into thinking that his film is jumping; Nicholson jumps, all right, but the movie is inert. With Veronica Cartwright and John Belushi. (12/11/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 6.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea; the film is a fictionalized version of what, according to Michael Crichton, who directed, and adapted from his own novel, was the first train robbery. There's a total absence of personal obsession—even moviemaking obsession—in the way Crichton works; he never excites us emotionally or imaginatively, but the film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. With Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Cinema Village; Sept. 11.)

The Green Room—With François Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté; directed by Truffaut. In French. (Sutton; starting Sept. 14, tentative.)

Gypsy Wildcat (1944)—One more celebration of the wriggling topography of Maria Montez and the manly opacity of Jon Hall. In earlier pairings, Montez and Hall made contact at the bottom of a swimming pool and on a desert; this time they snuggle in a Transylvanian forest. She is the gypsy dancer, Carla, taken captive by the lewd villain, Douglass Dumbrille, before being restored to her rightful title (Countess) and her castle. The picture tries hard but it never rises to the wild camp of her "Cobra Woman" earlier that year; it's just *opéra bouffe* without music. With Gale Sondergaard, Leo Carrillo, and Nigel Bruce; directed by R. W. Neill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Olympia; Sept. 7-13.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Haunting (1963)—An elegantly sinister scare movie, literate and expensive (though basically a traditional ghost story), with those two fine actresses Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. As a Greenwich Village lesbian, Bloom plays a female variant of the role that would once have been assigned to Dwight Frye; Julie Harris is the chaste heroine, a post-Freudian version of those anemic virgins Helen Chandler used to play. This "old dark house" movie is set in a marvellous Victorian Gothic pile in New England, and it's good fun. With Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn, Fay Compton, Valentine Dyall, Rosalie Crutchley, and Lois Maxwell. The director, Robert Wise, hadn't done a simple amusement like this since his youth; Nelson Gidding did the adaptation of the Shirley Jackson novel "The Haunting of Hill House." (Thalia; Sept. 14-15.)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

The Innocents (1961)—Jack Clayton's most shapely and elegant film, from Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Deborah Kerr is wonderful as the governess; the hysteria is movingly suppressed. The two children are played with chilling English social precocity. Screenplay by William Archibald, John Mortimer, and Truman Capote. The beautifully judged black-and-white camerawork is by Freddie Francis. Everything is in proportion, delicate, correctly ambiguous. (Thalia; Sept. 14-15.)

Interrupted Melody (1955)—The interruption is poliomyelitis, and the melody runs from "Madame Butterfly" to "Isolde," at untold length. Eleanor Parker plays a terrifically famous opera singer (Marjorie Lawrence) stricken down in the midst of life. Miss Parker mouths the voice and Eileen Farrell yells it. Eleanor Parker's husband in the film is luckily a doctor. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt; with Glenn Ford, Roger Moore, Cecil Kellaway, and Stephen Bekassy. (Regency; Sept. 9-10.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Olympia; through Sept. 6.)

Life of Brian—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mis-

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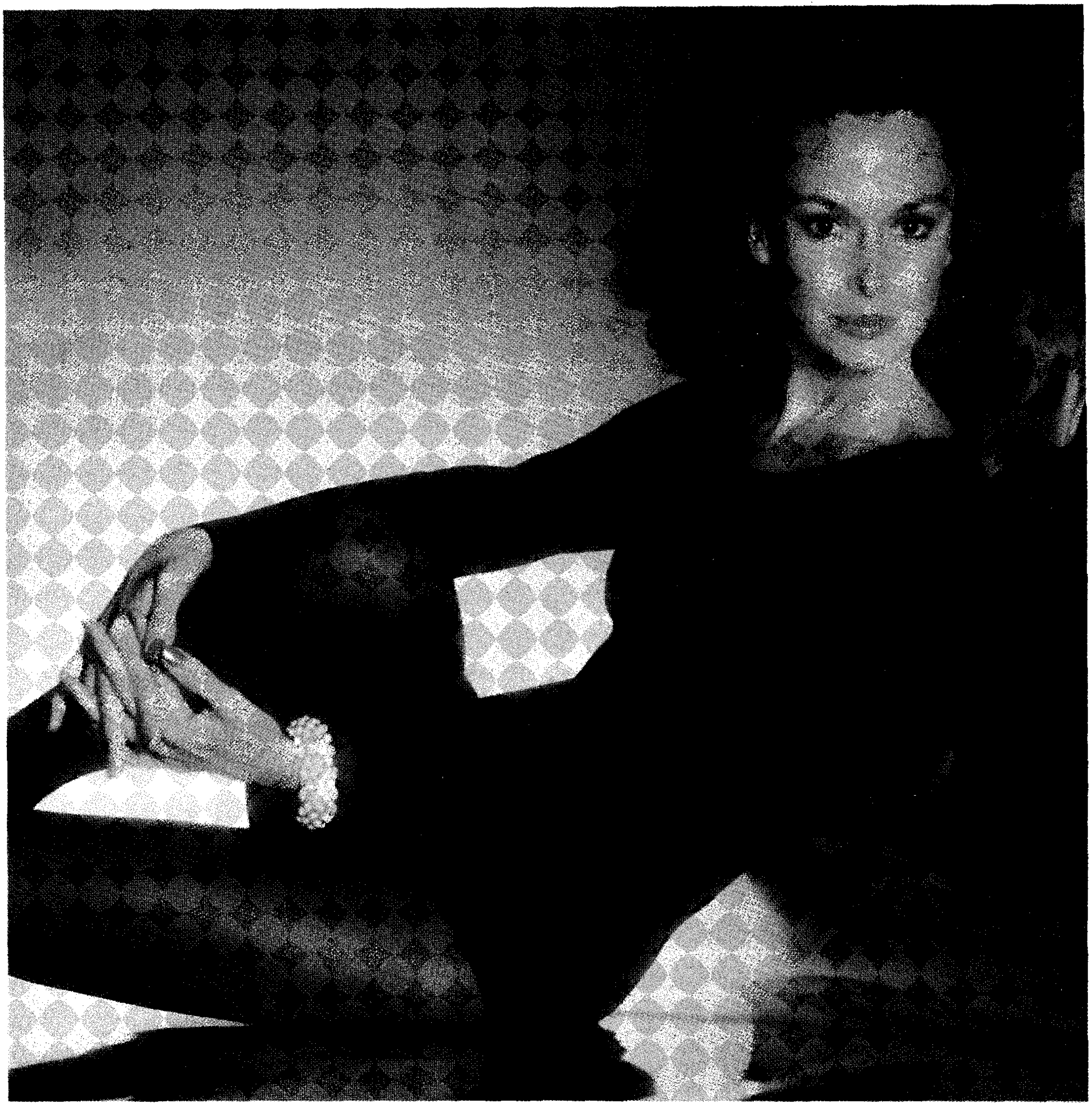

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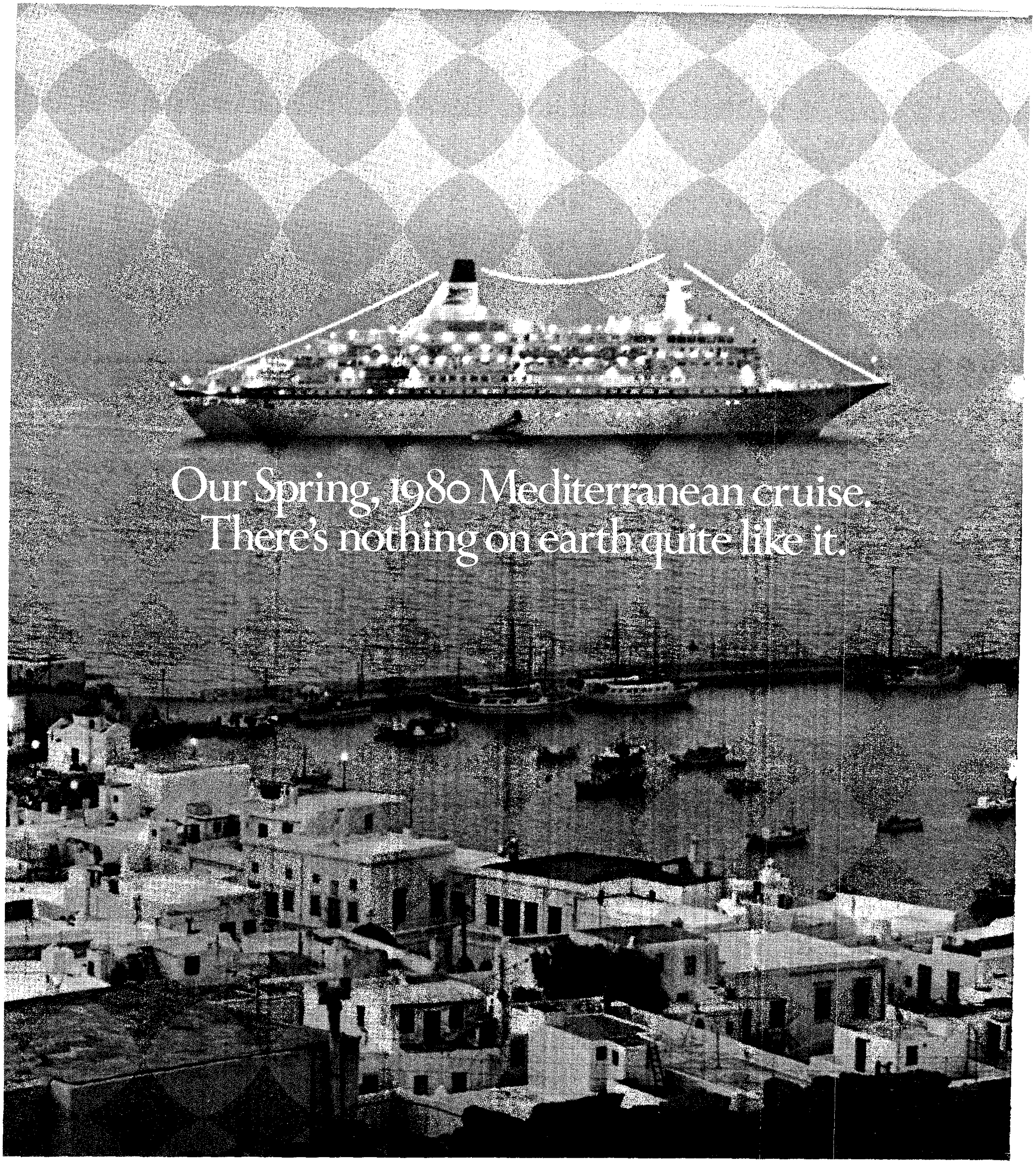
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taken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Cinema I.)

Lilith (1964)—Jean Seberg is the demonic, corrupt Lilith, a patient in an elegant Maryland asylum who wants to "leave the mark of her desire on every living thing in the world;" Warren Beatty is the trainee therapist who finds her madness seductive. This high-toned, humorless attempt to create a mystic enigma was the last work of Robert Rossen, who adapted the J. P. Salamanca novel and directed; it's an unusual sort of disaster—full of symbols, chitchat about schizophrenic spiders, and exquisite cinematography (by Eugen Shuftan), and utterly lacking in energy and depth. Beatty gives his most irritating performance: he broods over each bit of dialogue for an eternity, his heavy eyelids flickering. With Peter Fonda, Kim Hunter, Gene Hackman, Jessica Walter, Anne Meacham, and René Auberjonois; the score is by Kenyon Hopkins. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Sept. 7.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton (4/30/79) (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 14.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the staging is often suffocating, and the score is rotten, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Regency; Sept. 9-10.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Cinema 3.)

Moonraker—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (Art, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

More American Graffiti—A sequel to "American Graffiti" (1973), taking the familiar school-yearbook clucks through the sixties. Be warned: the music is dribbling and incidental, and George Lucas did not direct—B. W. L. Norton did. A visual mess, and disrespectful of its characters, too. Everything from Vietnam to light shows is treated as a series of shrunken fads, all with equal weight. With Paul Le Mat, Cindy Williams, Candy Clark, Charles Martin Smith, Mackenzie Phillips, Bo Hopkins, and Ron Howard in the roles they originated. (8/20/79) (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 13.)

Morgan! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The two "features," which give chances to a lot of new people, have some of the zest that the brash, intrepid performers fresh from the stage brought to early talkies. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. As the night-school law student with the knockout punch, Harry Hamlin makes an agreeable début, and as the wriggling night-club performer who corrupts him, Ann Reinking out-Ann-Margrets Ann-Margret. In the second, Barry Bostwick, who plays the singer-composer hero, has that wonderful Dick Powell candied-yam cheerfulness, and there's six feet four of him falling all over himself; Rebecca York is his saucer-eyed true-blue Ruby Keeler. With Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere who has a tickling charm in the first but is totally miscast in the second. The film is too tame and too dependent on mismatched metaphors, and the second "feature" sags, but it's generally friendly and enjoyable. (12/4/78) (Olympia; Sept. 7-13.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Waverly, and Paramount.)

Nest of Vipers—With Senta Berger, Ornella Muti, and Capucine; directed by Tonino Cervi. (Trans-Lux East; starting Sept. 7.)

North Dallas Forty—A funny, lazy satire about the kind of professional football that turns its players into pieces of equipment. Nick Nolte, as a veteran with a Bad Attitude and the best hands in the game, turns in a virtuoso performance based on respiratory noises, and shows a flair for comedy. He's so cool that the movie uses him as a ready-made moral choice. Mac Davis plays the flashy quarterback. Good football, good supporting cast. Based on the novel by former Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, and directed by Ted Kotcheff. (8/13/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passages of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big best-sellers. Adapted from John Van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Phillip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed

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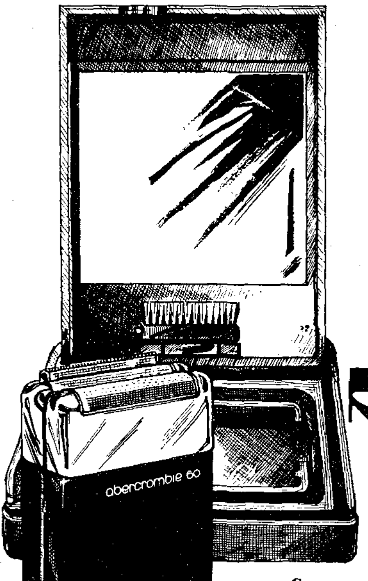

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Harold Clurman; through Sept. 7.)

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema II.)

PADRE PADRONE (1977)—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Winner of the Golden Palm at Cannes, 1977, also the International Critics' Prize. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 9.)

PEPPERMINT SODA—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (Loews Tower East, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

A PERFECT COUPLE—Directed by Robert Altman. About an affair between a classy Greek-American (Paul Dooley) and a girl who lives in a commune in a loft (Marta Heflin). The difference between them is oversimply expressed by their taste in music—he and his family, in a stiff way, like classical music; she likes the sort of mild humbug that is churned out by the ton on a lot of radio stations. This isn't Altman at his best, but there's no point in belaboring the matter. He has given us a lot of substantial and beautiful things, and one trusts him to do more. (4/16/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Sept. 9.)

RABBIT TEST (1978)—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (Olympia; starting Sept. 14.)

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE (1967)—John Huston directed this sensuous and intense adaptation of Carson McCullers' Georgia-set short novel of 1941; the visual style, which suggests paintings made from photographs, has a measured lyricism, and the actors (Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Harris) were able to do some startling things with their roles. The stifled homosexuality of Brando's duty-bound Major Penderton is grotesque and painful; the fat, ugly Major putting cold cream on his face, or preening at the mirror, or patting his hair nervously when he thinks he has a gentleman caller is so ghastly that some members of the audience invariably cut themselves off from him by laughter. It's one of Brando's most daring performances, and Taylor is charming as the Major's silly, sensual Southern-"lady" wife, who makes love to Keith in a berry patch. This is one of the rare films in which Keith has had a role that enabled him to show depth. The movie seems most ploddingly novelistic just when it departs most from McCullers—when it attempts to clarify the original and bring it up to date, which turns out to mean bringing in the sexual platitudes that were considered Freudian modernism in sixties movies. This one has been furbished with *additional* fetishes, as if McCullers' material weren't Southern and Gothic enough. The Major's wife gives him a horsewhipping and then explains that the whipping cleared the air; we are cued to crank out the Freudian

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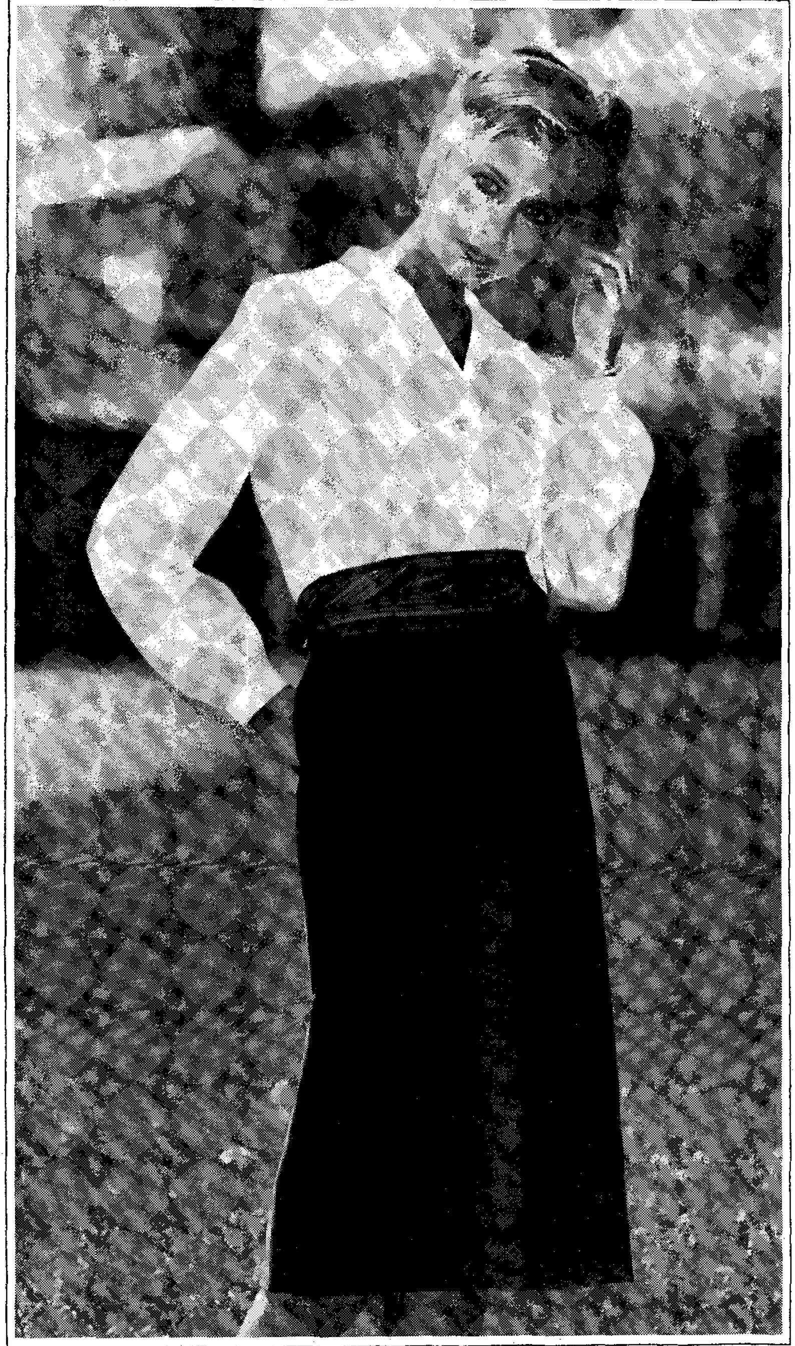

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explanation "Oh, yes, he wanted to be beaten." But, for all this, the film is one of Huston's most complex efforts. With Robert Forster and Zorro David; cinematography by Aldo Tonti. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 15.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Baronet.)

Robin and Marian (1976)—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed, from James Goldman's script; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (Cinema Village; Sept. 11.)

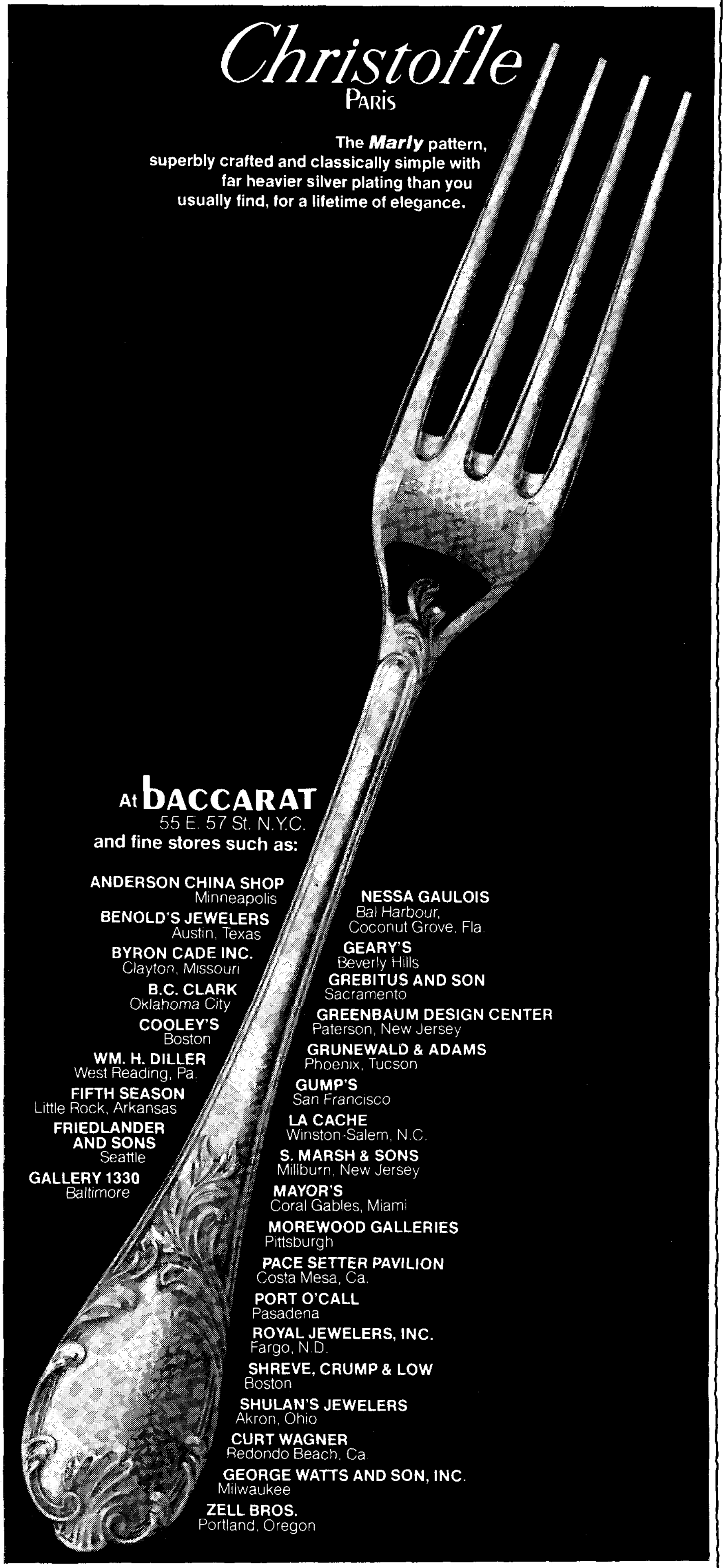
Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

Ruby Gentry (1952)—A feverishly—almost campily—operatic story of passion turning to fury. Blue-blooded Charlton Heston loves Ruby (Jennifer Jones), but she's a poor North Carolina swamp girl, so he marries a woman from a proper background. Ruby lands the richest man in town, is widowed, and proceeds to avenge herself on everyone who has ever done her dirt. Heston is her prime target; he has been involved in a large-scale endeavor to reclaim marshland. She terminates the project with the order "Stop the pumps." That may sound like a put-on, but the movie doesn't mean to be funny. King Vidor directed, in the seething, extravagant style he employed in parts of "Duel in the Sun" and in such outré items as "Beyond the Forest" and "The Fountainhead." With Karl Malden. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Run After Me—Until I Catch You!—With Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Marielle, directed by Robert Pouret. In French. (Eastside Cinema; starting Sept. 14.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one, and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14-15.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption (which, it is suggested, goes hand in hand with sleeping with Meryl Streep). The obvious is spelled out, and the interesting processes remain vague. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Bay Cinema,



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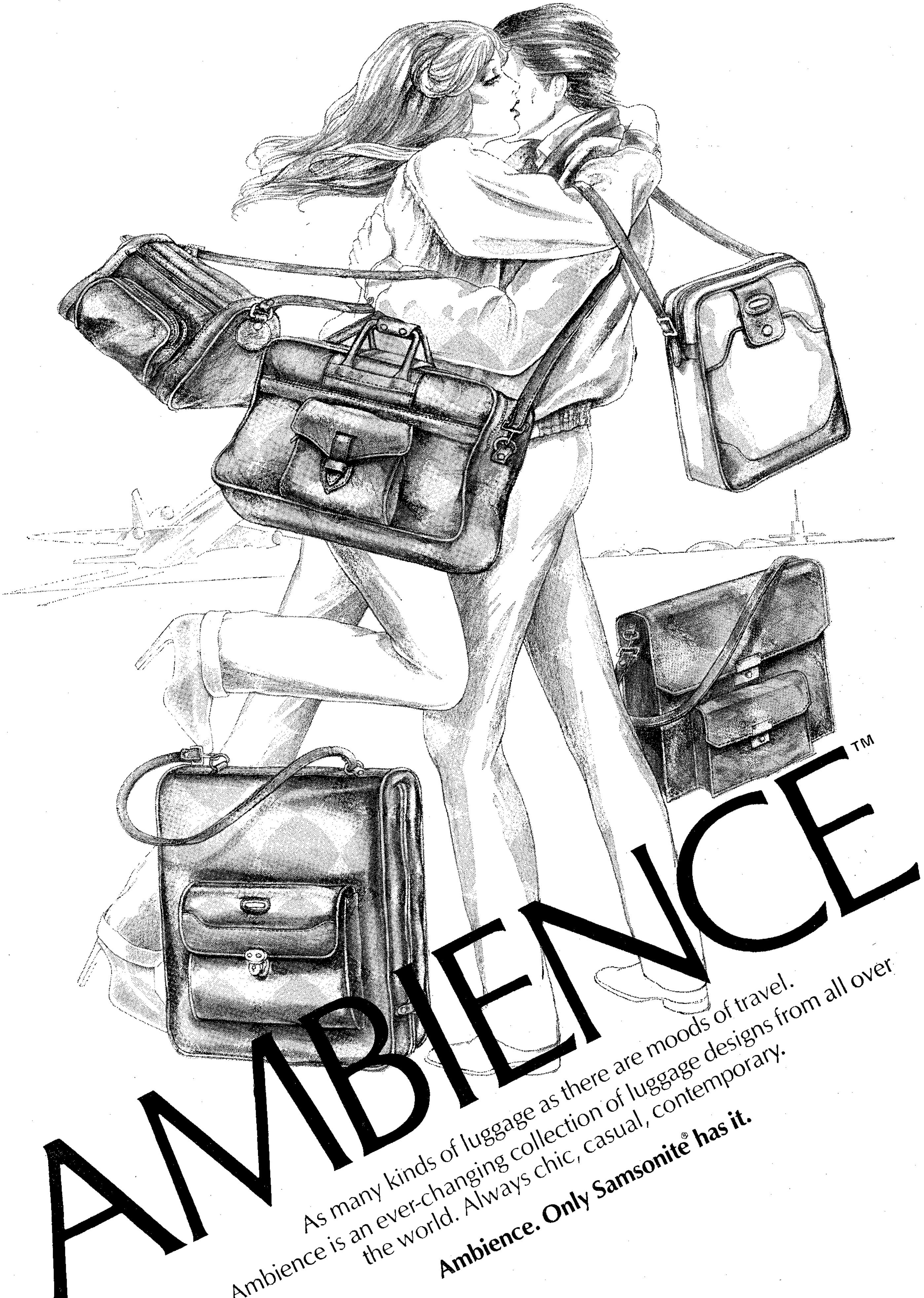

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Little Carnegie.)

SILVER STREAK (1976)—Some studio executive must have looked at the script, seen that most of the action was on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts by offering excuses for why the characters are on board. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Pryor wakes things up when he's expressing utter disbelief in Wilder's white way of moving, but when Pryor is required to show pure-hearted affection for Wilder you have never seen such a bad actor. The villains are art forgers. (Has there ever been a good movie about art forgery? The idea is even more hopeless than having an amnesiac hero.) Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 7-13.)

SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure, and in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful and his epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. (Used as the basis of the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

SOLDIER OF ORANGE—With Rutger Hauer, Jeroen Krabbé, and Belinda Meuldijk; directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch and English. (Beekman.)

STAR WARS (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 7-13.)

THE STRANGE ONE (1957)—With Ben Gazzara, Pat Hingle, and Arthur Storch; directed by Jack Garfein. (Harold Clurman; Sept. 8-9.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. No one since the early Lillian Gish and the almost unknown, plaintive Nadia Sibirskaya of "Menilmontant" (1926) has had this quality of hopeless, feminine frailty; Shakespeare must have had a woman like this in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compas-

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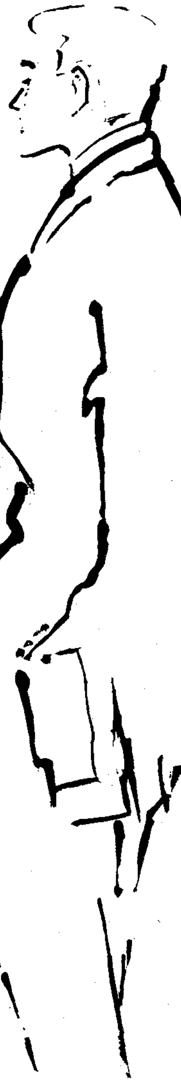

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sion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? When Vivien Leigh says "The Tarantula Arms!" or "It's Della Robbia blue," you know how good Tennessee Williams can be. He adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul; the music is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Harry Stradling. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. (It took a while for this movie to reach its audience.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

SUNBURN—With Farrah Fawcett, Charles Grodin, and Art Carney; directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Eastside Cinema; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Sept. 13.)

EL SUPER—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Gramercy.)

TILL MARRIAGE DO US PART—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza.)

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through Sept. 13.)

TWO FOR THE ROAD (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Sept. 8.)

WHITE SAVAGE (1943)—Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu, with their marvellous mix of accents, having implausible adventures in the South Sea islands; they all sound just as they did in "Arabian Nights." The writers carelessly put a character named Tamara in the story; the way it works out, they have other, serious-minded characters saying things like "Well, how are you feeling today, Tamara?" Arthur Lubin directed this innocent low camp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

WHY NOT!—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau, with the same sense of proportion the characters have about themselves; in her world, the uglier forms of unhappiness are becoming impossible. In French. (8/6/79) (Paris.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Sept. 5.)

WOYZECK—With Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes, directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 1; through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting Sept. 14.)

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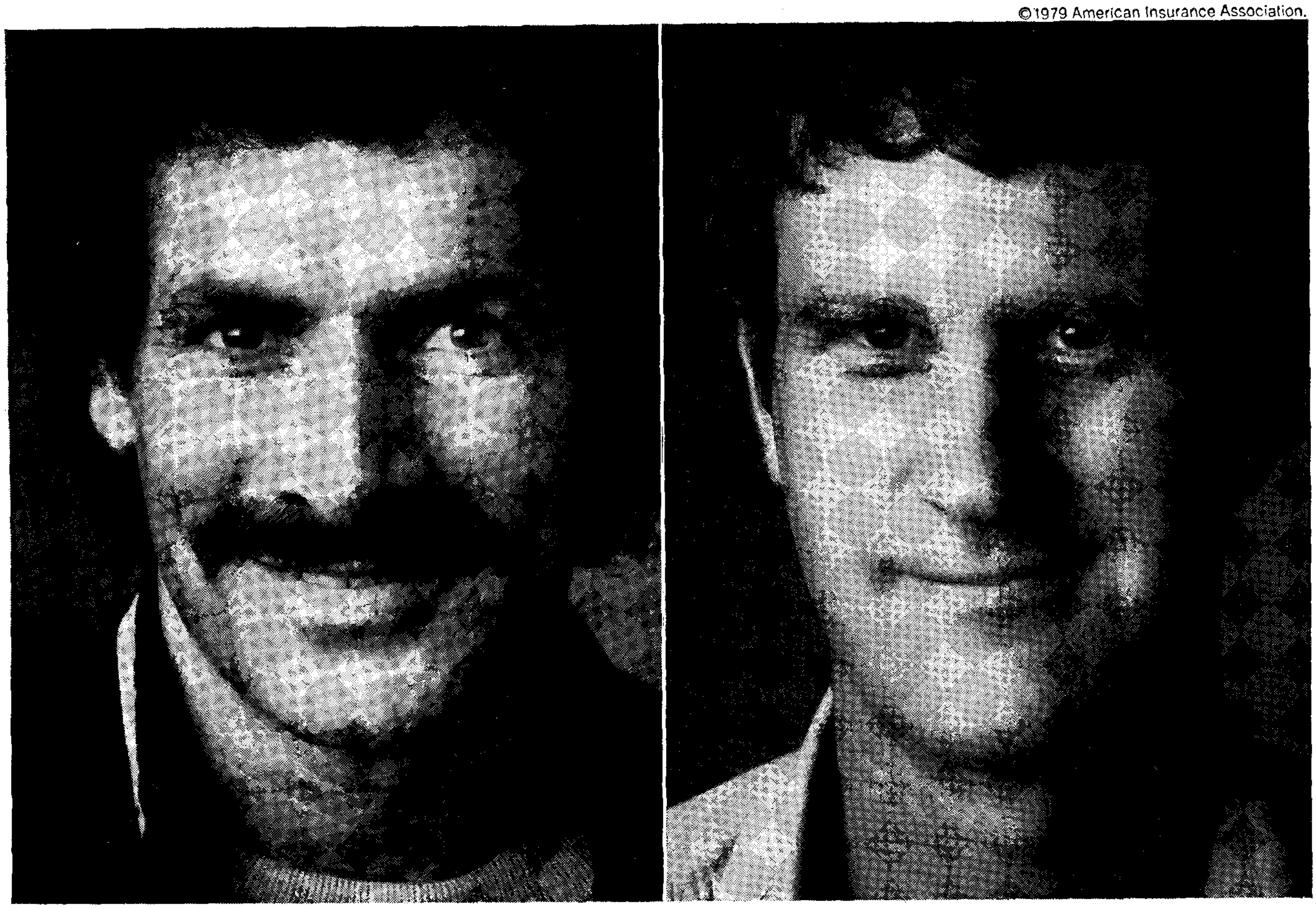

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*Source: The Bureau of Labor Statistics, U.S. Department of Labor

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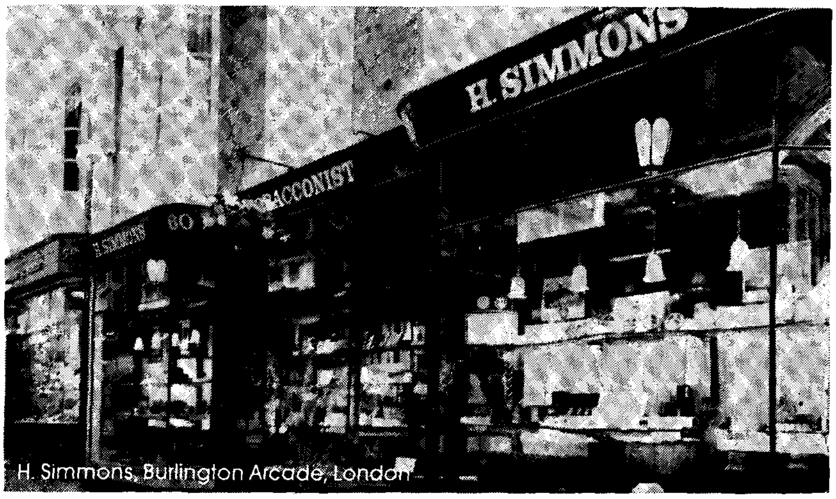

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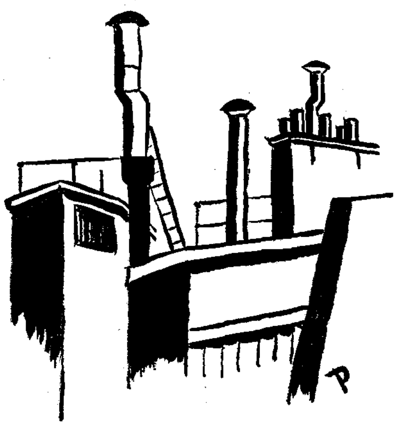
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As a reward for good behavior, we were sent a plant, with large, fleshy leaves and pink tubular flowers. It made us think of an elephant blowing its trunk. We called in the office gardener, who maintains a nursery of African violets on a shelf under her air-conditioner, and who told us that what we had was a gloxinia, which should be happy facing north. A few days later, she came down to satisfy herself that we were watering it. “It has a lot of buds,” she said approvingly. “It’s adjusting quite well. But you must pick off the dead blossoms to encourage new growth.” She briskly took them between her fingernails and dropped them into the wastebasket. “Oh, my God, where did those holes come from? Something’s *eating* it!” she said breathlessly. Then she recovered her breath and said, “You have a caterpillar.” Indeed, over the weekend something extremely hungry and hardworking had supplied itself with cutlets from the leaf edges and chomped out of the centers of the leaves green fillets the size of a Susan B. Anthony dollar—our plant was being minced practically before our eyes. We invited her to locate the pest—actually, we offered her the whole pot—but she simply left the room.

Although we’re as fond as anybody of our insect friends, it was with some reluctance that we began to probe with a paper knife about the roots, and in the moist decaying places, for this strolling Cuisinart, but anyhow we found it, right at the heart of the rot, where it had already spun a nasty-looking cocoon and now slept soundly and repulsively on a full stomach of gloxinia. Planning a stern letter to the flower company, we extricated the webby mess—necessarily, along with the leaves it was attached to. So now we had half a gloxinia and one pupa, and we put the pupa in a jar that had formerly contained instant coffee. On payday, a small brown creature with wrinkled wings appeared at the top of the jar, hanging head downward and motionless. We had realized we were not going to get a Luna moth or a Cecropia, jade-green or eye-spotted—one of those romantic denizens of summer that cling to screen doors in privet-scented darkness—or a Monarch butterfly, tangerine with black markings, like one that is bobbing past our window right now. Or a Mourning Cloak, deep iridescent purple, which we were acquainted with because a man we knew kept one all winter as a pet, feeding it every morning its breakfast of a drop of orange juice mixed with honey on the kitchen table, as it obediently uncoiled its wiry proboscis, like the mainspring of a fine watch—until it was found dead (of natural causes) in the ivy on the second-story landing, where it had lived. All the same, it bothered us to think about this stranger arising in the night, alone (its worm-body seemingly undisturbed), without even the chance to dry out and spread its wings. All it had seen in its short new life was the bottom of a coffee jar. What remained was to name it—in order to strengthen with facts our complaint to the florist—and we set out to look it up. The insect encyclopedia (“The Common Insects of North America,” by Lester A. Swan and Charles S. Papp) makes diverting reading, particularly in connection with the personalities of bugs; for instance, the Northern Cloudy Wing is described as “pugnacious,” evoking episodes of the great “Pogo” comic strip which featured a butterfly with false teeth. The Large White Skipper is a “swift flier, difficult to capture,” and for that we applaud it. Getting further afield, we ran into things you’d hope not to meet on a dark night, the names of which could supply one with invective for life, such as the Bloodsucking Conenose; there is also something enigmatically called the Blind Elater. We had noticed mainly about our own brown moth that it had specks like silver foil on its front wings. And when we touched it with the paper knife to look at the back ones it began to flutter pugnaciously, with a desire to live—having waited till evening, like the moth it was. It fled down the corridors into other people’s offices, arousing considerable comment (“What is it?” “Get it out of here!”), until it was captured—held against the bulletin board by the coffee jar—and released off the fire escape into the teeth of a gale. According to the book, we had entertained the Cabbage Looper, a malevolent and costly nuisance, despised by farmers and gardeners everywhere. We give it a fighting chance to find its own, have thousands of children, and eat up Central Park.



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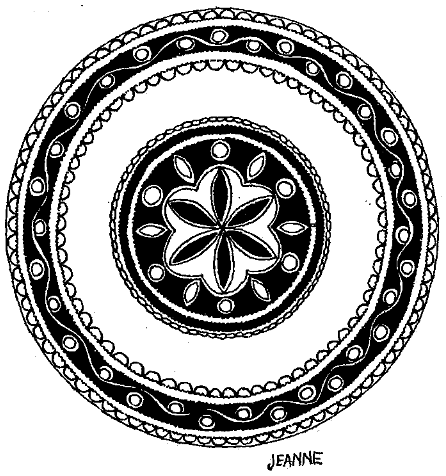
Vicariance

From the days of Darwin until very recently, biologists who thought about the manner in which animal and plant populations became distributed over the earth—biogeography—have argued that animals and plants, including the ancestors of the Cabbage Looper and the gloxinia, dispersed across the oceans, or over mountain ranges, or across deserts, by flying over them, by rafting over them, by walking around them, or simply by being blown across them by the wind; once separated from the parent stock, they would evolve along their own lines. The dispersal theory, of course, made sense in a world where the continents stayed still and not much was known about the raising of mountain chains. With the general acceptance, by the nineteen-sixties, of the theory of plate tectonics, an increasing number of biologists have begun to wonder whether the plant and animal populations have not remained relatively still while the *land* moved, causing evolutionary changes in flora and fauna by the creation of geographic barriers that broke up once-contiguous terrain. The most spectacular examples of such movement are oceans' widening as a result of continental drift, and mountain ranges' being thrown up; but there are lesser examples as well, such as the widening of river valleys, the appearance of deserts in once-fertile areas, and the rising of sea levels, cutting off islands.

Biologists who believe in these newer ideas call themselves vicariance biogeographers; in biology, "vicariance," which derives from the same root as "vicarious," has come to mean separation by barriers. Since vicariance biogeographers are very much at odds with the older school of dispersal biogeographers, about three hundred of both sorts—ichthyologists, entomologists, mammalogists, ornithologists, herpetologists, botanists, and paleontologists—met at the American Museum of Natural History not long ago to discuss their differences. "The fury and emotion of these opponents," the Museum's publicity release for the event read, in part, "have been caused not only by vicariance proposals that many animal and plant distributions are older than previously supposed (some distributions are now being dated back to the origin of the Pacific Ocean Basin) and by serious challenges to major parts of Darwinian evolutionary theory, but also by accusations that traditional dispersalist doctrines are nonscientific."

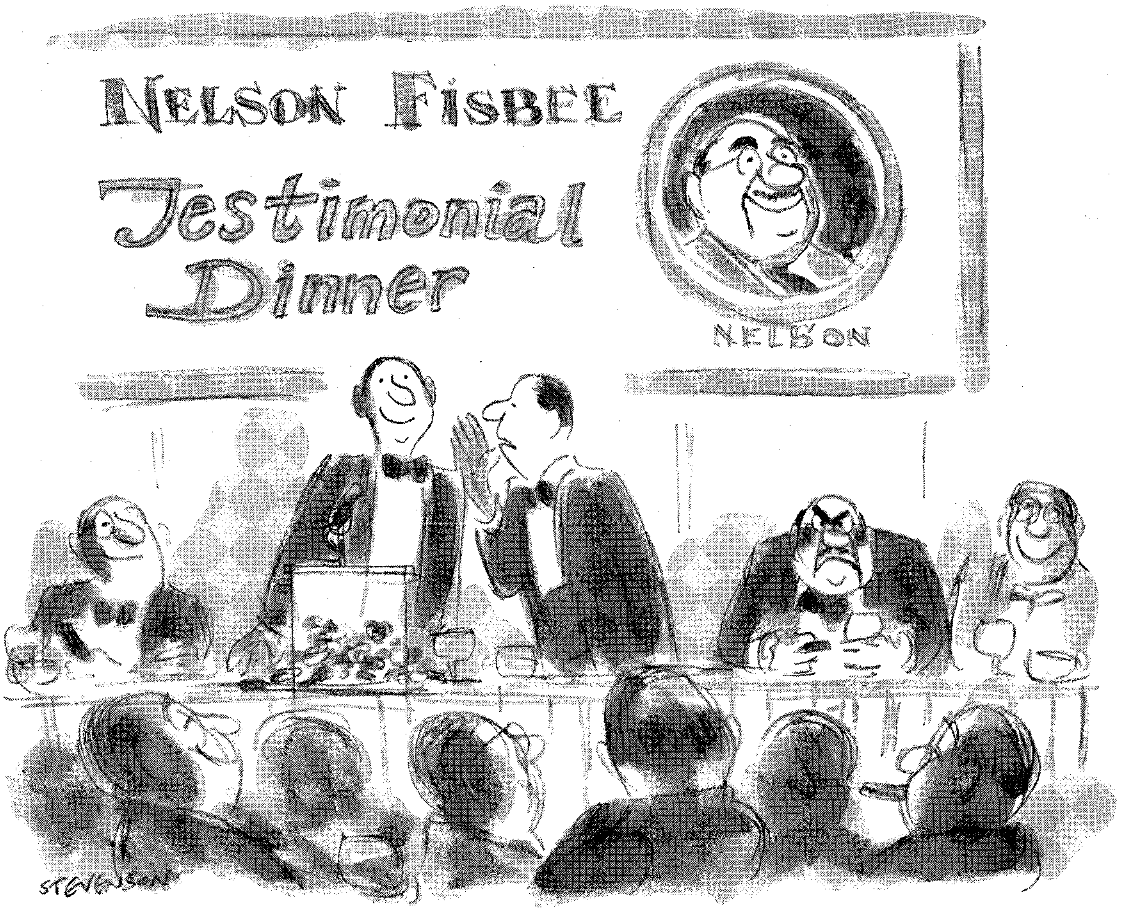
At six o'clock on a Wednesday evening, after the first day's session had ended, we ventured among the furious opponents, arriving at the Museum's Hall of Ocean Life to find the biologists having a reception, in apparent harmony. They were sipping wine and eating cheese and crackers underneath the giant breaching blue whale hanging from the ceiling, and were surrounded on all sides by dioramas of other seafaring mammals—walruses, dolphins, sea lions, elephant seals, and manatees. We were immediately taken in tow by two biogeographers—Donn Rosen, retired chairman of the Ichthyology Department of the American Museum, and Gareth J. Nelson, a member of that department—who were chiefly responsible for the conference's existence. Rosen, a tall, slightly stooping man of fifty, who was wearing subdued brown tweeds, gave the credit for distributing the theory of vicariance biogeography throughout this country to Nelson, a big man in his early forties who was wearing a vivid checked jacket. The idea, Nelson said, had been developed in the early nineteen-fifties, by a wealthy Venezuelan amateur botanist named Leon Croizat, who had noticed that the closest relatives of certain South American plants were in Africa; he proposed that they had originally been a single population before South America broke off from Africa, over sixty million years ago, and that they had followed their separate evolutionary tracks afterward. These ideas were largely ignored until a Swedish entomologist, Lars Brundin, began noticing similarities between midges in South America, New Zealand, Australia, and Africa. Brundin published his paper in 1966; shortly thereafter, Nelson, who was studying in Stockholm, read it. "The organisms I know best are freshwater fishes," Nelson said, "and I was struck by what seemed to be an orderly pattern of relationships among the fishes inhabiting those southern areas." Nelson, who was by 1967 a member of the American Museum's Ichthyology Department, convinced Rosen, who saw in the theory an explanation for various similarities between freshwater fishes from the Southern and Northern Hemispheres which he himself was studying. The museum considered giving its Gold Medal to Croizat, but then one distinguished member of its staff, an ardent dispersalist, threatened to resign if that happened, so it was decided to hold the conference instead.

"A lot of people have had to change their ideas," said another participant in the conference, who had joined our group—Malcolm McKenna, a vertebrate paleontologist on the museum's staff. "Though the theory of continental drift was accepted by most scientists by 1965, it has taken a long time for biologists to see its relevance to their own field. Dispersal, of course, happened, too; we argue, though, that it is secondary to the basic vicariant events—an argument that is hard to prove, for it's like trying to listen through a lot of radio noise for the basic signal underneath. With the dispersal model, animal distribution should be random, but with the vicariance model you should see a pattern—a lot of things happening at once. Many of us who believe in testability in science are drawn to vicariance."



We next talked to a young ornithologist from the University of Illinois at Chicago, Joel Cracraft, who was standing in a blue blazer in front of a walrus diorama. "I work on ratite birds, which are the ones that don't fly—large birds, generally, such as the ostriches in Africa, the rheas in South America, the emus in Australia, the cassowaries in Australasia, the kiwi in New Zealand, and the elephant birds in Madagascar," he told us. "Now, if you were a dispersalist you would probably say that all these birds descended from various winged species and independently lost their ability to fly. A vicariance biogeographer, though, would say that they were all descended from a common ancestor and were separated by continental drift. And anatomically all the ratite birds do appear to be related, because of certain features of the skull and pelvis. We have not identified a common ancestor of the ratites, though; so far, the vicariance explanation is all inference. What we are doing is a little like chasing oysters up a cliff."

Everyone we had met so far seemed receptive to the vicariance theory; whenever we asked where we could find a dispersalist, we were shown a calm-looking middle-aged man sitting quietly at a table beneath the flukes of the great blue whale. When we talked to him, we learned that he was Karl Koopman, a curator in the museum's Department of Mammalogy, and that matters were not quite as violent as had been advertised. "I wouldn't want to say that vicariance distribution doesn't take place, or that it's not important," said Koopman, whose specialty is bats. "All I'm saying is that it's not the whole story. Some vicariance people like to talk in terms of the basic signal and the overlying noise, but I'd say there are many times when the noise drowns out the signal. Surely the continents have drifted, and the animals with them. There are some kinds of animals that go back a long way and evolve slowly, and in their evolution vicariance was the most important factor. For other types, which have evolved more recently, or are able to move more rapidly, whatever happened back then might be irrelevant. Take, for example, the cattle egret, which is native to Africa; all its relations are there or in Asia. However, cattle egrets are also found in South and North America, all the way up to New Jersey. One might adduce this as evidence of vicariance, except that it is known that the first cattle egrets appeared in the Western Hemisphere about 1920. They probably flew over from Africa.”



“Ease up on the good-natured barbs.”

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Marty! Bring Seltzer!

MARTY the seltzer man, who, at thirty-four, is the oldest of four young New Yorkers who have successfully reëstablished the door-to-door seltzer-delivery business here in Manhattan, gets up every weekday morning at six-thirty to have half an hour to himself at his store, which is near the northern end of Mott Street and next door to the untroubled churchyard of Old St. Patrick’s Cathedral. This time of year, he mixes himself a cup of instant coffee, lights a pipeful of cherry-flavored tobacco, and wanders out into the store’s back yard, where Basil, a twelve-year-old black-and-white tom, may be sitting between chrysanthemum pots and morning-glory vines in a pool of cool early sunlight, washing himself or looking up for birds in the rose-of-Sharon tree in the middle of the garden. Marty sits down on an old wooden chair and looks around. And then, just before seven, he goes about his business. He puts his cup in the sink, sticks his pipe in his mouth, and strolls over to Elizabeth Street, a block away, where he keeps his truck in a lot with a chain-link fence around it. The truck is a Chevy van, now fourteen years old, that Marty bought for no more than a song when he first got interested in seltzer. It gives good service—now that Marty has rebuilt the rear end, and put in a new engine and a new starter engine and a new transmission and three new carburetors, and put a new handle on the gear-shift lever. (It’s the handle from a Beck’s draught-beer pump.) The two sides of the truck are Marty’s billboards—he has painted “Marty” and his phone number on them, and bold, funny, eye-catching murals of a giant, smiling seltzer siphon splashing big bubbles over Mott Street and Little Italy. If you’ve seen this truck on the street—and Marty’s weekday route takes him from below Canal Street up to about Thirtieth Street—then you know about Marty. Like Manhattan’s three other young seltzer men—Steven Drucker, twenty-three, and his partner, Michael Ross, twenty-five, who operate Gimme Seltzer and deliver mostly north of Marty’s area, up to about 100th Street on the East Side and 120th Street on the West Side; and Ron Roth, twenty-eight, who runs Seltzer Unlimited, and whose territory overlaps everyone else’s—Marty relies on word of mouth for marketing, advertising, and publicity. And each of the four reports that at least five times a day someone stops him on the street as he swings by with a case of seltzer on his shoulder, and says, with wonder, something like “Oh, they still deliver seltzer!”

Marty drives around the corner to Mott Street and, parked in front of his store, opens its door and the side door of the truck. Using a dolly, he carefully transfers from store to truck, three at a time, cases of empty seltzer siphons he has kept overnight. He works methodically and seemingly with very little effort. He is a tall, lean man with an easy stride, and he has curly brown hair and a grave face that suddenly looks joyful when he smiles. He looks like what Bob Dylan would look like if he kept regular hours. Hefting seltzer siphons is heavy work. “Horse work,” says Ruby Bierbryer, an old-timer Marty likes, who has just retired after forty years of working a seltzer route in Queens. “A seltzer man is a horse.”

“A mule,” Ron Roth says, after three years in the business. “More of a mule. Or a burro. Horses are no good climbing stairs.”

A seltzer case, made of pine slats, holds ten twenty-six-ounce siphons; and each siphon, made of glass at least three-eighths of an inch thick, and capped with a collar of tin and lead and a head, nozzle, and lever of zinc and lead, weighs three and a half pounds. Empty. And the cases can’t be heaved around heedlessly—a seltzer man must school his muscles like a Lipizaner—because every seltzer bottle in

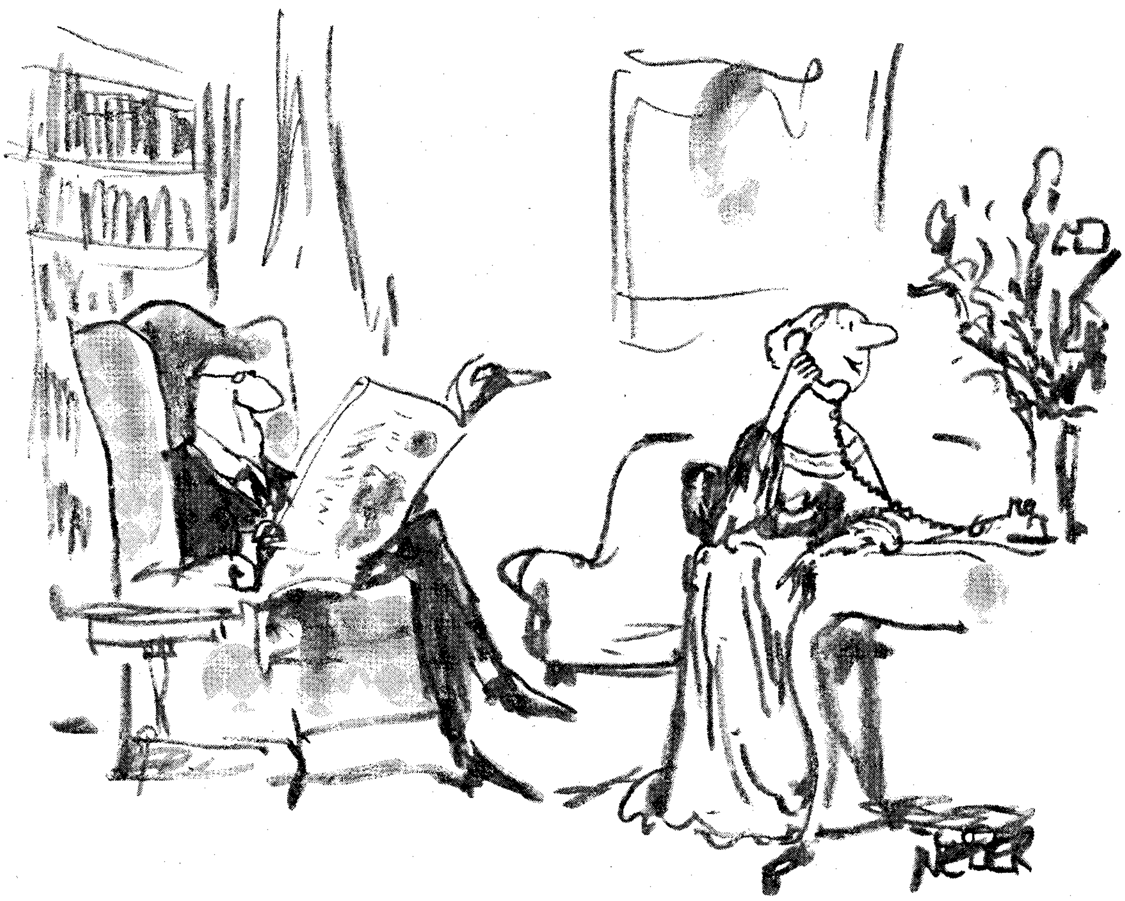
New York is an antique, hard to replace. Not one bottle is less than forty years old, and the handsomest bottles of all, pale-blue or sea-green, with delicate, unseamed, tapered lines, were hand-blown sixty years ago at a glass factory in Czechoslovakia that burned down before any of the young seltzer men were born. (Steven Drucker has taken some of the Czech bottles and turned them into lamps, which are for sale at Effervescence, a shop he has opened on Broome Street, in SoHo.) No American glass factory is now making seltzer bottles, because no American glass factory can consider accepting an order smaller than five thousand gross—seven hundred and twenty thousand bottles. Marty, Ronny, and Michael and Steven, together, deliver fewer than seven thousand bottles a week. So they have to scrounge around. Is Ruby retiring and moving to Florida? Maybe they can buy some of his bottles.

Because it's the bottle that makes seltzer seltzer. The bottle has a Victorian look and feel to it—naturally, since the design is essentially that of the *vase syphoide* patented in Paris in 1837. A seltzer siphon is solid, dependable—more like a piece of furniture than like a bottle (even when it hasn't been refitted as a lamp)—and when you press the little lever in the head to make seltzer leap from the nozzle you're doing just what Sherlock Holmes did when he reached for his gasogene to add a splash to the brandy he had poured from his tantalus. Because of the pressure in a seltzer bottle, and because of a coiled spring in the head, seltzer stays full of fizz until the bottle is practically empty—unlike an opened bottle of club soda, which loses its fun no matter how quickly you screw the cap back on. Since the glass in a siphon is more than twice as thick as the glass in a nonreturnable club-soda bottle, you can squeeze in quite a bit more carbon dioxide; for that matter, a seltzer bottle has as much pressure in pounds per square inch as a truck tire. More gas in the bottle produces bigger, flatter bubbles and a softer drink. Champagne drinkers look for small bubbles as a sign of quality; seltzer drinkers say that big bubbles swallow more easily, don't sting your nose when you're hoisting your glass for a swallow, and promote good digestion. Seltzer's other advantages have nothing to do with the container. Club soda has mineral salts in it to give it a slight mineral-water taste, and, in fact, takes its name from the sodium bicarbonate added to it; seltzer, although it is named after Nieder Selters, a small German spa near Wiesbaden, has nothing in it but gas and water that has been filtered through charcoal, sand, and blotting paper. Also, seltzer is a good deal less than half the price of Perrier—naturally carbonated mineral water whose carbonation is boosted at the plant before bottling. And seltzer is delivered to your doorstep. Parenthetically, Canada Dry is making a salt-free soda water it calls Seltzer, which has been sold in New York supermarkets for the last ten months and has already grabbed a third of the local over-the-counter sparkling-water trade. But Canada Dry Seltzer comes in club-soda bottles—with a picture of a siphon on the label.

"Ah, it's good to be back from the Hamptons and into the fray again."

When Marty has finished loading his truck with empties, he rattles over the Williamsburg Bridge to Bushwick, where he exchanges them for full cases at Lou Weinstein's shop, on Ingraham Street. In the seltzer business, a shop is a bottling plant, and Marty, Seltzer Unlimited, Gimme Seltzer, and about thirty old campaigners who still work seltzer routes in Brooklyn and Queens get filled up at Lou's. Lou has two operable Monitors—clanking, sturdy, copper-kettle-topped, Second World War-vintage English machines built to combine filtered tap water with CO_2 and then fill a hundred and twenty cases per hour each—and he also has a third Monitor, which he cannibalizes for spare parts. To save wear and tear, the two active Monitors now function under reduced-speed restrictions, like many American railroads: one fills a hundred and two cases an hour, the other ninety-eight. "The wearing is on the machines," says Tony Richardson, a big, friendly black man with a Luis Tiant-style drooping mustache, who is a friend of Marty's, and who has operated the Monitors for the last thirteen years. "The tearing is on me." Tony says the work stays the same, winter and summer, except for more seltzer fights in the shop during the summer. A full seltzer bottle, he estimates, has a shooting range of about twelve feet.

The Monitors occupy only one corner of Lou's shop—most of his business these days is distributing beer and soft drinks—but Lou's is not the only seltzer shop left in the city: there's one in the Bronx, there's one in Queens, and there are three more in Brooklyn. Seltzer was never the big-time business in this country that it was in Europe—Americans have been drinking flavored carbonated-water drinks like Coke, Moxie, Vernors Ginger Ale, and Dr Pepper since before 1900—but there was always a strong demand for seltzer in New York's Jewish, Italian, and other first-generation-European neighborhoods, and it remained a viable business in Manhattan until the suburb sprouting of the early fifties. Seltzer is still a going industry in countries like Austria and Argentina; and Gimme Seltzer's single best customer is an Argentine restaurant on Ninth Avenue between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth. (Gustavo Ferrari, a commercial officer at the Argentine Embassy in Washington, can confirm the Argentine interest in seltzer. On the dining-room table in his parents' house, half an hour outside Buenos Aires, he says, there was still a *sifón* when he went home for Christmas last year.) And in Manhattan our four young seltzer men deliver cases every week to sculptors, lawyers, trumpet players, art galleries, Marty's dentist, the theatrical venture called "Big Bad Burlesque," Italian grandmothers in fourth-floor walkups stirring pots of simmering spaghetti sauce, Fifth Avenue doctors whose doormen ask the seltzer men to use the service elevator, young punk rockers whose grandmothers had seltzer on the table back in Brooklyn, and a wine bar on Sixtieth between Park and Madison that will take only blue or green siphons. You can also get free seltzer (carbonated on the premises) at the water fountain in the back of the Belmore Cafeteria, the cabbies' hangout on Park Avenue South at Twenty-eighth Street.



"When I told Charles about Susie and Paul's engagement, he jumped for joy."

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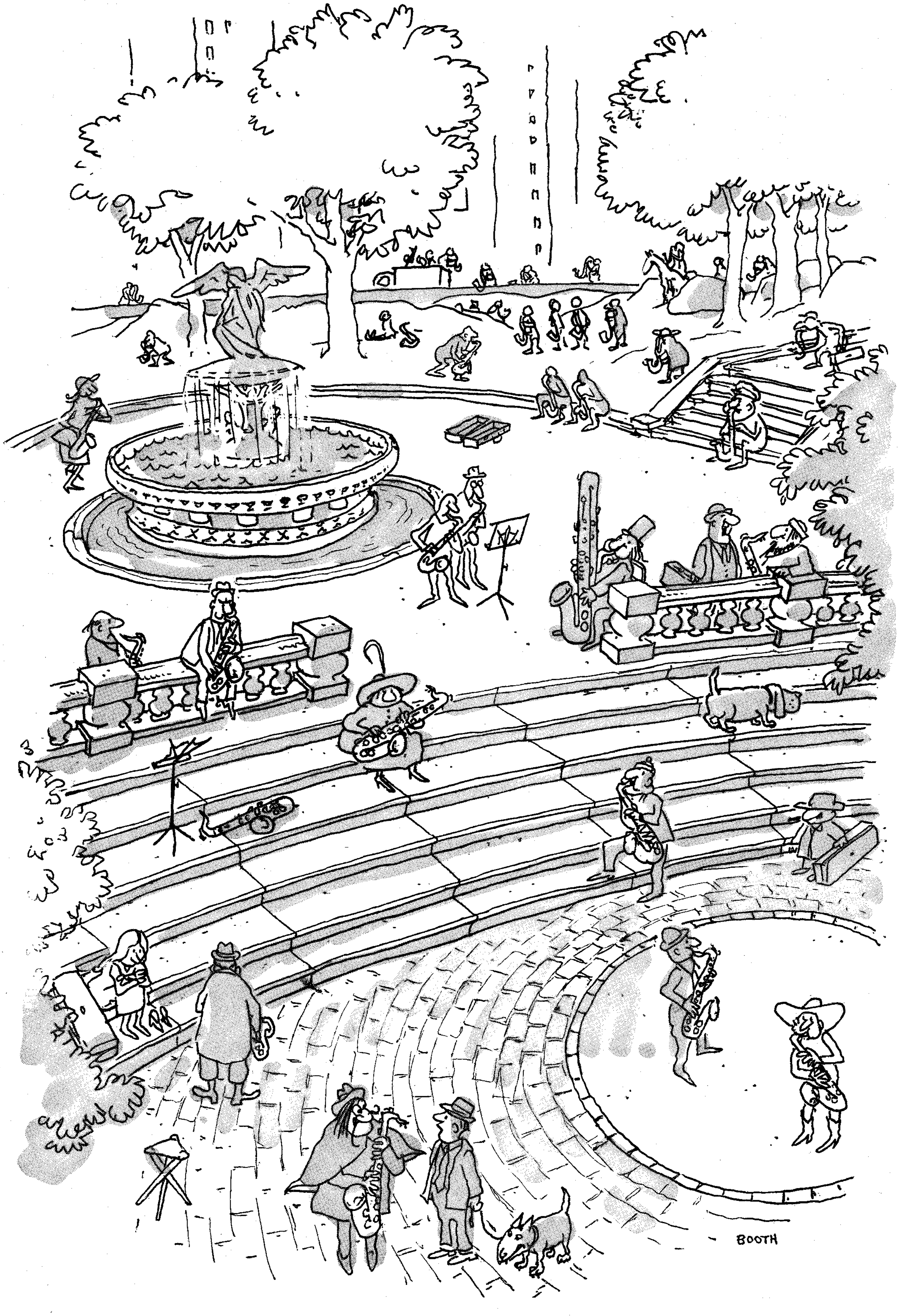
Around nine in the morning, his truck loaded with full cases, Marty drives home to check his answering machine for calls from customers and to plan his morning's route. He delivers in the morning to people who work at home, knocks off at one for five hours, and then goes back to work until about nine-thirty. If you listened to Marty's answering machine, you'd hear things like "*Beep*. Hello, Marty, we do need seltzer desperately. . . . *Beep*. Good seltzer to you, Marty. I need a new batch. . . . *Beep*. Darling Marty, could you come and splash some seltzer on me? . . . *Beep*. Marty! Bring seltzer! I'm dry! Goombye!"

The demand is there. But it disclosed itself, interestingly, only after our young seltzer men decided to enter the business. And what makes a man get into a business that doesn't really exist? Well, what draws anyone to anything? Let's take Marty's story. He was born in Palestine and came to the States when he was eight, because his father, a Frankfurt butcher who had emigrated in the twenties to work in the Rothschild vineyards in Palestine and live in peace with Jews and Arabs, hated the fact that he had had to fight his Arab friends in the war for Israel's independence. Growing up in Brooklyn, Marty decided to become a veterinarian, but instead he went to Pratt and majored in industrial design and fine arts in advertising. He graduated in 1965, and the Army grabbed him, trained him to compute firing patterns for eight-inch cannons, and sent him to Vietnam. He came back to New York, became an art director on Madison Avenue, made quite a lot of money, and went to Israel, where he bought one of just two brand-new BMW motorcycles in the country. Then he went to India and lived in six different villages there. A few years ago, he came back to this country again and, while staying in a friend's loft in Little Italy, ran into Ron Roth, who was delivering beer and soft drinks, and a few cases of seltzer on the side. Marty got a job in a printing plant, bought his truck, painted it, and bought five cases of seltzer bottles. When he went to the movies, he would park his truck out front, and when the feature was over he would find notes under his windshield wiper asking for deliveries. He began by making a few deliveries after hours, and reinvested his profits in more bottles. The hobby became a business that supported him. He thinks it may have all started when he saw a *pani wallah* in a village in South India—a man selling refrigerated water by the glassful from a small truck. Now Marty has all the business he wants. He could expand; there's the possibility of buying two or three more trucks and hiring some help. But he says he'd rather run his business along Indian lines—he'd rather stay small. "I run a quiet business," he says. "And I lead a life that seems much simpler than it did when I worked uptown. I have time to draw in the afternoons and at night—I'm designing a seltzer T-shirt—and time to buy old Harry Belafonte calypso records and actually listen to them. When I deliver, I have time to sit with people, talk, have coffee. People don't understand limits in this country—you have one truck, you're supposed to get two. A guy who starts out as a worker so he can work with other people ends up as an administrator doing paperwork. But paper doesn't mirror people. Only other people do. There's nothing like people if you want to have an indication of where you're going in life. Stay small. You can enjoy a lot of things in your life if you're satisfied with what you've got. What little I have is an awful lot."



"How often, might I ask, does the World Saxophone Congress meet?"

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG CAT'S-PAW

THE other evening, I was rummaging around in my bureau for a Belmont-style celluloid collar, slightly yellowed by age, that I planned to wear with my pongee suit and a lawn tie when the weather got warmer. This was the same outfit in which I posed for J. C. Leyendecker in those ads he drew for Kuppenheimer and for Hart Schaffner & Marx; you probably remember me also as his Arrow-collar model. Anyhow, during my search I pulled the bureau away from the wall and found a book I'd repeatedly flung there in exasperation while reading it. Its title was "James Joyce: A Portrait of the Artist," by Stan Gébler Davies, and wild horses—nay, Percherons, Clydesdales, and Suffolk punches yoked together—will not persuade me to confess my lack of admiration for its author. Mr. Davies, a Dubliner, is identified in a biographical note as born in 1943 and "an enthusiastic Joycean since his discovery at the age of thirteen of an illicit copy of 'Ulysses.' " (It was illicit in Ireland at the time.) Nowhere in his book, sad to say, does he describe his euphoria on that occasion, so we can only imagine him cracking his knuckles and exclaiming "Hot spit!" as he floated down Molly Bloom's stream of consciousness in the final chapter.

Curiously enough, it was this very topic, the once illicit status of "Ulysses" in the United States, that prompted Davies to write the one passage arresting enough to make me cease—if only temporarily—flinging the book against the wall. It read, "Forty copies were smuggled across the Ontario border by Barnet Braverman, a friend of Hemingway's (the Canadians had unaccountably failed to ban 'Ulysses'). Mr. Braverman crossed by ferry from Windsor to Detroit once a day with two copies making an alarming bulge front and rear of him, eyed suspiciously by U.S. Customs. But they, as it happened, were more eager in those days to suppress booze than literature."

Mr. Braverman's contraband echoes in memory the account my wife gave me of returning from her maiden voyage to Europe, also during Prohibition. She was accompanied by her mother, who in turn was accompanied by sixteen minute bottles of liqueur—Bénédictine, Chartreuse, anisette, and the like. To get past the lynx-eyed customs inspectors, they were suspended from her mother's girdle in a fringe of sixteen little hammocks the elder had crocheted aboard ship. Apart from tinkling like the Swiss bell ringers then favored in vaudeville, the bottles reached home undetected, as did the copy of "Ulysses" secreted in some silken recess of the ladies' steamer trunk.

I myself bore home a copy of the sacred text from my initial trip overseas, but I also brought back a package that caused me far more inquietude. To put the story into perspective and a nutshell, I undertook the trip because two other marine excursions had bombed. In the spring of 1927, I occupied a wee studio on West Ninth Street in the Village, where I drew cartoons that ultimately lowered the circulation of a weekly named *Judge* to the vanishing point. The studio had a north skylight and the approved décor of the period—primrose-yellow walls, a Roman daybed with slipcover of monk's cloth, and a lamp consisting of a huge glass carboy and a parchment shade that excluded all light. It was on the sixth floor of a building equidistant from the Athens Chop House and a restaurant run by the Siegel brothers, and, what with my meagre sustenance and my constant toiling up those five flights, I became so thin that a Siegel brother inadvertently stuck me in a jardiniere, mistaking me for an umbrella. Realizing that my dream of bankrupting *Judge* was futile unless I recovered my strength, I went around asking people did they know a place a man could get away for a while.

They vouchsafed that they did indeed. They hadn't been there themselves, but everyone said that Martha's Vineyard was the Garden of Eden, only less crowded. That was what I was looking for—a roomy spot where one didn't have to stand in jardinieres. So I packed up all my gear, the bristol board, the Higgins India Ink, the Chinese white, and the fixative, and, bent double like a Sherpa, caught a train to New Bedford and a steamer down to Vineyard Sound. Well, one look at the saltwater taffy and that merry-go-round in Oak Bluffs—the Flying Horses—and the gingerbread houses in Cottage City, and I pelted back to the vessel. Eighteen years were to pass before I discovered what I'd missed.

My second journey offshore, to Fire Island, was a similar epiphany. Somewhere between the ferry landing and the Ocean Beach Inn, a distance of thirty feet, I contracted a virulent case of poison ivy. For the next six days, snow-white with calamine lotion and more heavily bandaged than Claude Rains in "The Invisible Man," I sat in a second-floor room of the inn, inhaling the scent of fried clams drifting up the stairway. Desperate for contact with anyone, even the management, I offered to type their menus for free, but they refused, fearing that my touch would infect the bill of fare. Incensed, I determined to emulate Bet-a-Million Gates—to purchase the hotel and fire the whole bloody lot of them. The impulse waned, and the moment my affliction did I took leave of the sandspit pronto.

It was, hence, without any appetite whatever for travel that on returning to New York I strayed by chance into a UFA film called "Variety." In it Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti, and Warwick Ward composed a troupe of aerialists whose career ends in mayhem when Miss de Putti switches her affections from Jannings to Ward. The key scenes took place in Berlin's renowned cabaret the Wintergarten. Why the picture evoked in me a burning desire to visit the Wintergarten, and, moreover, how I dug up the wherewithal, I cannot fathom, but one month thereafter the S.S. Leviathan was bound east for Cherbourg and I was on her second-class manifest. So were Francesca Wild and Bunny Huggins.

Francesca and Bunny, two lovelies newly hatched from some incubator like Mount Holyoke or Wheaton, were well calculated to ravish the Old World or anyone on his way to it. A frail, blond Angelica Kauffmann type of beauty, Francesca was clad in what seemed to be moonbeams, but I could be wrong about that. Bunny was dark and vivid—lots of eyeshadow and lipstick—with a divine figure, the kind that makes men yearn to wrap its possessor in twenty-thousand-dollar sable coats. (I could not only be wrong about that—I could be talking through my hat.) The voyage had scarcely begun when a turn of fate threw us together. I was quietly sketching away in the bar, unaware that the two were at the adjoining table. Suddenly Bunny leaned over and inquired if I was an artist.

"The reason I ask," she explained, "is that you can't fail to have noticed that I'm wearing a black tailored suit and blouse set off by a bunch of foamy white lace at the chest. My friend and I are at loggerheads anent the correct term for this frizzy accessory. You being an artist, would not ephemera of this sort fall naturally within your purview?"

"Why, yes," I said. "I believe it can be variously described as a jabot or as a fichu or as ruching. Under whatever designation, Mademoiselle," I said, rising and kissing her hand, "it has never been more enchantingly displayed."

"*Tiens*, Francesca," she exclaimed, coloring to the roots of her hair, "I declare, we must have bunked into M. Beaucaire himself! Shall we invite Mr. Valentino to join us?"

From that point on, the three of us were inseparable, the balance of the trip a kaleidoscope of shuffleboard, quaffing bouillon, with saltines, in our deck chairs, wearing paper hats at the captain's gala, and little other activity, since smooching in lifeboats was alien to our moral code, and, besides, impossible when you are three people. In due course, we steamed into Queenstown and were welcomed with a cornet solo of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," performed by an alcoholist teetering uncertainly in a dory. At Southampton, amid emotional farewells, the girls debarked and I proceeded onward to the Continent.

The pilgrimage to Berlin's Wintergarten took its place reasonably high on the list of debacles in my experience. There were, of course, no aerialists executing triple somersaults around the rafters of the cabaret. Instead, two dozen Central Europeans sought valiantly with throats, feet, accordions, Indian clubs, playing cards, and magic equipment to demonstrate their crippling lack of talent. Meanwhile, I sat by drinking sweet Tokay that turned to crystals of sugar on my lips. But ultimately there came deliverance. In an American jazz group that headlined the show I recognized a former classmate, and to him I dispatched an SOS. The good man did his best, according to his lights. He and several fellow-bandsmen conducted me on a tour of various bars in the Kurfürstendamm district, where they painstakingly collected the ingredients of a monumental hangover and presented it to me at the railway station. As the milk train crawled back to Paris, every piston stroke of the engine athrob in my brain, I became in fancy that detestable stereotype who has imbibed too freely, the wealthy young rounder cowering under an ice bag applied by his devoted manservant. Such was my relief when the delirium ceased that on arriving at the Gare du Nord I knelt down and promised the stationmaster I would never touch another drop of sweet Tokay—a pledge I have kept to this day.

In the week following, I alternated from the Dôme to the Select to the Rotonde to the Closerie-des-Lilas, eavesdropping on folk I thought might be the originals of Jake Barnes, Lady Brett, and Bill Gorton, and when I found they were eavesdropping on me under the same misapprehension, I decided we were all a lost generation and booked a trip homeward on the Berengaria. A couple of days before sailing, I ran into Francesca and Bunny having a pressed citron at the Two Maggots. With them was an elderly woman, a Mrs. Wolf or Fox, or some such predator. We had a nice reunion, and possibly I took one more thimble of Dubonnet than I usually elect to have.

"So this is your first trip to Paris, Mr. Praline," says this Fox person cunningly. "I suppose you've bought a lot of gifts over here for your girlfriends back in New York, tee-hee."

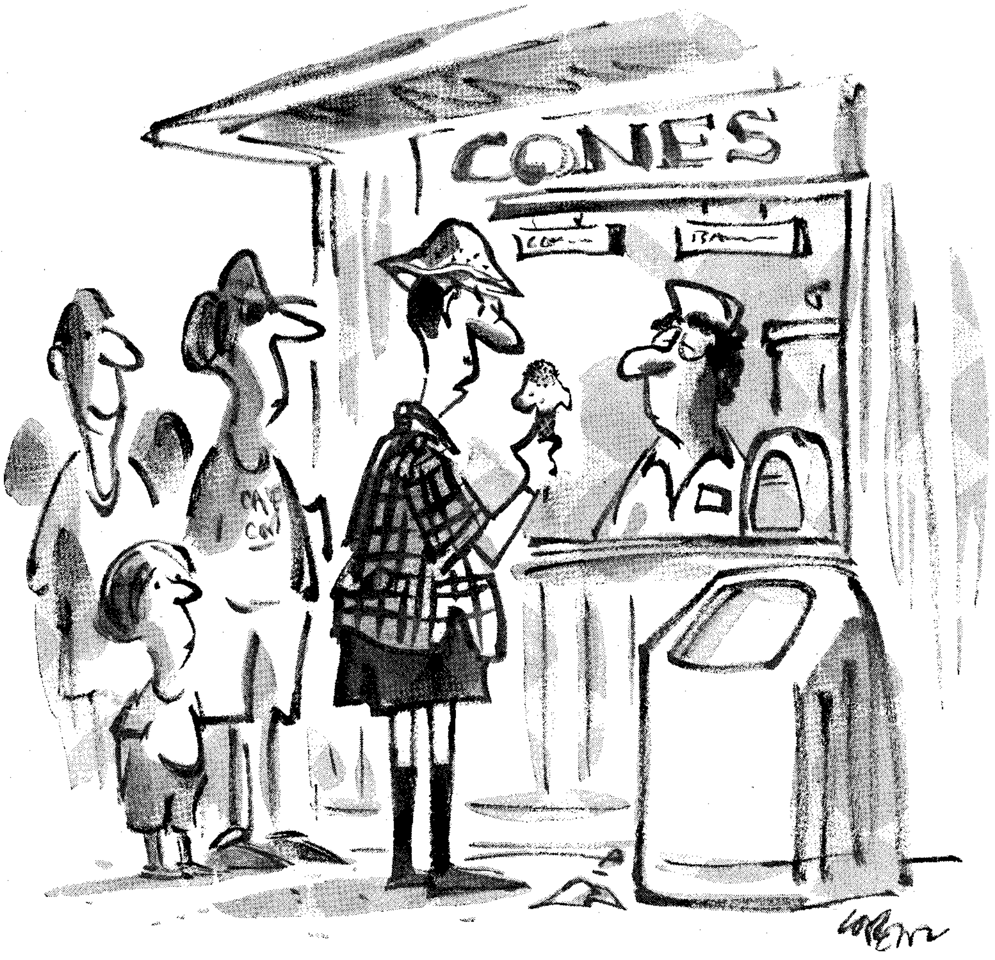
No, blurts out the wealthy young rounder and authority on the high trapeze, only around sixty dollars' worth. It's a wonder I didn't hand her my watch and chain and billfold, too, while I was at it.

"Oh, you don't say." If I'd looked at her instead of snapping my suspenders, I could have seen her salivating. "I wonder, Fran and Bun, whether your handsome, courteous young friend could do me a teensy-weensy favor."

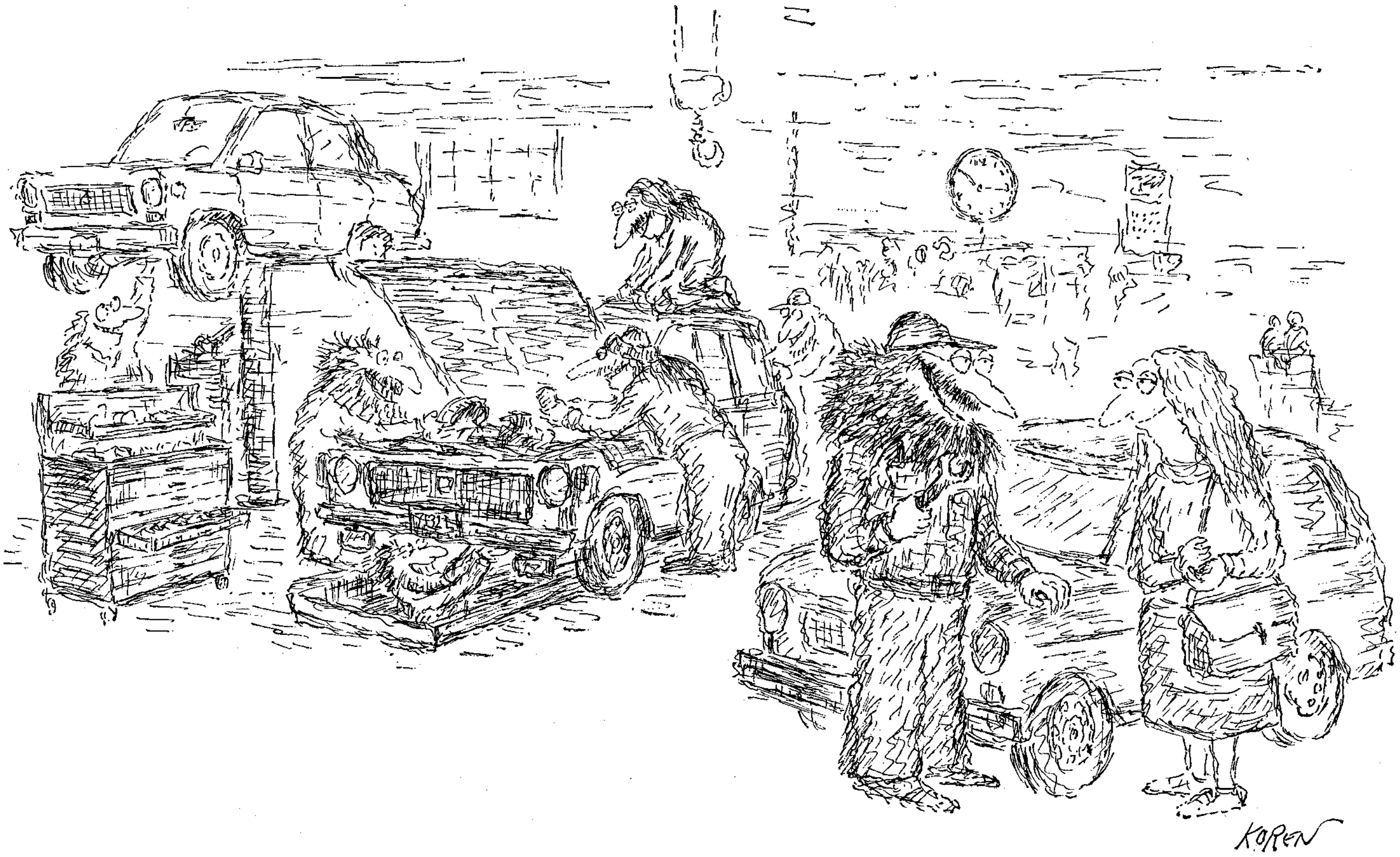
"What is it, what is it?" they clamored, adding in feminine sign language, "Honey, after that last drink, this mark is putty in your hands."

Well Mr. Protheroe it's too sweet my son's about to be married in New York and I bought him a bed at the Galeries Lafayette or Le Printemps I forget which but I have the receipt right here in my bag there look at it just forty dollars now to ship it would take months and months but since you're going over it won't be a bit of trouble to declare it just hand them this receipt I'll arrange everything with the store the bed'll be loaded on the ship Stanley will be waiting on the pier God bless you Mr. Proskauer for understanding a mother's heart full to overflowing with gratitude.

The old harpy never could have euchred me into it but for those two precious shipmates of mine wheedling and needling me to help her, and, who knows, they may have slipped some-



"Is one to assume that the country is also running out of sprinkles?"



"Our philosophy here at Dandelion Motors is to treat the total car."

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thing into my drink. At any rate, a week later the assistant purser on the Berengaria notified me they had a case in the hold, bearing my name. He thought it might be quite sizable, because the Cunarder's bow had been awash ever since we sailed. He thought there might be a bit of a delay unloading it on arrival, as the three winches were kept pretty busy.

"Not half so busy as the three winches—wenches—were kept who were loading it," I growled. I had to repeat it several times before he got it.

His sombre prediction was realized in spades. The Berengaria's fires were long since banked, my fellow-passengers had departed hours earlier, and still I sat in the customs shed, grinding my teeth and composing sulphurous limericks about Mrs. Fox. Finally, two inspectors materialized and signalled me to follow. In an area heaped with boxes and bales lay a wooden case large enough to accommodate an A.C.F. cruiser. The inspectors examined my customs declaration, her receipt, and the bill of lading the purser had given me.

"Here, hand me that pinch bar," said one. "I want a look at the contents of this box."

The *contents*—that was the word that demolished my house of cards. Who knew what was inside there? It could be opium, the Romanov jewels, half a dozen illegal Chinese. Oh, what a blithering idiot I had been! Wait, Officer, I wish to make a full-breasted disclosure—I mean I want to turn state's evidence. It's too late; he's torn away the board. Thank heaven—a mattress! Still, there could be dope inside. . . .

"Look, you claim you paid forty dollars for this bed," said the other inspector. "Are you aware they retail wholesale for a hundred and eighty?"

"I—I don't understand," I said, and tried to entrap him in semantics. "If it's retail, how can it be wholesale, too?"

"Oh, a wisenheimer, eh?" His voice rose an octave. "Let me see your passport, you."

"Hold it, Vic. Let me handle this," his colleague interposed. "Listen, bub, what are you—a dealer, an importer? Or is this article for your own use? No monkeyshines, now—remember, you're under oath."

With visions of myself striped like a zebra and stitching mailbags, I realized there was only one recourse: I would have to stoop to the level of Mrs. Fox. I assumed what I hoped was a syrupy, lovesick expression. "Well, gentlemen, to tell you the truth, I'm engaged to the dearest, sweetest girl in the whole wide world, and we're to be married next week." I paused and pulled out the vox-humana stop. "I brought this over for our little nest."

Averted though were my eyes in shame and self-loathing, I could tell nevertheless that I had struck pay dirt. I heard their commingled sighs of *Brüderschaft.*

"Well, that's different. . . . Sure, whyn't you say so before? . . . Good luck, my boy. . . . Here's your receipt. Run along, fella."

When I reached the barrier, it took no genius to distinguish the legitimate bridegroom-to-be. Tentacles outstretched, he was preparing to smother me with gratitude, buy me seven-course meals at Villepigue's in Sheepshead Bay, treat me to countless weekends at Grossinger's, but I threw him the receipt and split. Up those vertiginous stairs I went to my studio, and before long I was cartooning away as good as new. It was hardly an ideal occupation, but it was a damn sight easier than smuggling. —S. J. PERELMAN

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WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (UPI)—President Carter will nominate Reubin O. Askew, who was Governor of Florida while he was Governor of Georgia, as special trade negotiator to succeed Robert S. Strauss, the White House announced today.—*The Times.*

O.K., but watch him.

FOUR POEMS

PRETERNATURALLY EARLY SNOWFALL IN MATING SEASON

Three days back, first snow had fallen, light,
Nothing more than a sprinkling of sugar,
Crystalline on brown hickory leaves
And gold-fading beech leaves fallen—all
Like the breakfast of champions. Upridge,
However, the spruces were spangled. The sun,
With remote indifference, heatless,
Fulfilled its shortening arc
From mountain ridge to ridge, grasped
The earth's globe in merciless fingers, the globe
Black-furred. I slept
With feet of sleeping sack near dying coals.
Frontiersmen, I knew, had early learned
To delay the chronic curse of rheumatism:
Set wet moccasins toward fire to sleep.

I stared upward. There were no stars.

Morning, no sun, not even one
Leprous wan wen of light, only
Grayness diffused under a
Dome, like gray stone crudely set
In gray cement of prehistory,
The dome bulwarked to ride
The mountain rims. Clouds, wordless as gray stone,
Bellied down—the real thing coming, and soon.
Early, but snowshoes in tote. Pure luck, or accident.

On such a day, mind, like the sky,
Has no thought: only the sagging promise of itself.
Your mind hangs like the dome of stone. Hands
Do their tasks, alone, unsupervised;
They are the single point of the world.

This is one name for happiness: the deed.

Past midnight, with snow on face
I woke. Refed fire, crawled back in sack,
Drew tighter the hood, wondered
How is whiteness a darkness, and, in that hypnosis,
At last slept. Then started up at blasting wheeze, snort, bleat,
And beat and crash of dead boughs. One moment,
Wondered. Then, in the silence, knew.

Later, in the glittering world of dawn-snow whiteness,
Snowshoes at last dug out, I found the spot.
First, where the doe, by a deadfall, had made her huddle. Then
Where the buck had wrestled and struggled to mount.
There were the polar boughs, rotten, beat loose by antlers.
There, scarcely covered by fresh snow, the marks
Of plunge, stamp, heave, trample, and ecstasy of storm.

It took two days, snowshoeing, to get out,
And rations short the second. My skull
Felt scraped and clean inside as though scrubbed with ammonia
And I moved through the white world, nothing
Inside the skull but the simple awareness of being. But,
Just once, toward dark, the white world going gray,
I stopped for breath, and, standing, thought, with leap
Of heart, I was for an instant actually seeing,
Even in that gloom, directly before me, the guessed-at glory.

But by that time I was pretty well beat
From fatigue and hunger.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH TIME IN AUTUMN

Never—yes, never—before these months just past
Had I known the nature of Time and felt its strong heart
Pulse, stroke by stroke, against my own, like love,
But love without face or shape or history:
Pure Being that, by being, Being denies.

Summer fulfills the field, the heart, the womb,
While summerlong, infinitesimally,
Leaf stem, at bough juncture, dries,
Even as our tireless bodies plunge,
With delicious muscular flection and heart's hilarity,
White to the black and ammoniac purity of
A mountain pool. But black
Is blue as it stares up at summer's depthless azure,
And azure was what we saw beneath,
For the timeless instant we hung
At arc-height.

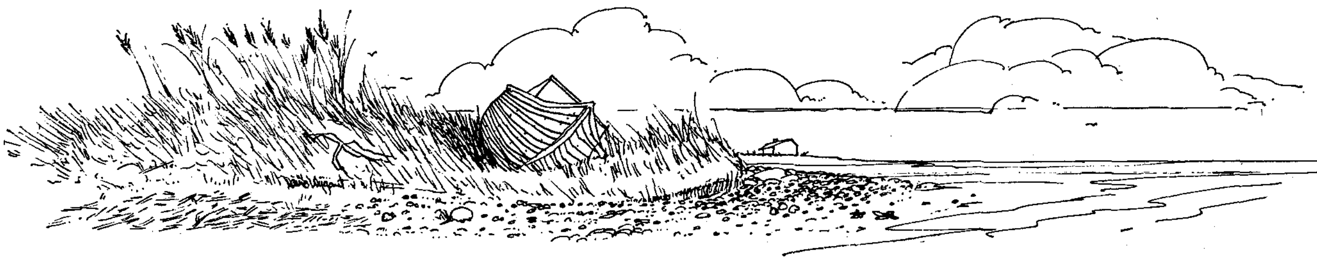
Voices of joy now distant seem
As I float, pubic hair awash, and stare
At one lone leaf, flame-red, alone
Above the summer's bulge of green,
High-hung against the sky.

Yes, sky was blue, but water, I suddenly felt,
Was black, and striped with cold, and one cold claw
Of nameless depth reached ghostly up
To find my flesh and pierce the heart, as though releasing,
In that dark inwardness, a single drop. Oh, leaf,

Cling on! For I have felt knee creak on stair,
And sometimes, dancing, now notice how rarely
A girl's inner thigh will brush my own,
Like a dream. Whose dream?

The leaf hangs motionless. The sun
Pours down on the leaf its lacquer of Chinese red.

Then by its own will, on the lucent emptiness,
While cries of joy of companions seem to fade,
I feel that I see, even in
The golden paradox of motionless air,
Each tendon of that stem release



Its tiny claw-hook, and trust
A shining destiny. But the leaf—it seems
Too moorless not to fall. And does
Not. Instead,
It slides—oh, calm—along the air sidewise,
Sustained by the kiss of under-air.

While ages pass, I watch red-gold,
Sunlit, descend to water I know is black.
It touches, and breath comes back, and I hate God
As much as gravity or the world's tilt.

How shall we know the astrolabe of joy?
Shall gratitude run forward as well as back?
Who once would have thought that the heart,
Ravening on the world's provocation and beauty, might,
After time long lost
In the tangled briars of youth,
Have picked today as payday, and payment

In life's dime-thin, two-sided, two-faced coin?

AUGUST MOON

Golden like a half slice of orange
Fished from a stiff Old-Fashioned, the moon
Lolls on the sky that goes deeper blue
By the tick of the watch. Or
Like a brass button half-buttoned
On the blue flannel sleeve
Of the blue seagoing blazer . . .

While slowly stars gain definition
In a gradual eczema of glory.

What kind of a world is this we play in?

It makes no sense except
The inner and soundless *chug-chug* of its
    own old business—
Your father's cancer, or
Mother's stroke, or
The cat's fifth pregnancy.

Anyway, while night
Hardens into its infinite being,
We go walking down the woods lane,
    dreaming
There's an inward means of
Communication with
That world whose darkling susurration
Might—if we were only lucky—be
Deciphered.

Children do not count years
Except at birthday parties.
We count them unexpectedly,
At random, like
A half-wit pulling both triggers
Of a 10-gauge with no target, then

Wondering what made the noise,
Or what hit the shoulder with the flat
Butt of an axe head.

But this is off the point, which is
The counting of years—and who
Wants to live anyway
Except to be of use to
Somebody? At least,
That's the way they always say it.

Do you hear the great owl in the distance?

Do you remember a childhood prayer—
A hand on your head?

The moon is lost in tree-darkness.
Stars show now only
In the sky-pale path between treetops.
The track of pale gravel leads the foot forward
In darkness.

I advise you to hold hands as we walk,
And be sure to speak not a word.

SPELEOLOGY

At the foot of the cliff, where the great ledge thrusts, the cave
Debouches, soil level and rank where the stream once
Had come boiling forth, and now, from alluvial earth,
The last of the old virgin forest rises to cliff height.
And at noon twilight reigns. No one comes there.

I must have been six when first I found the cave mouth
Under ledges moss-green, and moss-green inner darkness.
Each summer I came, and in twilight peered in, crept farther,
Till one summer all I could see was the gray blotch
Of light far behind. Ran back. Didn't want to be dead.

By twelve, I was bolder. Besides, now had me a flashlight.
And all night before couldn't sleep. Then daylight. Then breakfast.
The cave wandered on, roof lower and lower except
Where chambers of darkness rose and stalactites stabbed
To the heart of the light I held. Then lower again.

I cut off the light. Knew darkness and depth and no Time.
Felt the cave cricket move up an arm. Switched the light back on,
And saw the lone life there, the cave cricket pale
On white and velvety stone. I thought: *They are blind.*
Crept on, light on. Heard faintly, below, a silken

And whispering rustle. Like what? Like water. And swung
The light to one side, and saw. I had crawled on a ledge
Under which, far down, far below now, the water yet channelled
And sang to itself, and answered my high light with swollen
White bursts of bubble. Light out, I lay there, unmoving.

Lulled in a sound like song in dream, knowing
I dared not move in that darkness so absolute,
I thought: *This is me.* Thought: *Who am I*? And felt
My heart beat to the pulse of darkness and earth, and thought
How it would be to be here forever, my heart,

In its beat, part of all. Suppose I stayed there, part of all?
But I woke with a scream. Had I dozed? Scarcely, I managed
To grab the flashlight as it fell. Turned it on, and
Once more looked down the slow slicing of limestone where
Water winked, in bubbles like fish eyes, and song was a terror.

I never came back. But years later, past dream, have lain
In dark and heard the depth of interminable song,
And laid hand to heart, and once again thought: *This is me.*
And thought: *Who am I*? And with hand on heart have wondered
What it would be like to be, after all, part of all.

—Robert Penn Warren

MY MOTHER BREATHING LIGHT

MY mother cannot say the word "cancer." A year ago, after an operation to remove a tumor at the juncture of her small and large intestines, she used the word "blockage" to explain what the problem had been. "The doctors have found a blockage in my intestines," she told relatives who came to visit as she convalesced on the porch. "Now that it's gone, I can finally eat again, thank God."

My Aunt Ruda took me aside and said, "I want you to tell me the truth about your mother. Is she talking about an ulcer, or what?" Aunt Ruda is my mother's sister-in-law. When I visit every summer, at the end of my teaching year, she has a new inventory of details about other people's medical problems—grotesque incisions, ruined arteries, fatal blood clots, irradiated wombs. Aunt Ruda is overweight, fat with the stories of other people's grief.

"Gemma, you mustn't tell anyone what the operation was really for," my mother said to me, and I saw the fear skate across her eyes, cold in the blue *light of the kitchen's fluorescent* bulb. "If any of your aunts and uncles find out that it was something really serious, *they'll* keep asking how I am." I understood then how a question about one's health can be like a sheath on a sword, hiding the real question—"When will you die?"

Now we visit as we always have the first night I am home in Ohio. We sit in front of the television in separate chintz-covered chairs, our feet propped on a shared footstool, a box of chocolate buttercreams on the table between us. This year, however, I have come home early to deal with what my mother says is a "new wrinkle." For one year, she has led a healthy, normal life. She has gained weight, she has bought new clothes. She has visited me in California. But two weeks ago, during a quarterly checkup, something unexpected appeared in the X-rays.

"You look healthy," I tell her. "You look wonderful."

"I feel fine," she says. "I can eat anything."

We invent a dessert menu for the next week. Chocolate mousse, peach Melba, apple spice cake, banana-cream *pie, cherries in cognac. In the muted* light of the television screen we feel safe.

HONEY BUN
SUGAR PIE
H. Martin

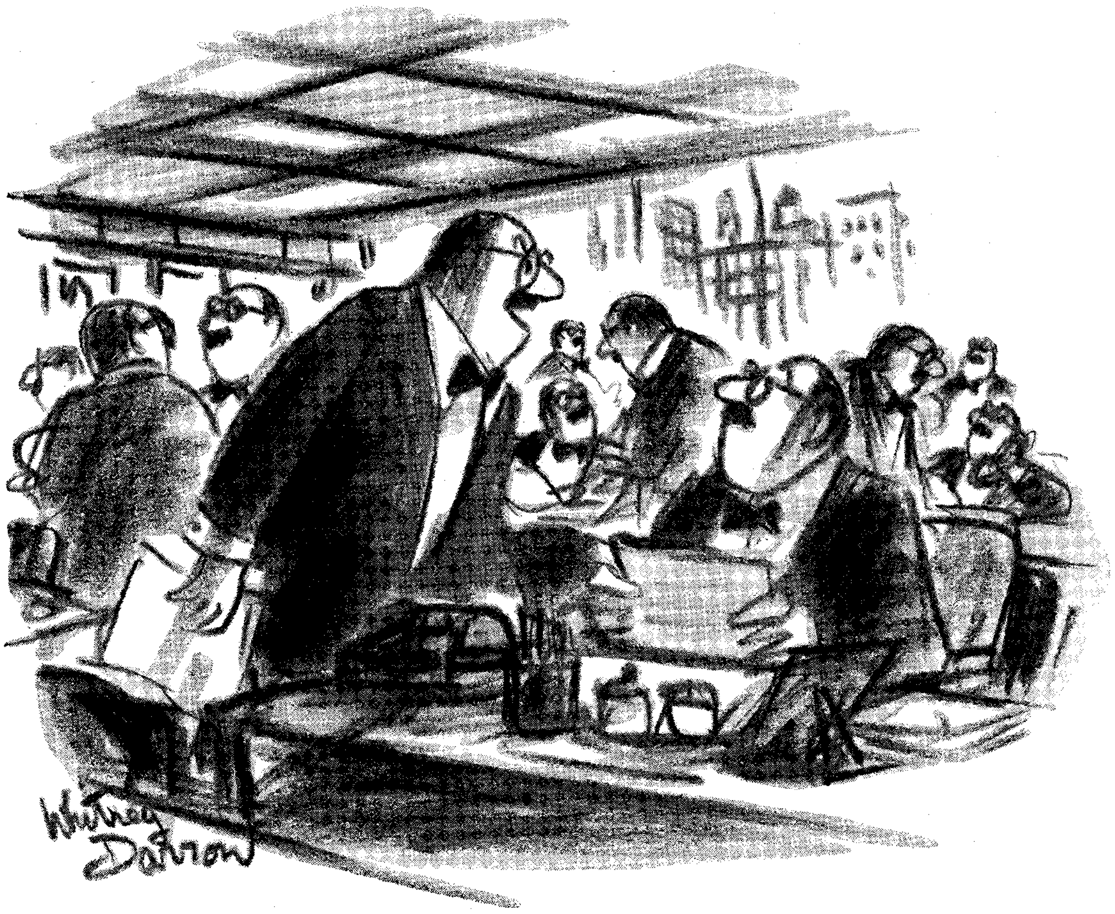
USUALLY in June there is a milky haze lying among the wooded hills and the steaming crops—young corn, ripe wheat, silvery middle-aged oats. Today, the landscape surprises us with its sparkle and clarity, as if we have driven into the center of a crystal prism. I can see the way a slender leaf of corn ripples along its center vein. I can see the fanning seed head on a stalk of yellow wheat.

"Ironwort, tiger lily." My mother gives me back names from my youth, identifying the wild flowers that lean frailly away from the edge of the road.

When I was a child, I suffered from frequent kidney infections, which my mother called "attacks." It was not until years later, when I casually used the term during a college physical examination, that I recognized its benign absurdity. "An attack?" said the doctor. "A kidney *attack*?" At once, I saw the image it must have called up, of a scowling cartoon kidney, with thin arms and mitten-shaped hands carrying muggers' weapons. Now we drive back through the Ohio countryside. We are on our way home from the university hospital, where a second opinion has been offered on the spot that showed up on the X-rays of my mother's liver. She calls the spot a "development," as if it is something promising, like a housing project. Her hands move quickly as she talks. The backs of them are tanned from her work in the garden. The palms, flashing white as she speaks, remind me of the undersides of maple leaves exposed in a wind. With her hands my mother can make small houses, a street intersection, a car going out of control.

"Well, it just went poof," she said once, explaining to my father and grandmother where the grocery money had gone and why we were having hot dogs once again for our Sunday dinner. "Like that," she said, and her hands described baroque scrolls of smoke above her dinner plate. It seemed to me that with her hands she might produce, out of the imaginary smoke, an emerald bird, inside of which would be a golden egg, inside of which would be a lifetime supply of grocery money.

My father, ever mindful of my education, cast a meaningful eye my way and said, "Although a hot dog on a bun is not the feast we had all hoped for this afternoon, let us remember that



"A word to the wise, Halbern—no one around here is irreplaceable."

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it contains more protein than the average Chinese person eats in a week."

"I am not Chinese," my grandmother said, looking sideways at my mother. "I am a Protestant."

"I'll need time to think about this new development," my mother says now. "I'll need time to plan." My father has been dead for five years, and my grandmother three. Not long before he died, my father moved the family, without consulting anyone, from a large house on the edge of town to a smaller one near the center. He was *thinking* ahead to their old age, he told me. The smaller house was near drugstores and supermarkets, and closer to the hardware store he ran. It was near the hospital in case of emergency. The Christmas after he bought the house, he drove me into the countryside to discuss the future.

"These are the insurance policies, this is the will." He handed me thick brown envelopes. "This is the key to the safe-deposit box. Do not let your mother sell that house when I am gone. It is in a good location for old people." I had been home from college only two days, but already I felt like a child again, inarticulate and fearful. I felt the old speech rhythms return, the truncated syntax, the vague euphemistic vocabulary, and a sense that there were always secrets to be kept from someone else in the family.

"You're still alive," I said. We walked down a slope to a pond, sliding on the crusted snow.

"I've arranged it so that your mother will not be able to get her hands on all of the money all at once," he said.

I thought of her back at the house, wrapping presents with my grandmother. I thought of how pleased she had looked as my father and I left the house, suspecting, perhaps, that we were going to collect a surprise Christmas present. Instead, we stood at the edge of the pond as the sun went down, and defined the limits of her future: where she could live, how much she could spend, who would die first—as if her life were a geometric pattern, something that could be drawn with ruled sides and with perfect arcs spun off the tip of a compass.

The sun slid behind a row of fir trees, and the pond glowed lavender near the shadows of the opposite bank. "The ice is too thick this winter," my father said. "There's no light at the bottom of this pond. The water plants will die and then the fish will die, too." He spoke matter-of-factly. It was not his pond. "If we don't have a thaw, the farmer will have to come out here and drill holes to save the fish." He paused and looked at me. He seemed about to suggest a lesson in life. "It's a good thing we do not live in the country," he said. "Your mother and grandmother think they would like to live in the country, but it is better for them to live in town."

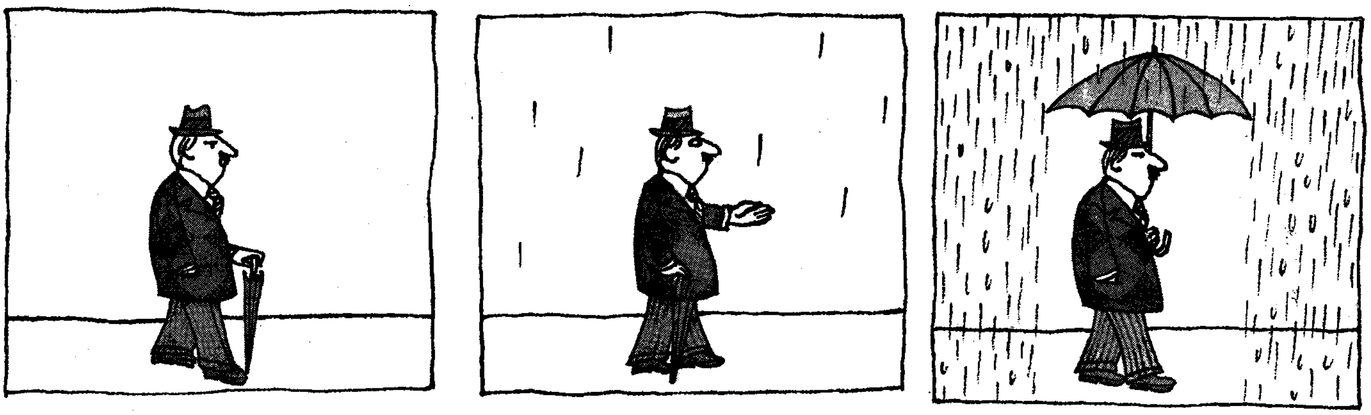
The following summer, he died. Two winters later, my grandmother died, not long after falling on the ice in front of our house. There was a step she had forgotten about, at the juncture of our walk and the city sidewalk. It was not a badly designed step—just one that, in her old age, she had overlooked.

AUNT RUDA knows that something is up. Every day for the last two weeks, my mother has been going through closets and trunks and throwing away things that once belonged to my father and grandmother. Old shoes, shirts, dresses, sweaters, cheap jewelry, soured cologne still in its Christmas box, gun magazines, clippings of inspirational pieces from Christian newsletters. Ruda stands on the porch and frowns at the seven garbage bags sitting by the curb.

"She's selling the house, isn't she?" Ruda says. My father was Ruda's brother, and now she takes a proprietary interest in the house on his behalf. "If she moves into the country, she'll never be able to get out of her drive in winter."

"I don't know what she's doing," I say truthfully.

In a spiral notebook, I have made an orderly list of the decisions that must soon be made about my mother's chemotherapy treatments. Where will she have them—in California, with



me, or in Ohio, near Ruda and the other relatives? Should a registered nurse be engaged? Should a housekeeper be brought in? My mother ignores the notebook and moves through the house in a distracted way, bumping into furniture. “This house is too small,” she tells me. “It was designed for short people.” She has decided to remodel the kitchen, and she presses me for advice. “Do you like harvest green or that yellow color?”

“I don’t know.” I am impatient with her, anxious to deal with the crisis at hand. She pretends that this is like any other summer, that once, a year ago, she was sick and gaunt but now she is well again. It is early July and the serious heat is here, moist and languid, settling upon the town like sleep. In the evenings, we drive into the cooler countryside in search of air-conditioned rural restaurants. My mother eats hearty meals—mashed potatoes and gravy, fried chicken, buttered corn. I think about her liver struggling to sort out the proteins, the fats, the poisons. Something must be done. She lingers over the menu, wondering whether to order liver and bacon, liver and onions, or chicken livers in wine and sour cream. Watching her, I wonder whether this is an unwitting irony or part of a secret plan to attack the diseased cells with surrogates. Suddenly I can imagine them, the bad cells, as cartoon cousins to my evil kidney, planning their defense with small knives and guns and miniature cannons.

Under her bed I find a stack of new books, optimistic in their clean dust jackets. “Mind Over Matter.” “Long Life and Nutrition.” In the mornings, when she thinks I am reading the newspaper on the porch, she goes into the kitchen and blends a viscous concoction of raw eggs, goat’s milk, brewer’s yeast, honey, kelp, bananas, wheat germ, cooked rice—everything she has ever heard was good for one’s health. I am a spy in the house. In her desk I find a brochure describing a health spa in Mexico where inoperable patients are given a vegetable diet and coffee enemas. In her purse I find a newspaper clipping about a Catholic shrine in Indiana, where blind people are able to see again and arthritics stand up straight. Her disease is becoming a secret that each of us keeps from the other. At night, after she has gone to bed, I read about the side effects of chemotherapy. I discover that one of the chemicals used in what is called “chemotherapy” is similar to the fuels used in jet airplanes.

* * *

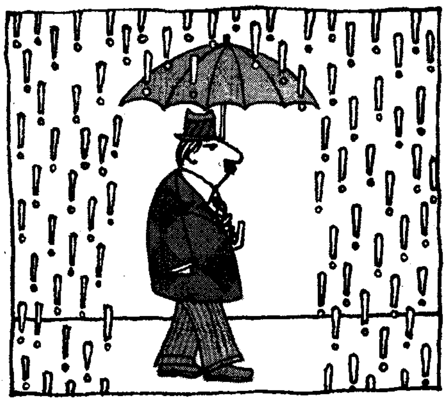
“RACHEL has a secret,” my grandmother said to my father at the dinner table that Sunday as they sat before their hot dogs and wondered why the grocery budget, so carefully calculated by my father, was so badly mismanaged by my mother. It was true. My mother did have a secret. Since her marriage, she had never had a job, and now she had decided to go to work. She had decided to become an American Fragrance Lady, selling cosmetics and perfumes door to door. For weeks she had been taking a few dollars from the various household budgets in order to raise the capital for the initial investment. She invited me along the day she went to collect the merchandise from the regional representative. I was fourteen years old and already beginning to talk in the superior way my grandmother and father had, but still she took me into her confidence. On my lap I held the huge envelope of fugitive dollar bills.

“Maybe I’ll let you take a few of the products around to some of the high-school girls,” she said, already imagining the empire we would build.

“She always had secrets when she was a kid,” my grandmother continued. “She used to steal money from my purse.”

“That was me,” I said. “I stole quarters.” It was a joke, a diversionary tactic. My mother smiled faintly.

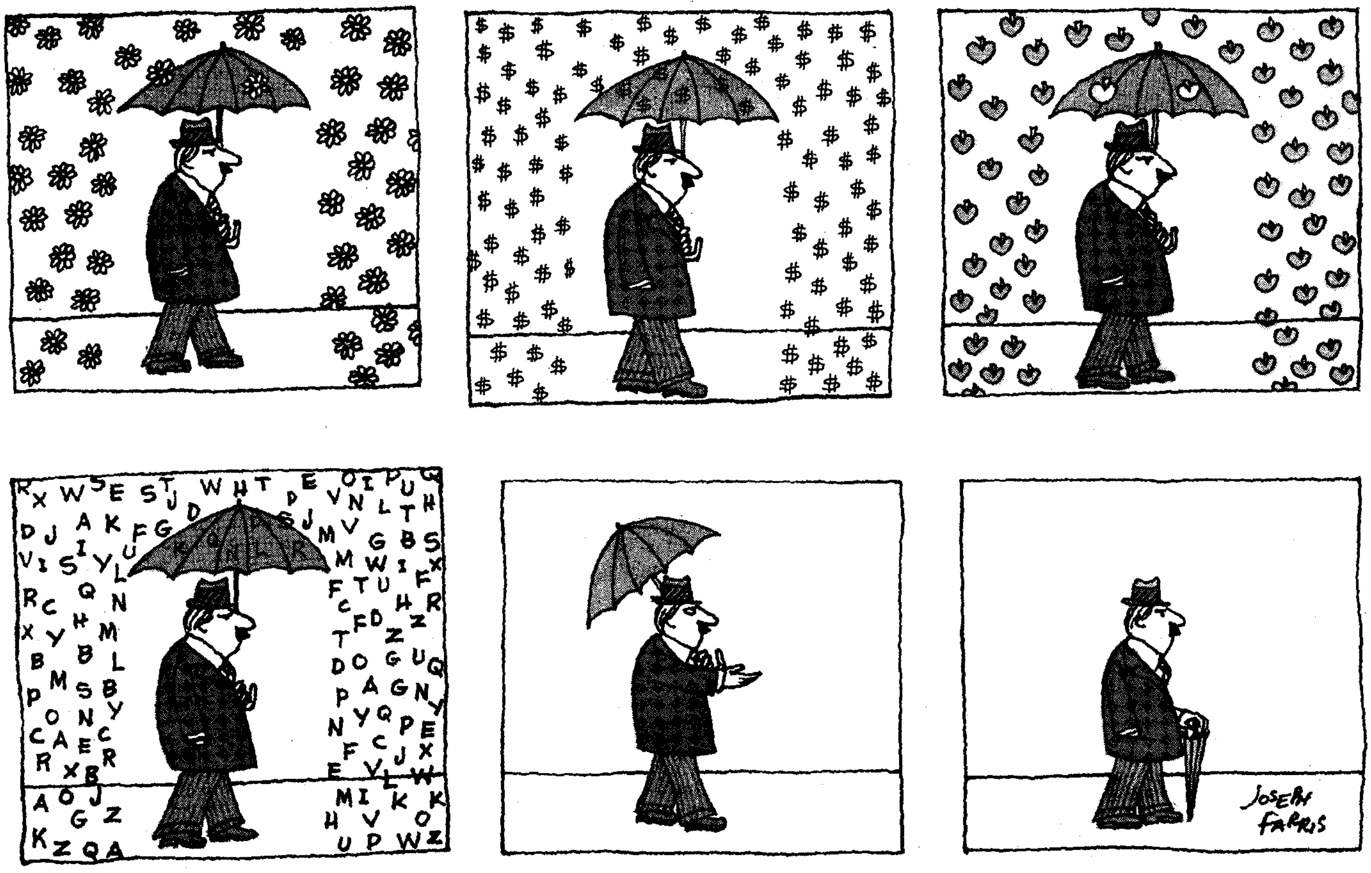
“You stole from your grandmother?” my father said.



“So did Rachel,” my grandmother said. “This is a wonderful family.”

“Oh, for heaven’s sake,” said my mother. She left the room and returned carrying the American Fragrance display case, which she placed on the table and snapped open to reveal the rows of glittering bottles. They were made of heavy glass in red, blue, and opaque white, and were cast in the shapes of the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, and other national monuments. I think there was a moment, as she lifted a red bottle in the shape of the Lincoln Memorial and held it to the light of the window so that it sparkled like a gemstone, when she actually thought my father might be pleased by the prospect of his wife’s going from door to door of his friends and neighbors and his customers at the hardware store.

Without looking at her, he picked up the mustard knife and said, “If you have a private matter to discuss with me, we will discuss it after dinner.” I didn’t hear the conversation. I imagine it was brief and sensible. My father would have been organized and logical, using a legal tablet to calculate the triviality of her projected profits. He would have reminded her that she did not have, after all, the aggressive personality of a saleslady. Perhaps he made fun of the products, their ludicrous shapes, their dubious smells. Perhaps he simply said no. I never saw the display case again. My mother never set out



into the neighborhood dressed in a suit and the heavily applied makeup prescribed by the American Fragrance regional representative.

"I DON'T have fifteen hundred dollars a week," my mother is saying. She says it so sharply that it sounds like an accusation. "Do you have fifteen hundred dollars a week?" I am young and healthy. I grew up an only child in a family of three adults. Tap lessons, ballet, clarinet, piano, Western-saddle riding lessons, English-saddle, a college education, graduate school, a job in California. I am the one who escaped this house. All morning she has sat on this porch and torn photographs out of old albums, ripped them into halves and thrown them in a plastic garbage bag by her feet. I awoke earlier than I usually do, and when I came downstairs I saw her there, through the gauze of the living-room curtains, seated near the trellis of honeysuckle vines. I watched as she held the pictures before she tore them up. They trembled in her hands like caught animals. It seemed to me that she was destroying my own past, pictures of herself with me, my father, my grandmother. Something must be done. I decided to force the issue. I went out to the porch and asked where—exactly where and how—she would like to begin treatment for the spot on her liver, which was not a development but a cancer. She put the albums aside and closed the garbage bag with a twist tie. She gave me a long, stern look, as if I were an adversary, and said, "Switzerland."

Switzerland? What was in Switzerland?

"A place where they give you mineral baths and chemicals that don't make you sicker than you already are."

"All right," I said. A place in Switzerland was better than no place at all. "Let's look into it."

She already had. The place in Switzerland would cost fifteen hundred dollars a week, plus air fare. Our medical insurance would cover most of the treatment if the clinic were in America, but it was not. I thought of the American Fragrance venture and wondered whether she was thinking of it, too—of how the sale of a thousand little Plymouth Rocks and Empire State Buildings might have bought her, if not health, then at least the rarefied air and the beguiling sunlight on the side of an Alpine mountain.

"Do you have fifteen hundred dollars a week?" she says again.

"Fifteen hundred dollars for a mineral bath?" I say it too quickly, too callously, my own hysteria turning to flippancy. "Can't you find a mineral bath in America?"

She stands up. Her hands are fists. "I don't want to lose my hair," she says. She walks past me to the other end of the porch and says it again. "I don't want to lose my hair. Do you want your own mother to lose her hair?" And now suddenly the stiffness leaves her body, the accusation melts in the summer heat. She returns to the far end of the porch and studies the honeysuckle vines which she planted six years ago, when my father bought the house. She reaches up and begins to unwind a runner that spirals toward the ceiling of the porch. "If you let them grow straight up, they'll just droop from the roof and look sloppy," she says. She begins to rewind it along a horizontal piece of lath. Her fingers are so long and supple in the green light that she seems to be winding her own hands into the latticework. "I'm going to phone your Aunt Ruda for some advice," she says at last. "She knows all about doctors and diseases."

While she is on the phone, I hurry through the photo albums and the garbage bag to see what can be salvaged. Here is a picture of my mother and father, looking younger than I am now, at the seashore. Here is one of the four of us in our best clothes in front of my father's hardware store. I want to weep. I see that my mother's target has not been the family, as I had imagined. It has been merely the pictures of herself which are blurry or unflattering. All morning she has labored on the family photo albums like an editor, expurgating the ugly likenesses of herself in order to leave an attractive vision for me when she is gone.

MY mother went to bed early this evening. She sleeps ten hours a day now, taking care of herself. I watched television until two in the morning. On a talk show there was a woman who researches death. She has made a living by talking to people who are dying or who have nearly died. She has asked them what the approach of death is like. She told the talk-show host that what she learned should make everyone hopeful and happy. "We never die alone," she said. In all the case histories she studied, the dying people reported that they were with a loved one who had already preceded them in death. The heart-attack victims in surgery, the drowning victims called back from death by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, the badly mutilated victims of automobile accidents, the weak and frail and palsied in their hospital beds—all of them, she said, reported that they were in the presence of loved ones who came through the dark to be at their sides. The woman was a doctor, middle-aged and passionate. She spoke with a German accent, surely the voice of science. I moved closer to the television and listened carefully, wanting to believe her.

Now the screen is foggy blue, and I can hear the deep sighs of my mother's sleep float in the stairwell. I think of how at nine o'clock she rose from the chintz-covered chair and went up the stairs with a fierce, eager step, the hem of her white robe rippling behind in a satin fury, like water swooshing uphill. "Don't forget the lights," she said. "Electricity costs money." And that simple injunction, which I have heard all my life, smoothed out the fabric of our terrible day. Don't forget the lights, don't let the screen door slam, don't tramp snow across the carpet—this is the language that circumscribes domestic life, making it compact and manageable. I snap off the television and turn off the lights—this one between the chintz-covered chairs, this one by the sofa, and this one on top of the newel post—grateful for the small instruction which tells how to end the day. If my mother could choose the loved ones who would meet her at death's threshold, I wonder whether she would choose my father and grandmother, the people who established the narrow pattern of her life and handed down the judgments.

IT'S come to this—a linen-covered table, shrimp salads in a country club. Ruda brought us here to meet the "medical counsellor," a youngish woman who wears a silk dress and too much jewelry. I can see that she makes my mother feel awkward, almost obsequious, yet cautiously hopeful. My mother handles her silverware with too much care, as if the knife and fork had razor tips. On the way here, Ruda cheered us up with cancer success stories. There was one about a man who laughed himself into good health while he was locked in a hotel room with a movie screen and prints of all the Three Stooges films.

"Is this woman a psychiatrist?" I asked. "Is she an M.D.?"

"She's a professional," Ruda said. "She's studied at an institute." Ruda says she does not feel well herself. She has high blood pressure, and heart attacks run in the family, she reminds us.

"I always like to have the family here on the first session," the counsellor says. She puts a hand on Ruda's arm and a hand on mine. "I want you to close your eyes and think of this image. It came to me in a dream last night when I knew I was going to meet you." Her voice is like Muzak—an uninspired hum, too sweet. Ruda closes her eyes and bows her head, as if in prayer. My mother looks at me quickly. She did not expect dream therapy.

"The image is a bowl of pink crystals. Can you see them? Translucent and pure. I want you both to imagine that you are eating these crystals every day. I want you to say to yourselves, 'I am eating the wholeness of crystals, and they are faith, hope, and responsibility.' "

My mother looks at me again, anxiously. Ruda's eyes are still closed; so are the counsellor's.

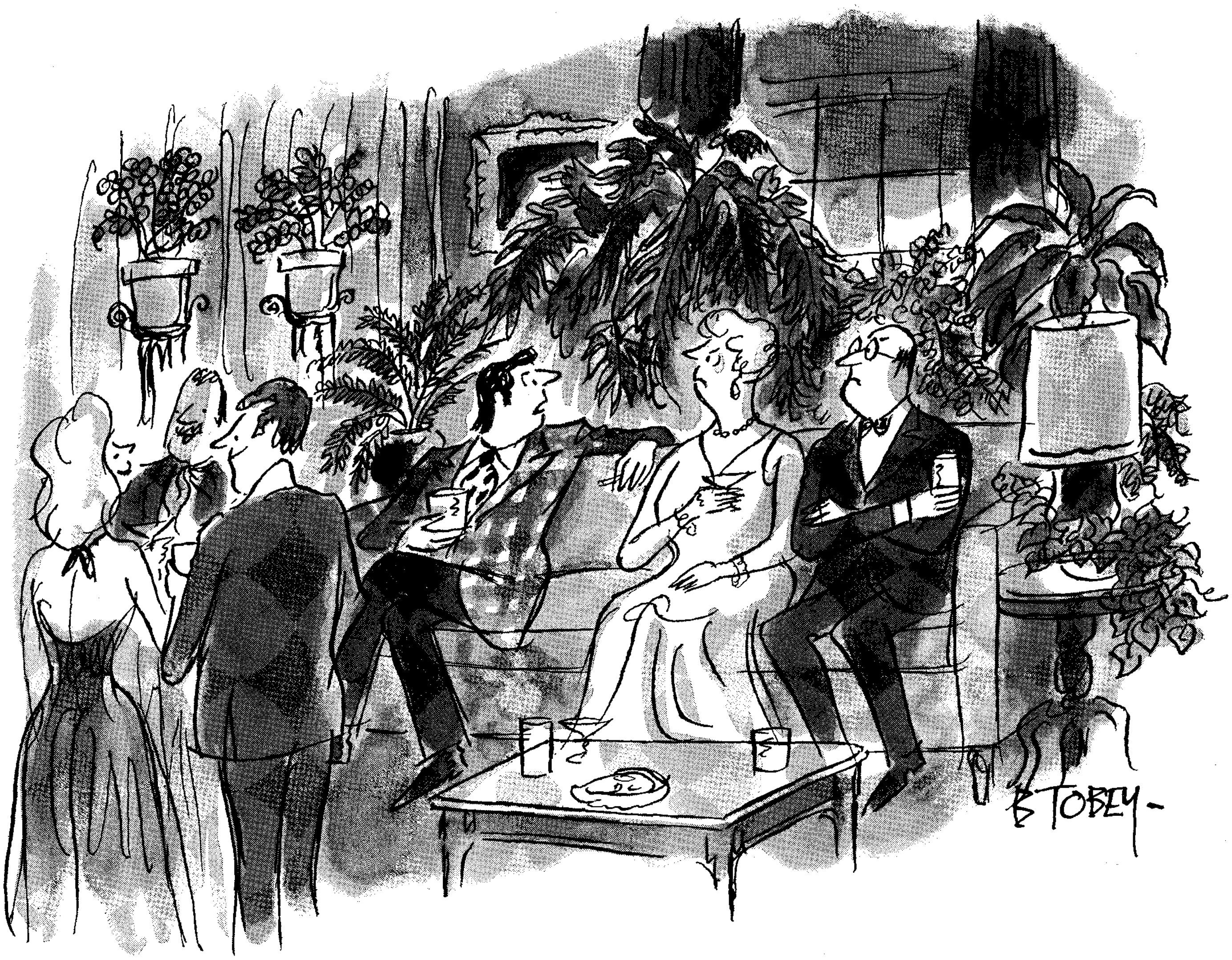
"I have trouble picturing a bowl of pink crystals," my mother says.

I remove my arm from the counsellor's hand. "How about a bowl of chocolate buttercreams?" I say.

My mother says to the counsellor, "I know my daughter and Ruda already have those things without trying to pretend."

WHEN I was about six, I nearly died of a kidney infection. It was very cold outside, perhaps twenty degrees below zero. On the inside corner of my bedroom window a frond of ice bloomed and unfurled across the glass. I was feverish, my face felt like burning paper. I got out of bed and laid my cheek against the ice. My mother took me to the hospital in an ambulance. It was night and we were alone. My father was in another state on business, and my grandmother had not come to live with us yet. My mother carried me out to the ambulance herself and sang a little song as someone placed ice packs around my body. She sang the little tune, and made up words in her soft, airy voice as she went along. "We're going on a little trip, and everything will be all right. We're going on a little trip, we're not afraid of the night." It was cold in the ambulance. She leaned over me as she sang, and put her hand on my forehead. I could see her breath

Lunch Break



“Madam, you’re mistaken! I definitely was not tickling your neck!”

• •

misting white in the darkness and it seemed to me that she was exhaling light.

The weather has been peculiar this summer—first the clear days in June and now a fog in early August, as a cold front sweeps across the state and the warm ground sends a mist into the air. It is after midnight, and my mother and I are walking arm in arm along the sidewalk under the maple trees. A while ago, she got out of bed and came downstairs to find me in front of the television. “You can’t sleep, either, can you?” she said. “Neither can I.” She made us cups of hot cocoa, as if I were the young child again, and she the young mother. “You’d think we could sleep now that it is cooler,” she said.

I watch her breath as we walk—white puffs of light which seem to phosphorize the air around us.

“Actually, what I’d like to do sometime is go to Japan and have a meal at one of those places where you get the soup with the fish eggs,” she is saying. “Or maybe to China, where they bring the soup to the table with the chicken feet still in it.”

I nod. It is not too late to sell the house. We could fly around the world. We could eat grape leaves in Greece. We could eat camel ankles in Ethiopia. “They’re very frugal, those people,” I say. “They can make anything tasty.” I imagine the two of us seated serenely before a small meal in a house in the Himalayas, where the Hunzas, who live to a hundred but have no term for old age, feast on apricot blossoms in the spring.

“Your grandmother never liked foreigners. They weren’t Christian enough for her, but I’ve always thought they were probably as happy as we are.”

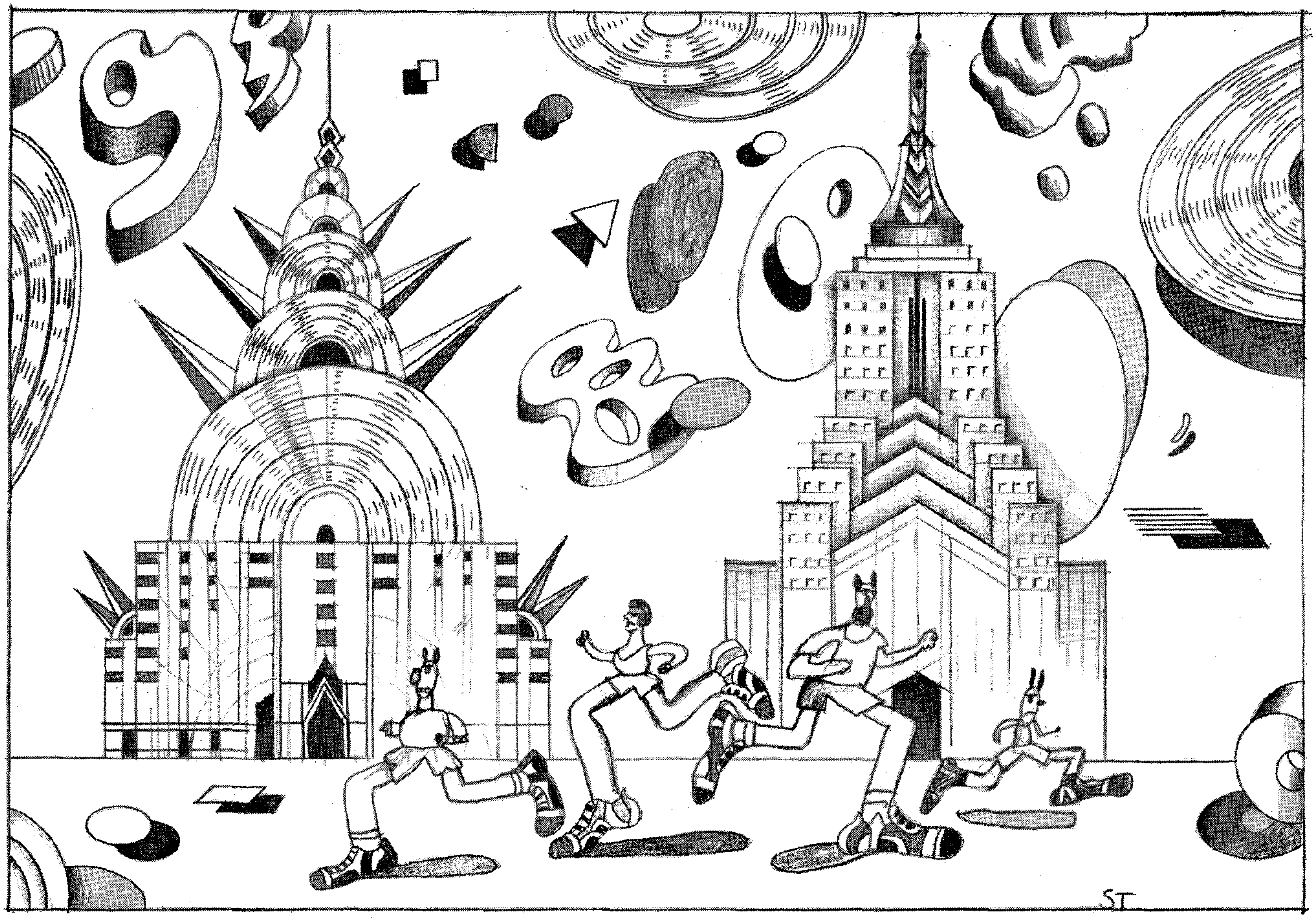
The word “happy” surprises me. All summer I have regarded us as miserable. My mother stops under a halo of light. The fog hangs among the trees like veils of trailing lace. She smiles. “Well, if it’s going to be this cold in the summer, I just wish for your sake we could be cold someplace fun, like Bavaria.” She pulls the sweater together in front of her breasts and hugs herself. It is late and she is tired. We have walked too far. I reach out to touch her, to offer the support of my arm around her shoulders, and she leans easily against my body, as if I were the mother, strong, cheerful, controlling a small bubble of space in which there is no time, only light and warmth. I recall the German woman doctor on television, earnest and importunate, making the plea for faith: We never die alone. A car skids on rain-slick pavement, an airplane dives into the sea, a hospital bed defines at last the perimeter of a mortal life—yet we are never alone. Embracing my mother, I seem to embrace belief itself. Suddenly, I want us to be back at the house, rooting through the refrigerator for leftover chicken and sweet tomatoes—a Midwestern feast.

“It’s all right,” I say to my mother, holding her close in the fog. “Everything will be all right.”

—Stephanie Vaughn

PROFILES

THE MAYOR—I



FRIENDS and associates of Mayor Edward I. Koch have noticed that when the Mayor's attention wanders during discussions of the city's fiscal crisis or some other eye-glazing topic a sure way to bring him back is to change the subject to the Mayor. The truth is that the Mayor finds himself fascinating. With the possible exception of food—Koch loves to eat and to try new restaurants—his favorite subjects of conversation are himself and his mayoralty. The Mayor discusses himself with a readiness that would be striking even in the capitals of self-absorption, Hollywood and Washington, but his pleasure is so undisguised, so childlike, that it seems to charm far more people than it offends. "Ed likes himself," says Deputy Mayor Philip Toia, meaning it as a compliment. Corporation Counsel Allen Schwartz says, "The world started when he became Mayor." One of the things the Mayor likes about himself is that despite his climb to the top of the ladder, despite the attention and the power, in his opinion he has remained a regular guy, hasn't lost the common touch. "I know why I'm popular," he told me not long ago. "A woman summed it up in a special way on Atlantic Avenue on Sunday—'Gee, I think you're terrific.' So I asked why. She said, 'Because of the way you do what you're doing. It's so easy. There's no pomposity.' I think that's true." Once, when I asked the Mayor to assess the blacks' struggle for civil rights, his answer to this general question was personal: "First, as you know, I was attacked by some black leaders and newspapers who would give the impression that not only do I have a conflict going but I am not popular. Not true. Neither do I have a conflict nor am I unpopular. Fifty-eight per cent of the blacks in the city think I'm doing a very good job." Edward Costikyan, a Manhattan lawyer, who was co-chairman of Koch's 1977 campaign for Mayor and was promised the post of First Deputy Mayor, recalls that during all the time they worked together Koch never once asked him a personal question—about his family, say. Toia and other associates have had the same experience. This is not to say that Koch is not a warm man, good company, unusually candid and accessible. He has many close friends, particularly for a politician. "I don't think he could have those friendships if he just had a one-way ego," says David Garth, the media consultant, who numbers the Mayor among his clients. Nevertheless, Koch is like the Hollywood director in the old anecdote who barks to an associate, "Enough about me! Let's talk about you. What do you think of me?" When there is no one around for the Mayor to discuss himself with, he talks to a tape recorder. He is dictating his diary, with the intention of writing a book about his first term as Mayor, whether or not he is reëlected.

Some Koch observers think that the constant focus on *me*—the "Hi, how'm I doing?" routine he greets people with—reveals an insecure man straining for approval. His decision, after his election, not to appoint a First Deputy Mayor is explained as a fear of being overshadowed. "I think there's a basic insecurity there," Costikyan says. "In areas he doesn't feel comfortable in, he doesn't want someone who knows more than he does." Victor Gotbaum, executive director of District Council 37, the city's largest municipal union, believes that during the 1978 labor negotiations Koch kept undermining his own negotiators by demonstrating a lack of trust in them—behavior that Gotbaum regarded as evidence of "an insecurity that overcomes his intelligence." Among those who know the Mayor, that is a minority view, and the Mayor himself certainly doesn't share it. When asked to describe his weaknesses, Koch says, "I'm really not able to answer that. I'm really quite satisfied with myself. I like myself." One of his closest friends recalls the Mayor saying, "You know, David Brown"—a former Deputy Mayor for Policy—"thinks I'm a weak manager. You know, I'm a good manager. He's wrong. I know more about what's going on in this administration than any of them." The friend adds, "He is totally secure. He does not go home at night and wrestle with the notion of how he is performing." Still another slant is offered by an elected official who works closely with Koch. He thinks the Mayor is secure with his insecurities. "He is adjusted," this man says, meaning that Koch is comfortable with himself.

Working from his base of self-approval, the Mayor is a combative man—with businessmen, labor leaders, politicians, the city bureaucracy, Jews, blacks, Puerto Ricans, and constituents in general. He quotes Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel as saying of him, "You think he's mean to *you*? He's mean to *every*body." The best politics, Koch believes, is the appearance of no politics. In happy support of Rangel's statement, the Mayor recounts how he ended special police protection for the spiritual leader of one of Brooklyn's largest Chassidic communities, how he ordered the arrest of blacks who staged a sit-in at City Hall, how he told a minister who jostled him in the Bronx, "Do that again and I put your ass in jail." Others recall his public complaints about the "idiocy" of the State Legislature, and his undiplomatic description, at a news conference, of municipal labor: "The labor unions make large contributions to everybody. They don't care if you're Attila the Hun as long as you do what they want."

When Robert Morgenthau was running for district attorney a few years ago and Koch was campaigning with him in front of Bloomingdale's, a member of the Progressive Labor Party stuck a megaphone in Koch's ear and shouted, "War criminal! War criminal!"

Koch replied, "**** off!"

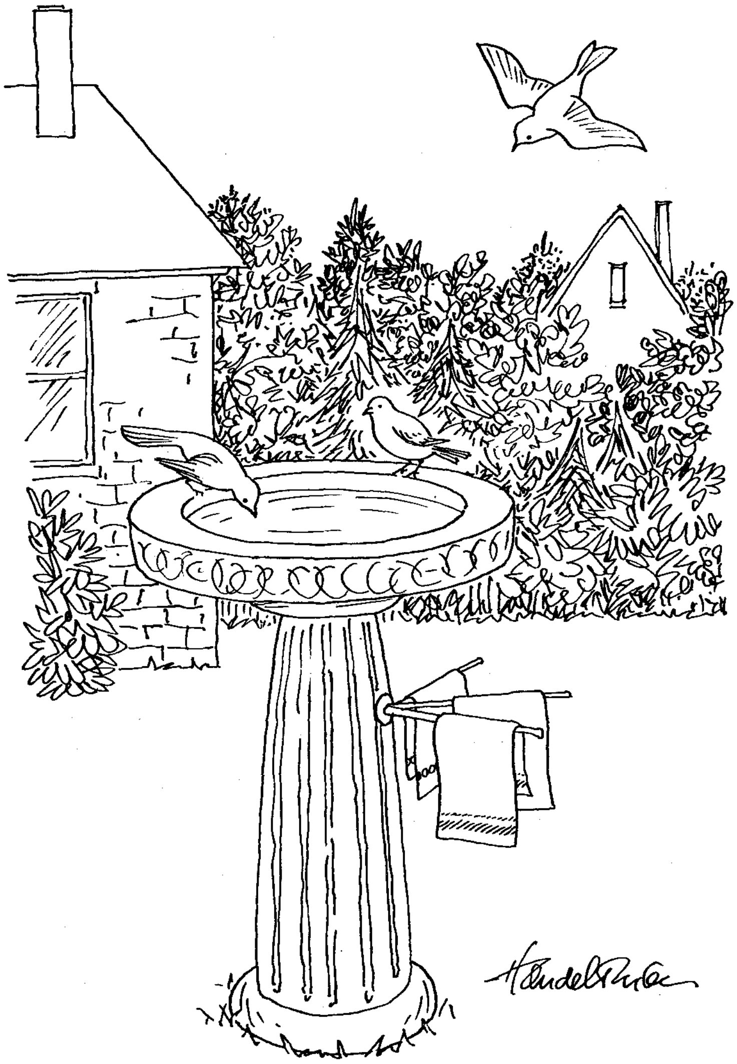
Shocked, the young man asked, "Can I repeat that?"

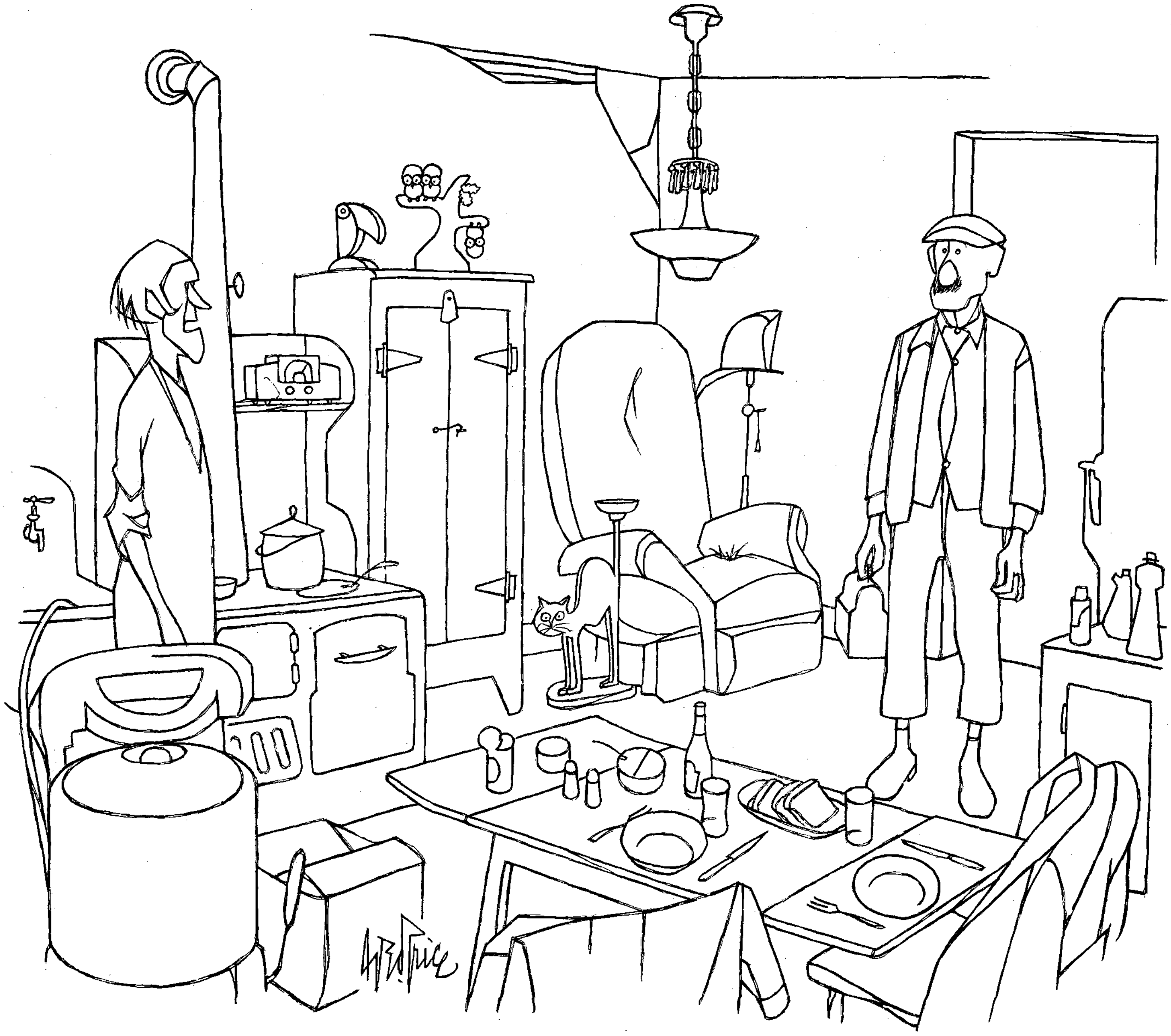
Koch said, "Sure," and the young man announced through his megaphone, "Congressman Koch just told me to **** off!"

The audience of several hundred burst into applause.

Koch has a wonderful memory for slights. When he was a student at the New York University School of Law, he was offended by what he regarded as anti-Semitism on the part of one of his professors. Koch remembers that this professor told the class, "When I went to school, not every son of a shoemaker or butcher or cloakmaker could go." Twenty-two years later, Congressman Koch was invited to give the convocation speech at the N.Y.U. School of Law graduation. As he delivered his speech, he spotted his former teacher in the audience and made flattering reference to his ability as a raconteur. The old man beamed. But Koch went on, "I remember one of his little comments twenty-two years ago, when he said to this class of eighty-three people, many of them Jewish, many of them Italian, some of them black, that when he went to school not every son of a shoemaker, butcher, or cloakmaker could go. Well, twenty-two years later that school invited this son of a cloakmaker to come back and give this address." Koch now says, "That gave me a great feeling, I must say. I watched his face. He just shrivelled." An elderly Jewish woman, the grandmother of one of the graduates, took the Congressman's hand and kissed it, thanking him for "saying that." Koch says, "It was for me very moving. How much crap do people have to take? And isn't it wonderful to be able to hand it out? I don't forget. I get even." Last year, Koch got even with Robert Abrams, who was then the Borough President of the Bronx and was running for State Attorney General. "He had screwed me in 1977," Koch says. "I remember well. He called the day he was endorsing Mario Cuomo. I said, 'Bobby, I can't understand that. You and I have worked together for years.' I said, 'I'm not going to argue, but I think you're making a terrible mistake. And, as you know, the wheel turns.' Then he came to see me when he was running in the primary for Attorney General. He asked for my endorsement. I said, 'Bobby, don't you remember I told you the wheel turns? It has turned. No, I won't support you.' After I do that, the slate is clean. I wipe it clean after the wheel has turned." He is now a friend of Abrams.

Koch can recite what someone said or wrote about him, specifying





"Dinner will be a little late. I spent most of the day counting my blessings."

• •

when, and sometimes even what page it was printed on. When I said something to him recently about his extraordinary memory, he recalled the time he ran into the comedian Mel Brooks and his wife, Anne Bancroft, at Maxim's, in Paris. "Remember when we met in the Village at my brownstone?" Brooks inquired. Yes, Koch remembered. It was 1962, and Koch was trying to get signatures on petitions for a race (futile) he was making for the Assembly. As he knocked at the door, "a monster dog" rushed by, pursued by Brooks and Bancroft. Koch, a stranger, joined in the chase. "That's when Annie and I signed your petition," Brooks reminded Koch. The three of them sat at Maxim's and reminisced. "I didn't say it," Koch told me, "but *he* signed. She didn't. I remember."

What he says he rarely forgives is a "personal insult"—the "vile" rumors of homosexuality he blames Cuomo for spreading in the mayoral race, the "disloyalty" of former Mayor John Lindsay in supporting Koch's congressional opponent after Koch had bravely endorsed Lindsay for Mayor, the "lies" about the sincerity of his commitment to civil rights and the death penalty which were propagated by writers for the *Village Voice*. Someone he has found it especially difficult to forgive, for what he regards as "a betrayal," is Queens Representative Benjamin Rosenthal. When Koch and Rosenthal were in Congress together, they were close friends. As Mayor, Koch used to invite the Rosenthals to stay overnight at Gracie Mansion. The chief of the city's Washington office, Julian Spirer (whom many at City Hall consider inadequate), was hired with the encouragement of Rosenthal, from whose staff he came. The friendship was poisoned last November, however, when Nat Hentoff, of the *Voice*, wrote a flattering article about Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman. Near the end of the article, which appeared on November 27th, Hentoff reported that she took exception to Koch's support of the death penalty. He wrote:

> I told her of a conversation I'd had with Congressman Ben Rosenthal this summer [at Cape Cod]. "I'm a good friend of Ed," Rosenthal said, "and I campaigned with him in the mayoralty race. But I was a little troubled one day at an old people's center in Queens when Ed was doing his death plebiscite. You know, 'How many here are for the death penalty?' he says as he raises his own arm. Something must have shown on my face because Ed leaned toward me and

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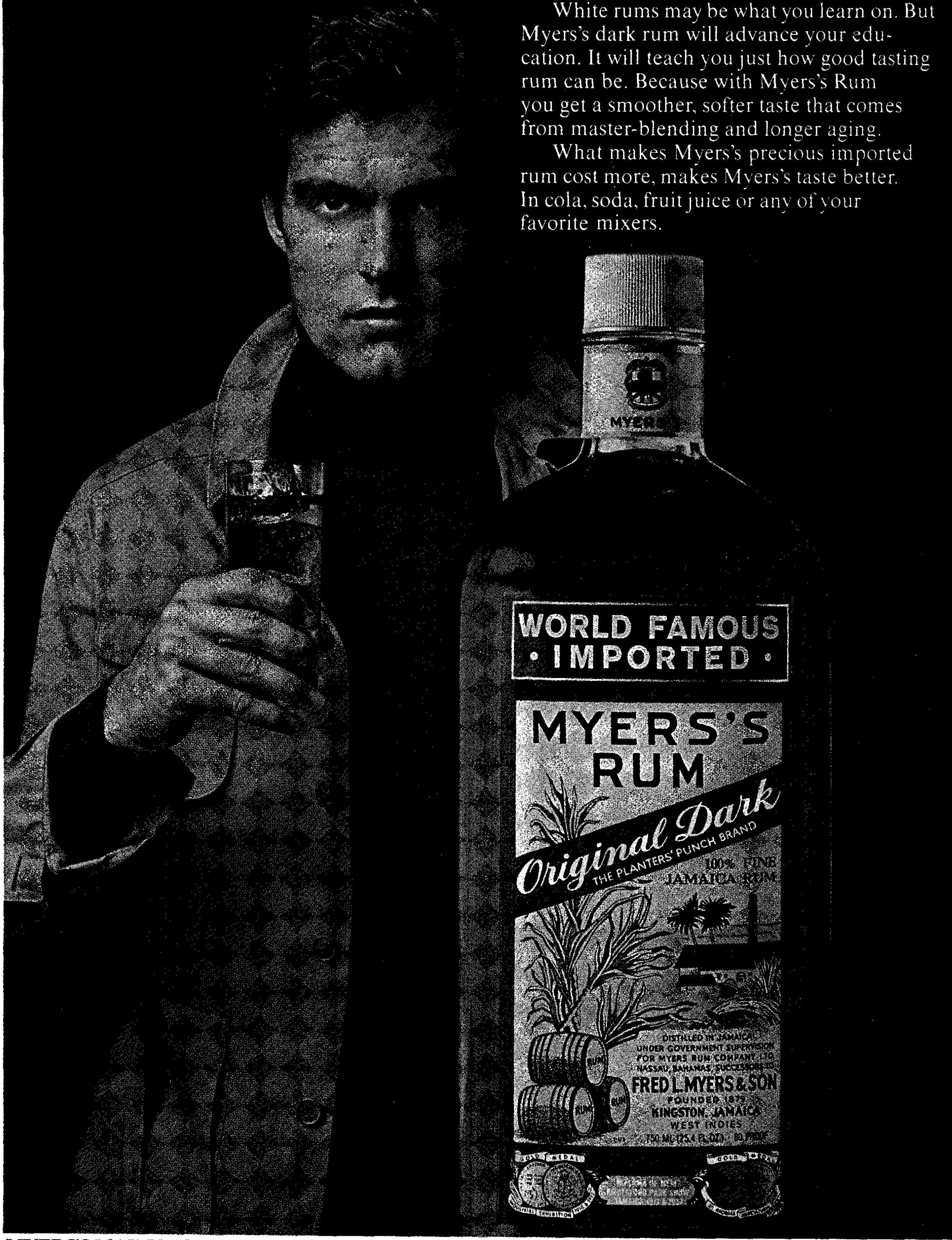
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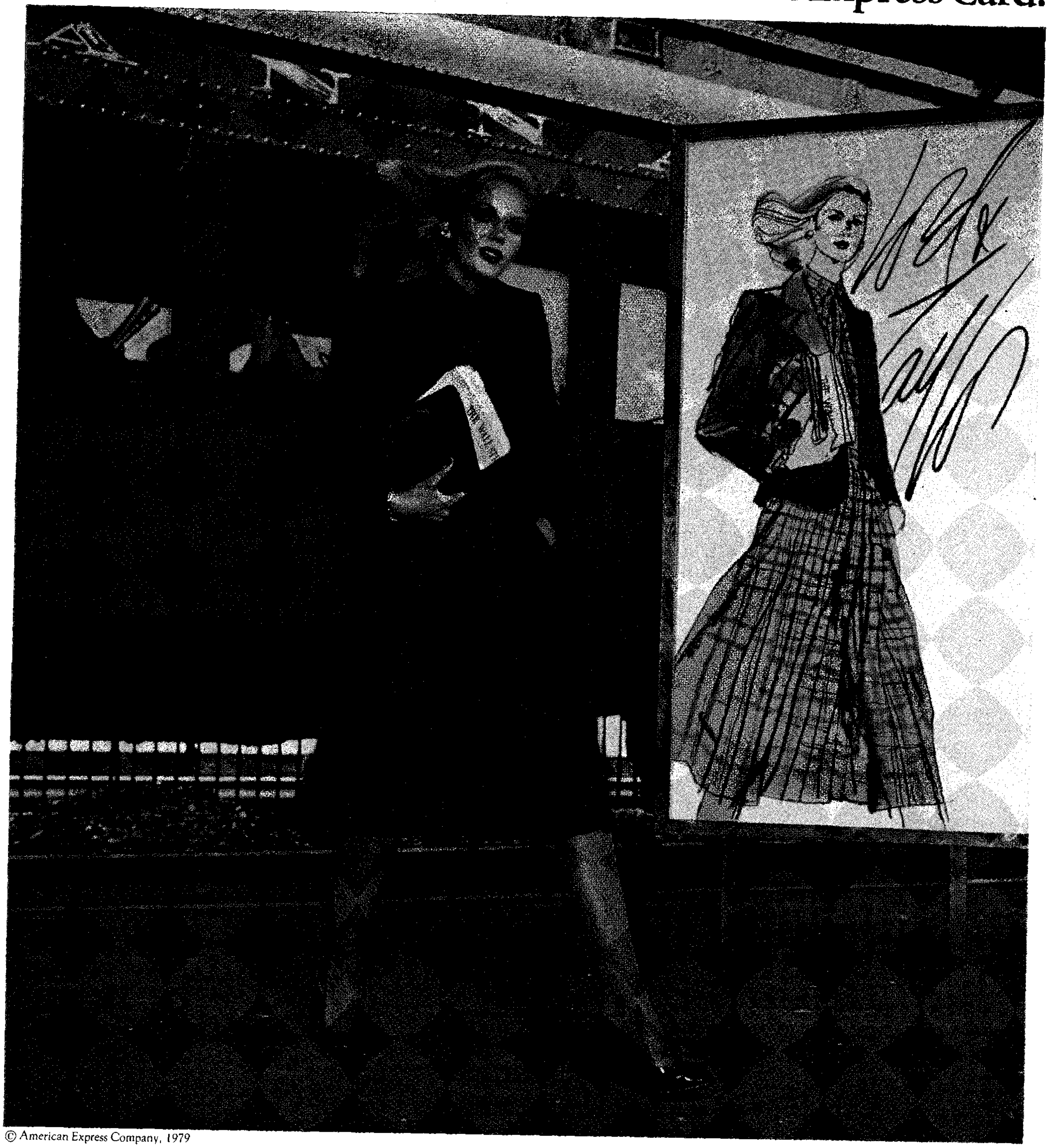
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"Look, will you forget about them? They're in the past. The important thing is what I feel now—about you!"

• •

whispered through his teeth, 'Listen, this is the only way I can get in.' "

The Mayor exploded. On November 27th, he dictated this letter to Rosenthal:

> DEAR BEN:
> No one has ever done me as great disservice as you have done if you are accurately reported by Nat Hentoff in this week's Village Voice.
> The comment which you allegedly attribute to me was never made by me. Therefore, what you have done is to give support to those hostile to me who simply could not accept my support of the death penalty. They will now say that my support was hypocritical when, in fact, it was not. And how can I ever convince anyone that I did not say what you purport I said. After all, yours was the testimony of a friend. . . . I also want you to know that you have severely damaged our relationship. Your call this morning indicating that you were sorry you had made a statement capable of such interpretation, but did not believe it had the implications others and myself see, was distressing to me. If in fact you were not accurately quoted, I would appreciate your advising Nat Hentoff in writing of that and sending me a copy of that letter.
>
> Sincerely,
> EDWARD I. KOCH
> MAYOR

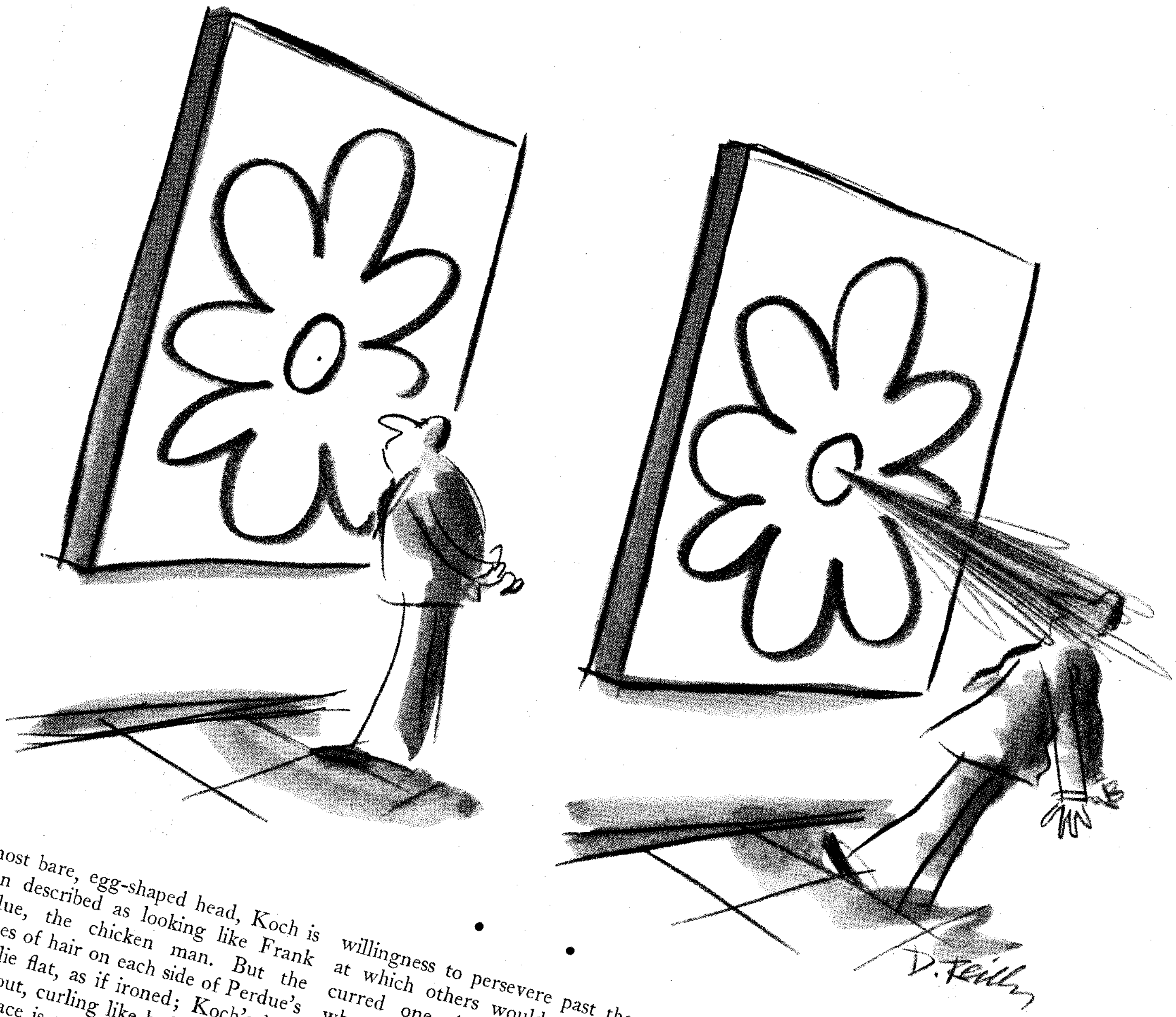
On November 30th, Rosenthal dispatched a letter to the editor of the *Voice*, with a copy to Koch. It read, in part, "Some people apparently feel that my comment implied that Ed Koch was less than totally committed to his support of the death penalty, and was inappropriately using that issue in the mayoral campaign." He said he wanted to "assure" *Voice* readers that Koch gave "his complete intellectual and moral commitment to the death penalty." He went on, "I did believe, however, that the death penalty was an irrelevant issue to raise in the mayoral campaign, and I told Ed so at the time." He concluded by testifying to Koch's "integrity and sincerity," and added, "Nothing has happened to change that opinion." Scrawled on a covering note to Koch was this handwritten message: "I don't want to keep repeating myself—but, I am overwhelmingly regretful about my comments to Hentoff. I will never go to Cape Cod again."

Koch was not swayed. Coolly, he noted that Rosenthal, in his letter to the *Voice*, did not deny saying what Hentoff quoted him as saying. With a lawyer's precision, Koch dissected Rosenthal's predicament: "Either he calls me a liar or he calls himself a liar. Either way, it's unforgivable."

Koch, as Booth Tarkington said of Teddy Roosevelt, enjoys "the fun of hating," and this worries some of his friends. "What bothers me most about him is the depth of his dislikes," says one of his closest out-of-government advisers. "There's a certain unforgivingness toward political enemies that worries me. I think that when you win a campaign you don't have to go to bed with everybody. But I believe you shake hands. He's got to grow out of that. A man who holds public trust can't afford it. You have a greater responsibility. You cannot afford personal feuds when sometime or other you might need a chit for the city. Koch gets even. The Kennedys were the same way. And it's stupid as hell."

Sometimes, however, Koch forgives. Last March, after Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo's daughter was mugged for the second time, Koch wrote a personal note expressing sympathy and inviting Cuomo to bury the hatchet over lunch. Koch's anger with Rosenthal, too, was eased to a certain extent when the two men had lunch during a visit to Washington that Koch made late last winter.

Because of his prominent nose and



almost bare, egg-shaped head, Koch is often described as looking like Frank Perdue, the chicken man. But the patches of hair on each side of Perdue's head lie flat, as if ironed; Koch's hair sticks out, curling like bedsprings. Perdue's face is taut, lined, and colorless; Koch's is puffy and smooth, with a pinkish glow. Whether or not he looks like Perdue, there is no question that the Mayor has some of the traits that Perdue attributes to himself on television. Koch is a fussbudget and a stickler for detail. For instance, his mail is screened to a certain extent, of course, but he reads and answers every piece that reaches his desk. "I acknowledge every note," he says. "You know why I do it? Because people don't believe a Mayor sees the mail. They think there's this gigantic maw and shredder at City Hall. When we came in, there were thousands of unanswered letters downstairs. My understanding was that the Beame administration's position was not to answer substantive questions, so as not to be on record. Answering my mail is not a fetish. It's purposeful. Besides, it's gracious."

No list of the Mayor's personality traits would be complete that did not include tenacity. An example of Koch's willingness to persevere past the point at which others would surrender occurred one August night in 1971, when he was a member of Congress. He had been invited to sit on the dais at an important dinner, and he was eager not to be late. He had flown up from Washington, gone to his Greenwich Village apartment to shave and change, and was hurrying across Washington Square Park on his way to take the Sixth Avenue subway uptown to the Americana Hotel. It was a warm evening, the park was crowded with people, and it was only about six o'clock—early enough so that he would probably have time to circulate among the dinner guests during the cocktail hour. Suddenly, blocking his path, Koch recalls, was "a big black guy—every time I tell the story he gets bigger."

"Give me a quarter!" the man demanded.

"No," Koch responded, instinctively.

Whereupon the stranger lifted two ham-size fists and warned, "Give me a quarter, man, or I'm going to beat the hell out of you."

Thoughts raced through Koch's mind: *I really should give him a quarter. No, I'm an officer of the law!* Koch steeled himself and said, "No. I'm Congressman Koch, and I'm going to have you arrested."

The panhandler looked at Koch as if he were crazy. Apparently unaccustomed to rejection, he dropped his fists, turned, and retreated.

Koch, relieved, hurried a dozen or so steps farther, then stopped. "No, I've got to have him arrested," he insisted to himself, scanning the park for a cop. Seeing none, he retraced the route taken by the man, who by this time had collected two quarters from more pliant subjects, had left the park, and was heading up Fifth Avenue. The man noticed the lanky, bald-headed nut he had just met in the park giving chase, and stopped to throw him a menacing stare. But Koch kept coming. Reaching Eighth Street, the man turned toward Broadway, and Koch leaped into the street to flag a passing patrol car. "I'm Congressman Koch," he told the two cops in the patrol car. "I've just been hustled in the park and I want to have the guy arrested. He tried to extort money from me."

"You know how long that will take?" one cop asked.

"Yes, and I don't care," said Koch. "I'm supposed to be on a dais at West

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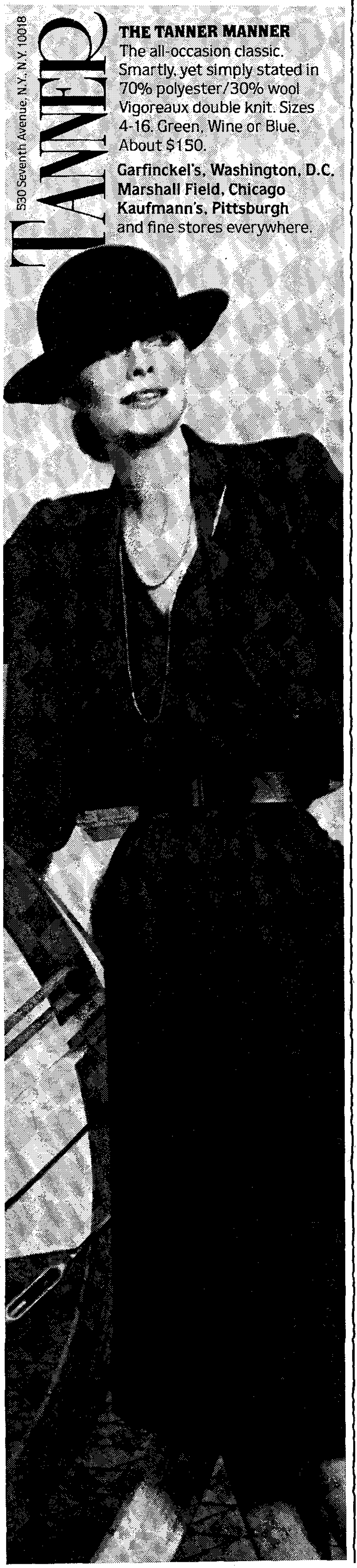

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Fifty-third Street at six-thirty and I'd appreciate your rushing it through, but I don't care."

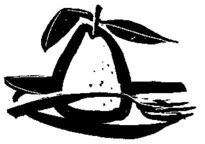
"Get in."

The patrol car sped along Eighth Street and pulled up beside the man.

"I didn't do it!" the man exclaimed as he was surrounded.

"That's him," Koch said.

The cops bundled the man into the back seat. Koch jumped into the front seat, and they drove to the Sixth Precinct, in Greenwich Village, where the prisoner became aggressive and boisterous. "You keep that up and I'm gonna take you into the back room," one policeman warned. Koch, a devoted civil libertarian, remembers thinking, Ya know, I won't stop him.



After the booking at the precinct house, the panhandler, Koch, and the cops drove down to the Criminal Courts Building, at 100 Centre Street. In the courtroom during the arraignment, as Koch was looking at his watch, the assistant district attorney who was handling the case ambled over to him and said, "Boy, are you lucky! He's pleading guilty to harassment." Harassment is a violation, which is less than a misdemeanor; the guilty plea meant no regular visits to the courtroom.

Koch, standing in front of the bench, said, "Tell the judge, please, I'd like to make a statement."

"You can't make a statement," said the assistant D.A.

"You tell the judge that Congressman Koch would like to make a statement!"

The judge, who had seemed to be asleep, sprang to life. "Oh, by all means," he said.

"Your Honor, I'm here because I'm angry," Koch said, and he went on to outline his concern for the citizens who visit the park and for the obligations of citizenship.

"Oh, yes, it's terrible," the judge responded. He turned to the defendant and said sternly, "If you ever come into my court again . . ." He gave the man a fifty-dollar fine.

Not bad, Koch thought. A steep fine.

A Legal Aid attorney pleaded, "Your Honor, my client, who is gainfully employed, does not have the money with him. Can he have a little time to pay?" The defendant was granted three weeks.

Koch was in a hurry to leave the courtroom, as was the defendant. They walked out simultaneously, and Koch recalls, "He sort of smiles at me, this defendant. I couldn't figure out why, but he smiles."

Koch arrived late for the dinner, but he did not forget the incident. He waited three weeks and then wrote to the clerk of the Criminal Court inquiring whether the fine had been paid. For a week, there was no answer. Koch dictated another letter, this time to the administrative judge, David Ross, enclosing a copy of his earlier letter and requesting an answer. Within days, Koch received an answer from the clerk of the court: "I'm sorry our response was delayed. We were hoping he would come in and pay the fine. He did not. We investigated and found that he gave us a false name and address. So we have now issued a warrant for his arrest."

Now Koch understood the defendant's smile. "This is bizarre," he said not long ago. "They don't know who he is. They don't know where he lives. But they've issued a warrant for his arrest." Koch laughs at the incident but not at the controversy it caused. When the encounter received notice in the newspapers, many of Koch's liberal Greenwich Village constituents were outraged. "One thing I'll never forgive you for is arresting that guy," a liberal friend sternly admonished him. "It was vicious to pursue a black man. All he wanted was a quarter."

When I asked Koch not long ago how he dealt with such constituents, he said, "I stood my ground. You call it confrontation. I don't think it is confrontation at all to say, 'Look, that's a lot of crap.' Sure they're gonna yell. But people enjoy it. I enjoy it. My views are not steel-encased. I'm willing to change. But it's the head-on discussion that sets me apart from others."

Still, Koch is just as capable of being evasive as the next politician—as he has been on the issue of rent control. One day several months ago, when Koch was sitting around with his friend Daniel Wolf, the founding editor of the *Village Voice*, I asked him how he squared his belief in the profit motive with his implacable opposition to lifting rent control, which some landlords say prevents them from making a profit. Koch, who pays just two hundred and fifty-seven dollars a month for his rent-controlled Village apartment, has even opposed a means test for those tenants who might be able to afford a higher rent. Did he really believe his rhetoric, I asked, and, if not, wasn't he hypocritical?

"You're right," he blurted. "There

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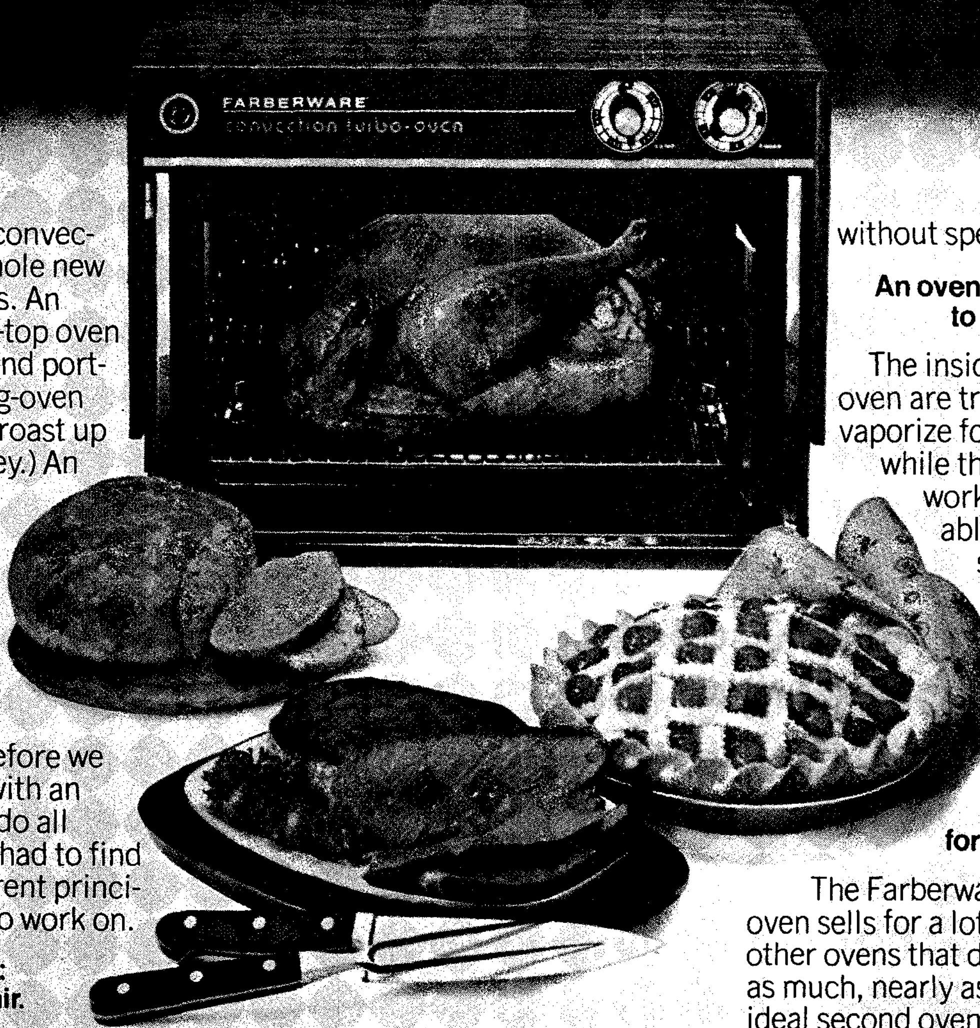

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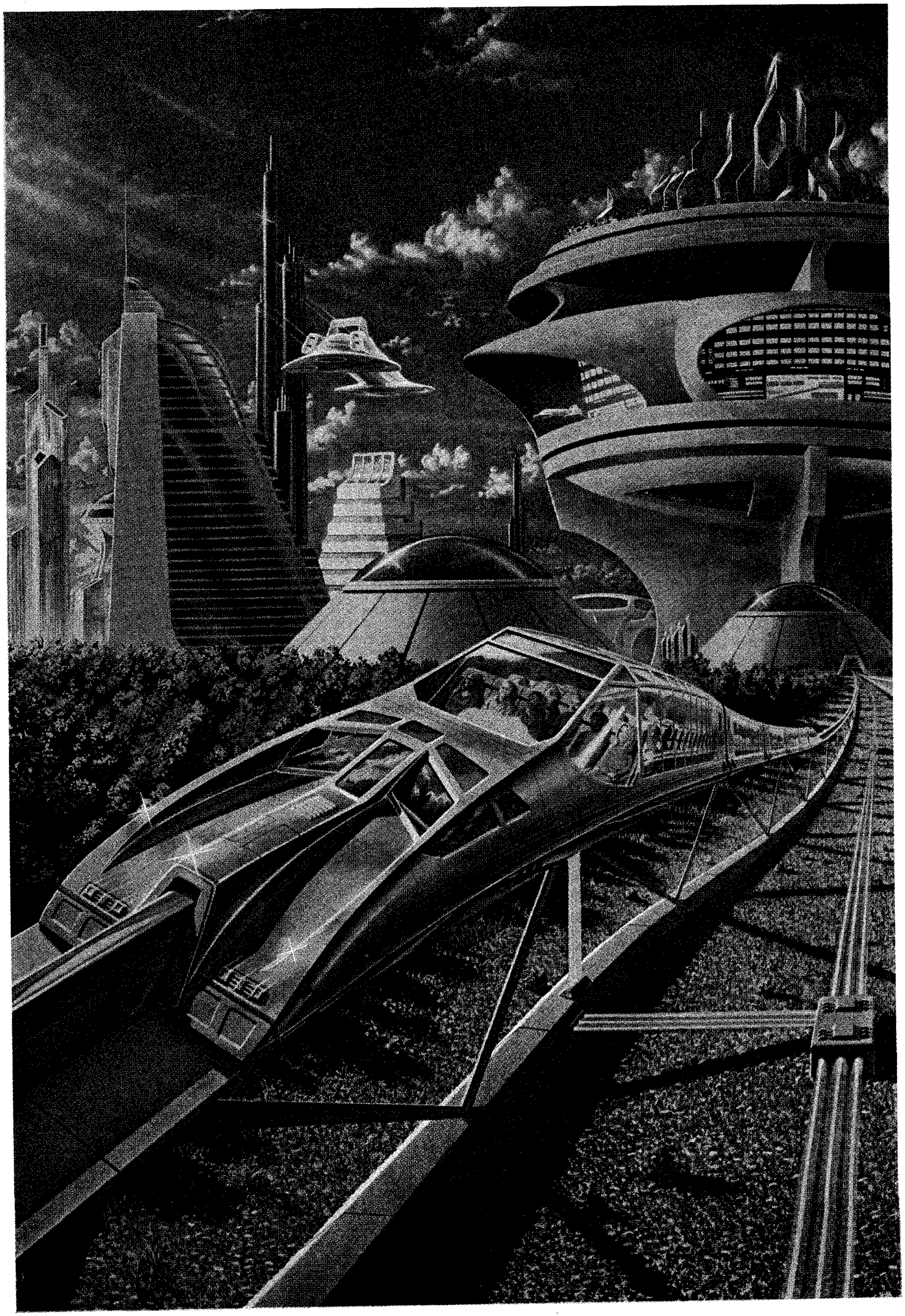

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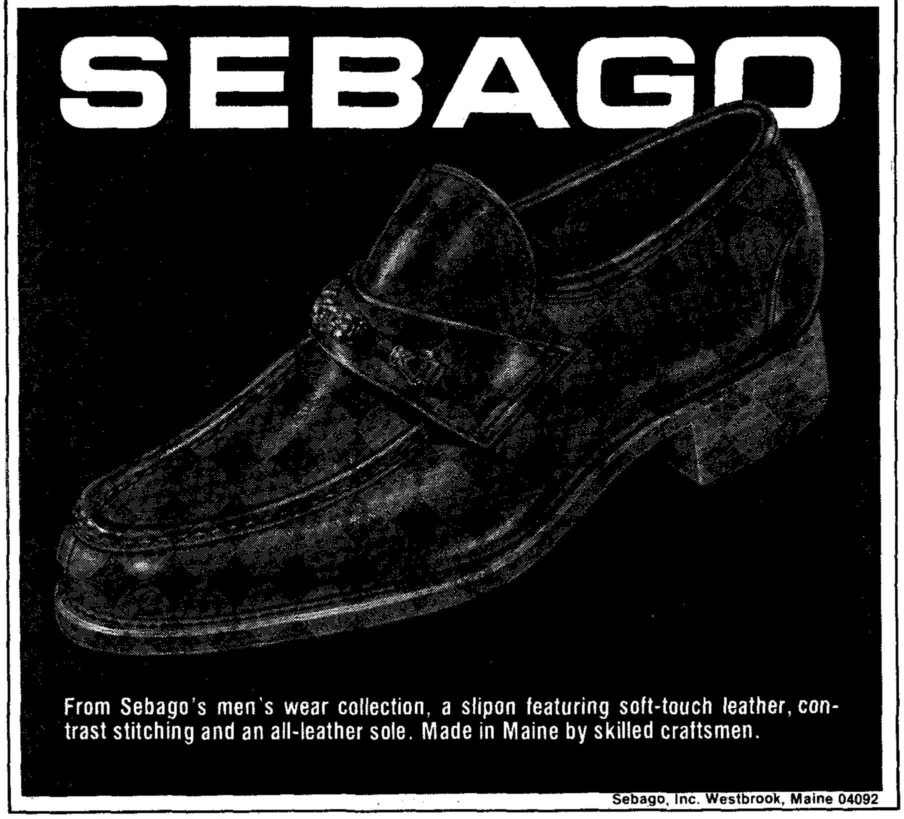

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are so many inequities under rent control, and I'm going to deal with them in this term."

"You have to understand," said Wolf, "Ed came up through Village politics."

"I didn't say I was perfect," Koch said.

"Some things," Wolf said, "are so explosive . . ."

"You temper some matters," Koch said.

Why was rent control so politically explosive?

"People don't listen to a long explanation," Koch said. "It's not possible, in the course of an election, to discourse on rent control. What is possible is anything you say beyond the barest essentials will be thrown out of context and you'll spend the whole campaign defending. It's just one of those gut issues."

Like capital punishment. The "bare essentials" throughout Koch's 1977 mayoral campaign consisted in asking for a show of hands by those who agreed that murderers should be put to death. Similarly, there was little real discussion of rent control in the campaign, because almost seventy per cent of all city apartments are rent-controlled or rent-stabilized.

Koch continued to temper his true views, which were that rent control should be modified. Last February, he asked the City Council to extend the current rent-control and rent-stabilization laws for another three years. In April, his Planning Commission chairman, Robert F. Wagner, Jr., suggested that rent control may be to blame for abandoned housing. Already, eight per cent of the city's multiple dwellings had been abandoned by private landlords, making City Hall New York's largest owner of residential buildings. In late June, Koch began to match public words with his private convictions, announcing that he planned to submit to the City Council legislation that would permit owners of the city's four hundred thousand or so rent-controlled apartments to charge higher but still regulated rents. "The price of fuel oil has increased approximately thirty-three per cent between April, 1978, and April, 1979, and has created an intolerable financial pressure on many owners," Koch said.

Koch prides himself on a lack of guile—by which he means, he says, that he doesn't employ "duplicity or artifice." But he adds, "I want to make it clear. I'm not Billy Budd. Billy Budd was a schmuck!" Indeed, Koch can be sly. This quality was evident when he ran against Whitney North Seymour for Congress, in 1968. He tells about the race in oral memoirs that were taped for the Oral History Research Office of Columbia University in 1975 and 1976 and are to remain under seal at the university until 1996. Koch has a transcription of them, however, and he recently permitted me to read it and to quote from it. Koch recalls in the memoirs that the Republican nominee asked Koch to accept an impartial arbitration procedure to determine unfair campaign charges.

I figure, "Well, this calls for one-upmanship." So I write back saying, "Your offer does not go far enough. Not only must we have a system whereby we can call for arbitration but no literature can be printed and published before the other has seen it if it mentions the other's name." You have to understand why I did this. I had no intention of ever mentioning his name.

Since Seymour had sponsored ample legislation as a State Senator, while Koch had few bills to his credit as a member of the City Council, Koch guessed that Seymour would seek to contrast his legislative record with Koch's. Negotiations got under way with Robert Ruskin, who had served as Seymour's campaign manager in the primary.

"Oh, we're not going to give you our literature in advance," Ruskin protested.

"Only if it has my name on it, remember," said Koch.

"No, we're not going to do that," Ruskin insisted.

I said, "Well, then I'm going to have to take this up with Seymour. I'm sure his ethics are going to insist on accepting what I consider to be a very reasonable proposal." Seymour gets on the phone, and I said, "Listen, I believe it would be an outrage for you or I to attack one another in an unfair way. I don't expect it to happen, but if [it does] we're left with nothing to do except to complain after the election. What good is that?" So he concurred. And we signed the letter of agreement that no literature mentioning the other person could be issued in advance of having been approved by the other person as not violating this code of conduct.

Now we're two weeks before the election, and Seymour sends over his literature. I don't have to send mine over, because I don't mention him at all. What is his literature? It's beautifully done—he had a lot of money. It is, as I assumed it would be, a comparison of records in very nice column form.

Seymour, as Koch recalls, boasted of passing a hundred and twenty-five bills and noted that Koch had passed very few; he mentioned his family status—married, two children—and listed Koch as single.

Koch picked up the phone and

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shouted at Seymour, "This literature isn't fair! You cannot publish it!"

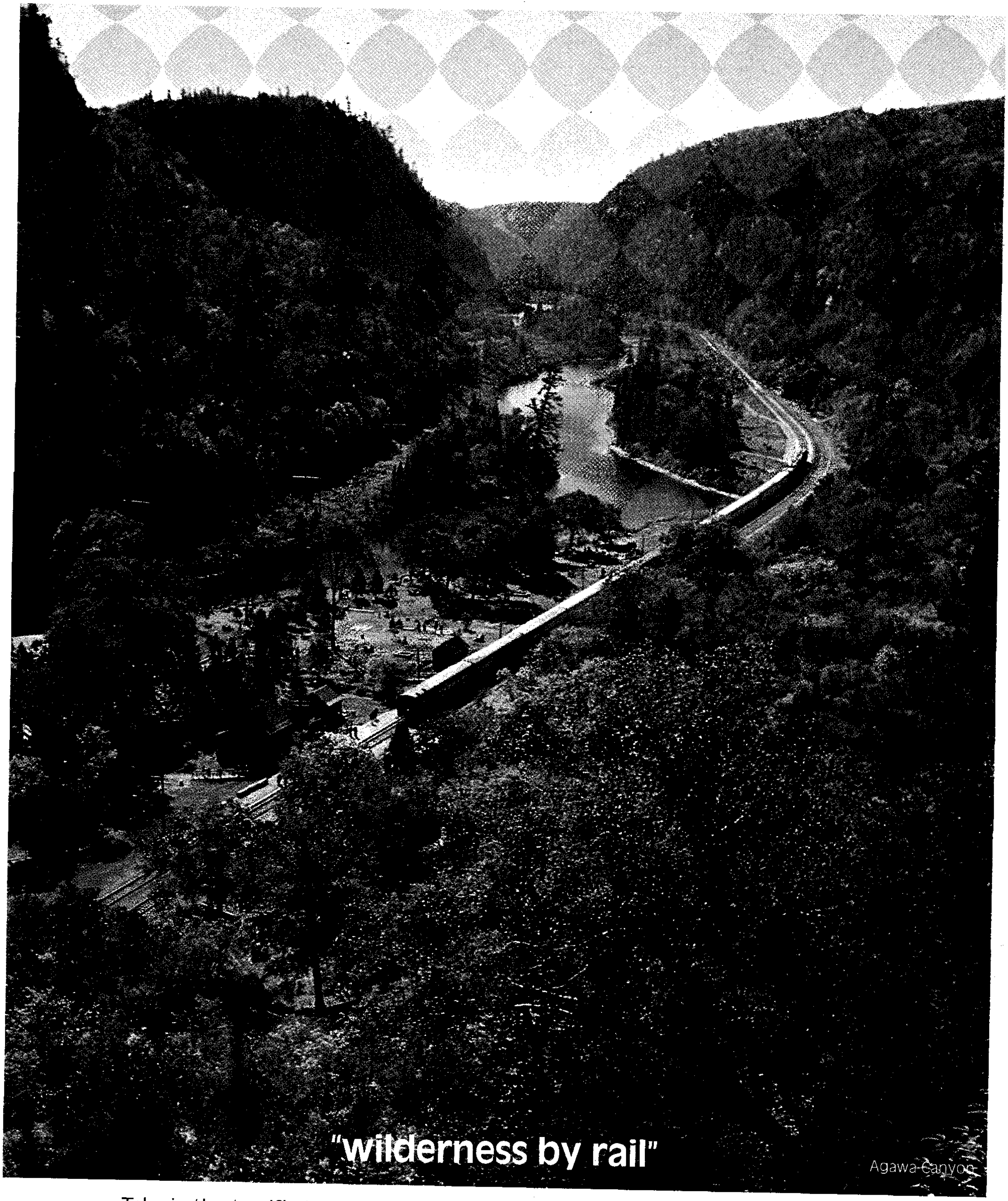
"What do you mean it's unfair?" said Seymour, puzzled.

> I say, "What does your hundred and twenty-five bills and my [few] bills have to do with this election? I am not running on the legislation that I enacted. I am running on my community record. You are comparing apples and oranges. I consider that to be unfair. I will not permit you to use that equation. I demand that you have in that literature all of my community services—the tenant groups that I served on pro bono and my involvement in saving Washington Square Park." I'd give him a hundred and thirty-seven projects that I'd been involved in to compare with his hundred and twenty-five bills. And I said, "What does your family status have to do with this election? Why should you have in your literature that you're married and you've got two kids and that I'm single? I consider that an outrage. That's got to be removed from the literature." He said, "That's ridiculous." I said, "Well, I demand arbitration." You have to understand: there's no time for arbitration. By the time we have arbitration, the election is over, but he had agreed to it. He begins to scream. I said, "I will not permit this literature, which violates our agreement, to be published. Send it over to the arbitrators."
>
> Seymour said, "There is no time for that. I tell you what we'll do. You write your side of the literature, and we'll print it the way you think you ought to be displayed."
>
> You have to understand what this meant. We took his literature—his column was left unchanged, except I think he removed the family status, but everything else stayed in there—and we wrote my credentials on his literature. So if he had a hundred and twenty-five pieces of legislation, I had a hundred and thirty-seven community projects next to it. On Election Day, I was handing out his literature.

Ed Koch, the second of three children, was born in the Bronx, in 1924. His parents, Louis and Joyce Koch, were immigrants from Poland, and the family was very poor. Koch says of his father, "He was the hardest worker I know. Always had two jobs." In the twenties, Louis Koch was a partner in a fur business. Joyce Koch worked in the garment industry, and scraped together enough to pay a tutor to teach her to read and write English. When the Depression came, Louis's fur business collapsed, and the family was forced to move with relatives to Newark. Nine of them shared a two-bedroom walkup apartment at 90 Spruce Street, in a poor neighborhood that, Koch remembers, was about fifty per cent black. Louis Koch worked part time in the fur industry, and at night the family, including Ed, aged twelve, went to work at a hat-check concession in Krueger's Auditorium, on Belmont Avenue, which was operated by an uncle. "My uncle, who was not such a nice person, sold this hat-check concession to us on terms that were just onerous," says Koch. "People paid to have their hats and coats checked, and we lived on tips. And this is in the Depression—very tough. First they pay to get in. And then they come and we hat-check. It was very demeaning. It was demeaning to ask people, as we did, 'Don't forget the hat-check boys.' That left a trauma, I must say. To live on the largesse of people is something that I consider demeaning. But I was very good at it. I've always been a very hard worker." Four members of the family worked until two or three o'clock every morning, scrimping and saving for a year until they had enough money to move to a nicer walkup of their own, at 61 Milford Avenue, in Newark.

In 1941, the Koches moved to Ocean Parkway, in Brooklyn. Ed Koch began to work his way through City College by selling shoes, but in 1943 he left to join the Army. When he returned, three years later, as a decorated sergeant, Koch moved in with his parents and entered the N.Y.U. School of Law. He graduated in 1948, and embarked on a legal career, continuing to live at home until 1956, when he found himself an apartment in Greenwich Village. There he gravitated to reform Democratic politics, volunteering to work for Adlai Stevenson in 1956 and joining the Village Independent Democrats, a reform club that was then waging an uphill struggle against the New York County and Greenwich Village Democratic establishment, led by Carmine De Sapio. Among his passionate V.I.D. colleagues, Koch became known as a "hair shirt"—an irritant who insisted on preaching to the already committed, constantly reminding them of their devotion to ending "bossism," patronage, and smoke-filled rooms. Today, Koch laughs at his priggishness, yet his favorite words remain judgmental: "vile," "outrage," "betrayed," "richies," "unforgivable," "schmuck."

But Koch was different from most of his fellow-reformers: he had a sense of humor. Even his laugh was distinctive: "Heh-eh-eh-eh-eh"—the sound of a car ignition that fails to catch. He was capable of beguiling people with his lack of guile. "When I first saw him, I didn't like him," says John Lo Cicero, who is now a friend and one of his aides. "He was campaigning in the street for Mayor Rob-



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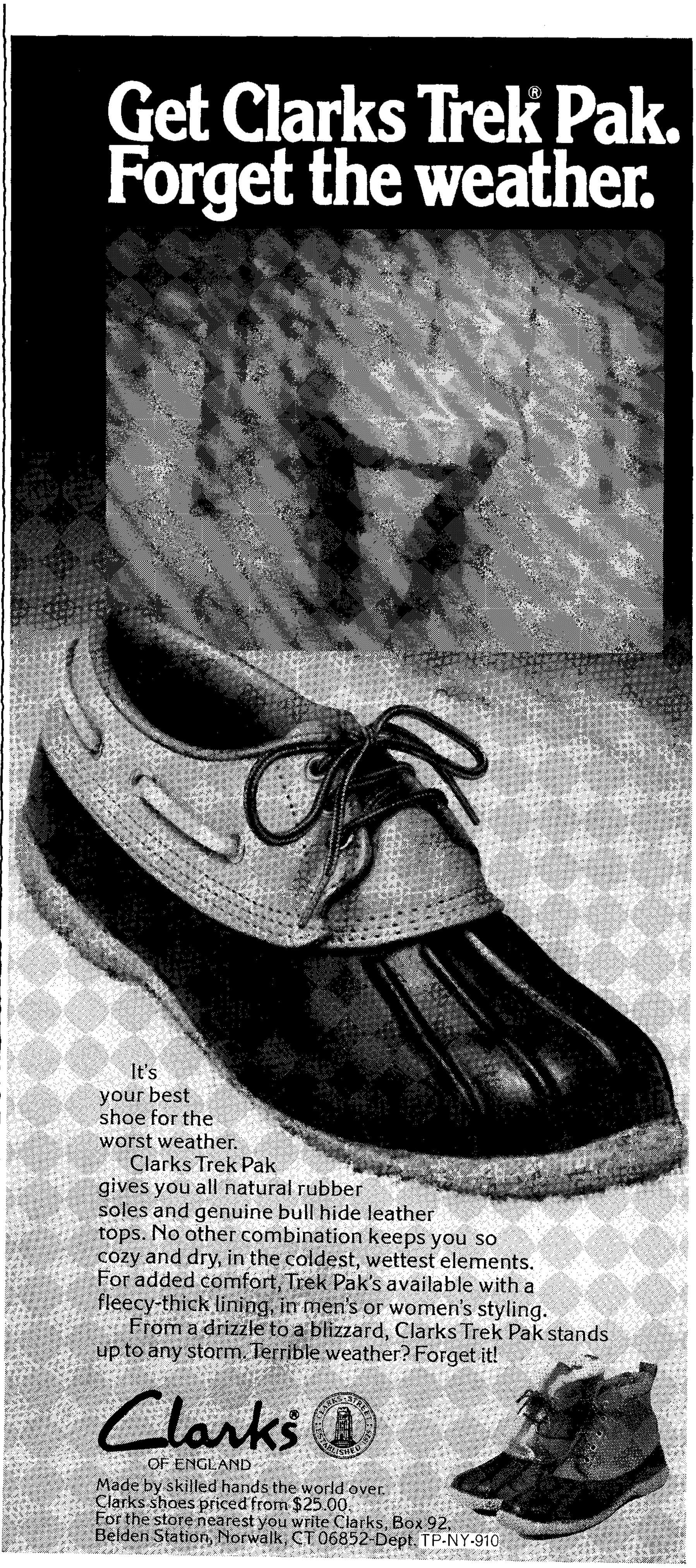
ert Wagner in 1961. Without a loudspeaker, he was shouting, and everyone could hear him. I thought he was shrill." A few years later, they met, and Koch invited Lo Cicero to join the V.I.D. "You want me to join because I'm Italian," said Lo Cicero, who was well aware that in order to beat De Sapio the club had to recruit Italian-Americans from the South Village, an important source of support for De Sapio's Tamawa Club. Koch, without blinking, replied, "That's right."

The next several years were painful for Koch. In 1960, his mother "died of cancer—a very agonized death," he recalls. "I was not living at home. My father was working. My sister, Pat, was up in Monsey, New York, and had her own two children. My brother lived in New Jersey. I was the only one who had the time. I became the person who would visit my mother every day at the hospital. She was in great pain. It was abdominal cancer. It was a great trauma for everybody." In 1962, Koch experienced his only electoral loss. The V.I.D. wanted to contest the renomination of Democratic Assemblyman William Passanante, and urged Koch to be the candidate. Koch recalls that the entire Manhattan Democratic establishment was against him: "I'm the victim. Eddie Costikyan organized it." Costikyan was then the New York County Democratic leader. "I never held it against him, because he was very nice to me. But it was a devastating defeat. I got only a third of the vote in the Village, and I got, as I recall, forty per cent in the whole Assembly District, and that was because Charlie Kinsolving's area, Murray Hill, supported me heavily. And I said at the time—I actually wept—'I'll never run again. It is a filthy business.' " Koch was particularly upset that Senator Herbert Lehman and Robert Wagner, two pillars of the reform movement, endorsed a regular Democrat: "Coming out against *me!* What a filthy business!" James Lanigan, Koch's reform district leader, also "betrayed us." Koch later got even with Lanigan. "That feeling against him I had for many years I don't have anymore, because I've met him now and he's not in exactly great shape," he explains. "But I remember what I said at the time. He had gotten a job with Chester Bowles, then the Ambassador to India, as a counsellor at the Embassy. When I was asked about that, I said, 'The person who can deliver the Indians into the hands of the Red Chinese is Jim Lanigan.' Heh-eh-eh-eh-eh."

Koch did run again, that same year



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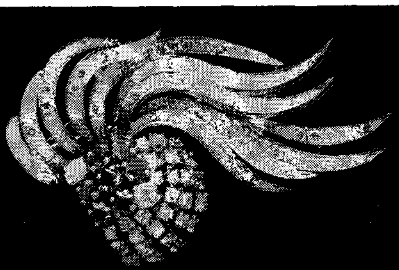
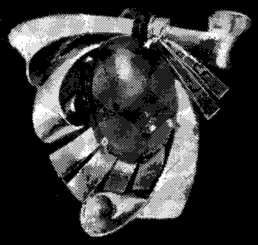
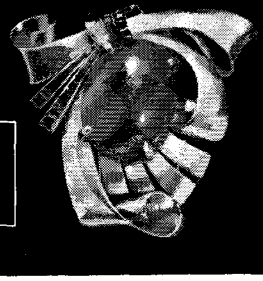






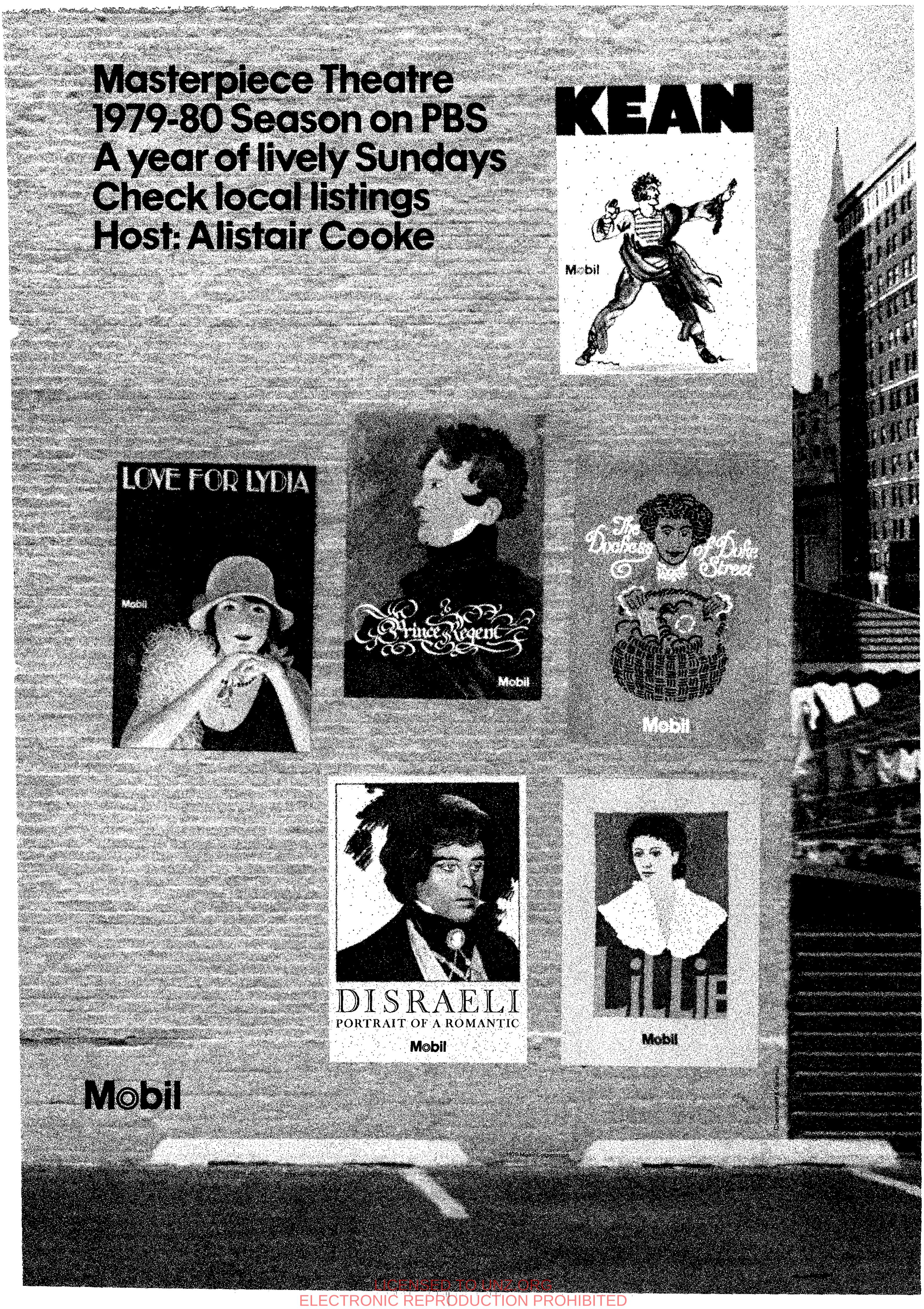
of 1962—for club president. He won by a margin, he recalls, of 119 to 110. The club elders joined to block Koch. "It was such a narrow victory it really wasn't good for one's personality development," Koch says. The following year he ran again, this time to succeed Lanigan, who had departed for India, as district leader. His opponent was Carmine De Sapio, seeking to bounce back from his defeat two years earlier. Koch won. Two years later, he ran for re-election. Many forces allied against Koch, including J. Raymond Jones, the New York County Democratic leader, who called Koch "anti-Italian." Koch confronted the issue head on, marching down to the South Village, where he was booed. "But he went right in there and took the abuse," says Lo Cicero. "By showing he was unafraid, he showed that it was untrue." It was a bitter contest; at one point, Koch refused to shake De Sapio's hand when they met in a TV studio. Again Koch won.

In 1964, Koch went to Mississippi to participate in the civil-rights movement. He intervened when he saw a burly white farmer slapping black youths. "So I go over to the sheriff and say, 'I want to file charges,' " Koch says. "It was like talking to a wall. The sheriff says, 'Blacks on the right, whites on the left.' " The blacks were arrested. As their lawyer, Koch filed a series of counter-complaints against the sheriff and the farmer. An angry mob of vigilantes gathered outside the courthouse, their target being the Jewish lawyer from New York. Koch managed to escape them by slipping out through a side door. But that weekend a group of white civil-rights workers did not escape and were severely beaten. Appalled by the violence, Koch rushed off to Atlantic City, where the Democratic National Convention was in progress, in search of Joseph Rauh, the vice-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. Rauh was then leading a fight to prevent the seating of the white Mississippi delegation and to replace it with the largely black delegation of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Rauh was too busy to see the Manhattan district leader. Koch persisted until Rauh relented. He wanted to tell Rauh, who represented truth and justice and liberalism to Koch, how the civil-rights workers were brutally beaten.

"What color were the civil-rights workers?" he remembers Rauh asking.

"White," Koch said.

"Can't use it," said Rauh. The case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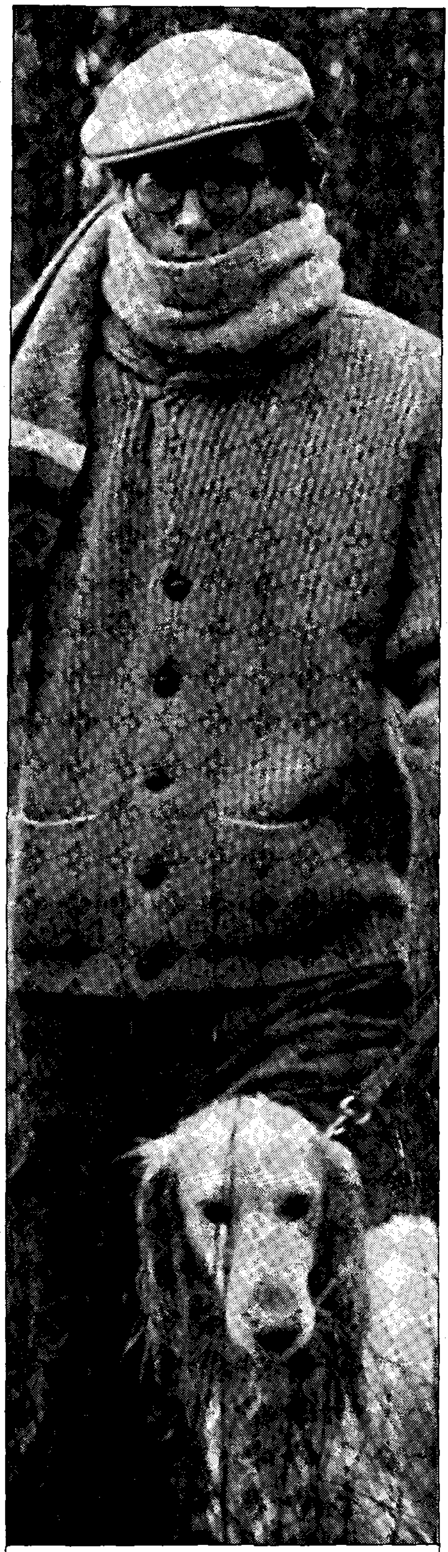

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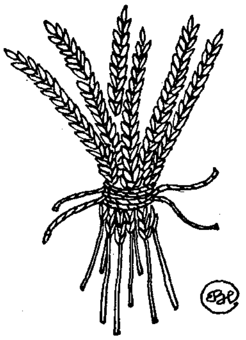
he was trying to build required accounts of brutality against blacks.

What Koch saw as a double standard within the liberal establishment bothered him—and so did the successful effort by Party leaders, in 1964, to deny him the nomination for the State Senate. "I was screwed out of it by a number of district leaders," Koch recalls. "They didn't like me." The following year, Democratic District Leader Koch bucked those Party leaders (though not his Village constituency) when he endorsed John Lindsay, a Republican, for Mayor—an endorsement that made page 1 of the *News*. The next year, he decided to run for the City Council. Associates warned him that the district was a safe Republican one, and had not elected a Democrat since 1928. He ran anyway, and won. Two years later, he wanted the "Silk Stocking" seat in Congress, which had been occupied by Lindsay. "It's not your year," he was told. "It's a Republican seat." Koch won the Democratic primary. Still, he was told, he was the wrong kind of Democrat to win the general election in this affluent district: too bald, too poor, too—well, Jewish.



Koch went on to serve nine years in the House of Representatives, winning his last two contests with seventy-five per cent or better of the vote. As a member of Congress, he worked well with the established powers, being elected secretary of the New York State delegation. But back home he tangled frequently with the local reform establishment. Like many of his constituents, Koch was an early opponent of the Vietnam War. But, unlike many reform leaders, he consistently refused to march in peace parades led by those who waved the Vietcong flag and cheered Vietcong victories. "They hated America," he says. "They were pro-Soviet. I've been there. It's a terrible society. Everybody wants to leave. Open the gates, they'll all come out. Maybe we can have an exchange of population? Heh-eh-eh-eh-eh. I will walk with Communists and Black Panthers, but I will never let them lead me." Bella Abzug and "her savages," as he calls them, attacked Koch as a "Red-baiter." He, in turn, attacked them for opposing the sale of jets to Israel. Koch proudly recalls that in 1964 he was one of two members of the V.I.D. to support Robert Kennedy for the Democratic nomination to the Senate. The activists began to call Koch a conservative, which deepened his resentment. Reformers and liberals "never excuse human frailty," he says in his memoirs. "They have absolutes that everybody has to meet, an absolute test. But that changes from day to day. That's the point. It's not 'What did you do yesterday?' No. It's 'What are you doing today?' You may be with them on a hundred issues and then on a single issue you will not be. The others get wiped out. They don't care about that. That is expected. I don't really like them. Whereas with the regulars loyalty is so important."

Koch believed in loyalty, in Horatio Alger, in the American dream, which worked for him, and in American goodness. Dan Wolf says, "He was shocked by the vehemence of the radicals, by their total hostility to the world he was involved in and believed in. I think he decided then—an emotional thing—he just knew he wouldn't be happy with those people." But his "Rubicon," as Koch calls it, was crossed in Forest Hills in 1971. Koch stunned his liberal constituents by opposing the introduction of a low-income high-rise housing development in this middle-income white community—by addressing a group led by Jerry Birbach, a local loudmouth who became to many a symbol of Northern racism. When Koch returned to his Washington office, he was bombarded by phone calls.

"How can you do this?" he remembers Stanley Geller, a V.I.D. leader, saying beseechingly.

"Stanley, the project will destroy the area."

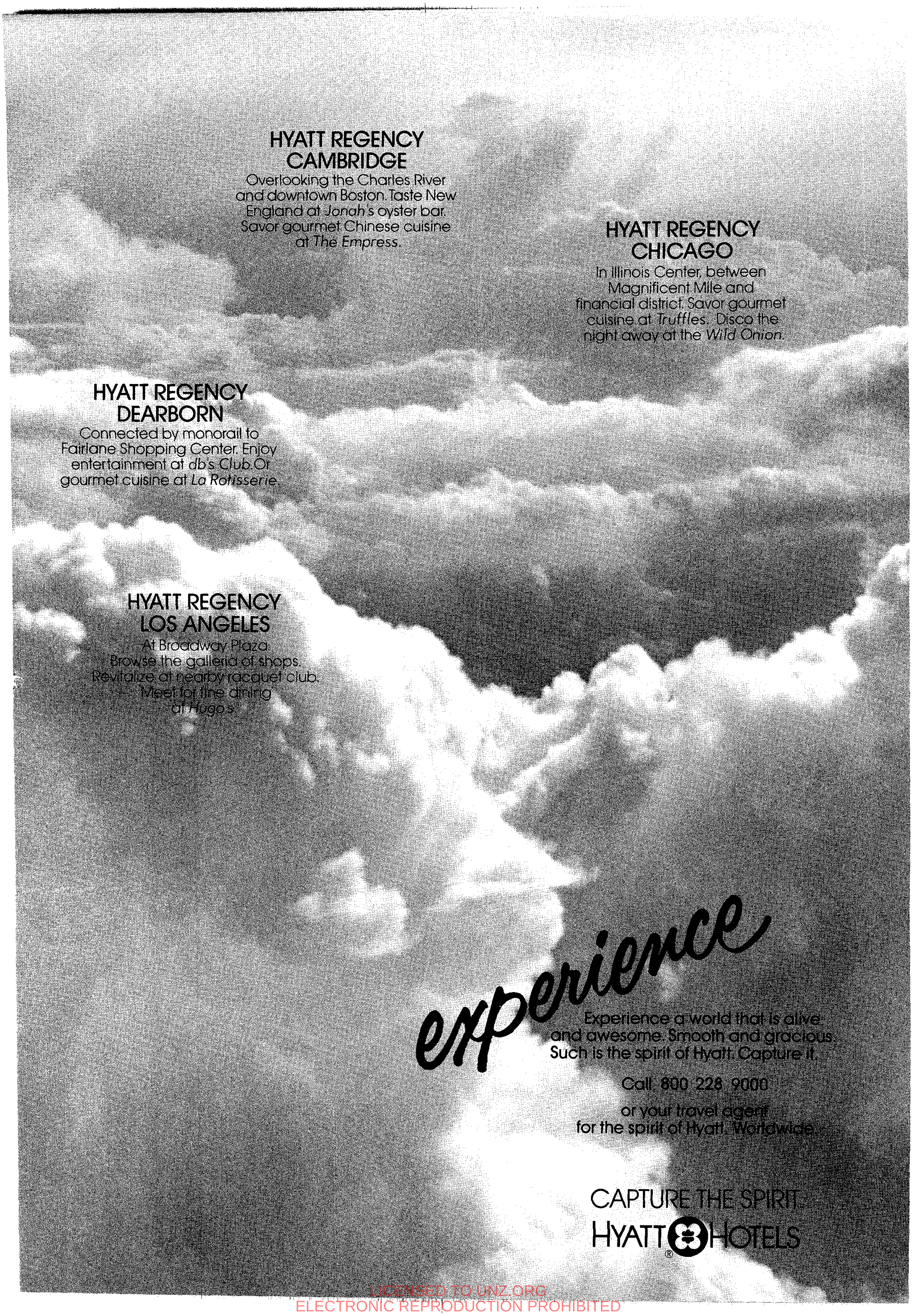
"You can never come out against low-income housing, no matter how big the project is."

"But people will move out."

"I don't care if they move. The Jews in Forest Hills have to pay their dues."

"Stanley, I wish I had a town house like you, a pool like you, or kids in private school. Jews are willing to pay their dues. They're just not willing to pay yours."

Koch says he was hurt. "I was doing what was right in a controversial area and being deserted by friends. It made it possible from that point on not to fear. Now I don't care." But he cared in 1973, when he made a bid for the Democratic nomination for Mayor. The effort lasted little more than a



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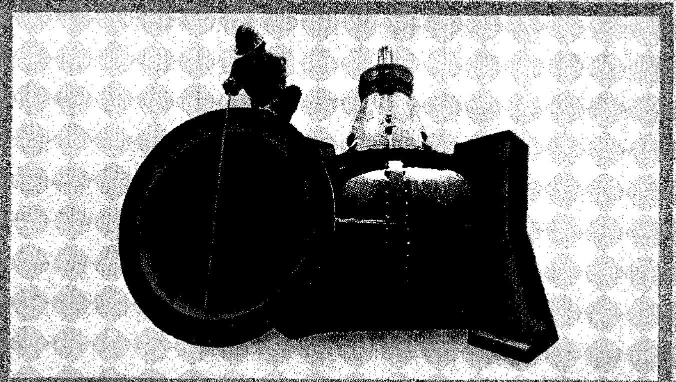

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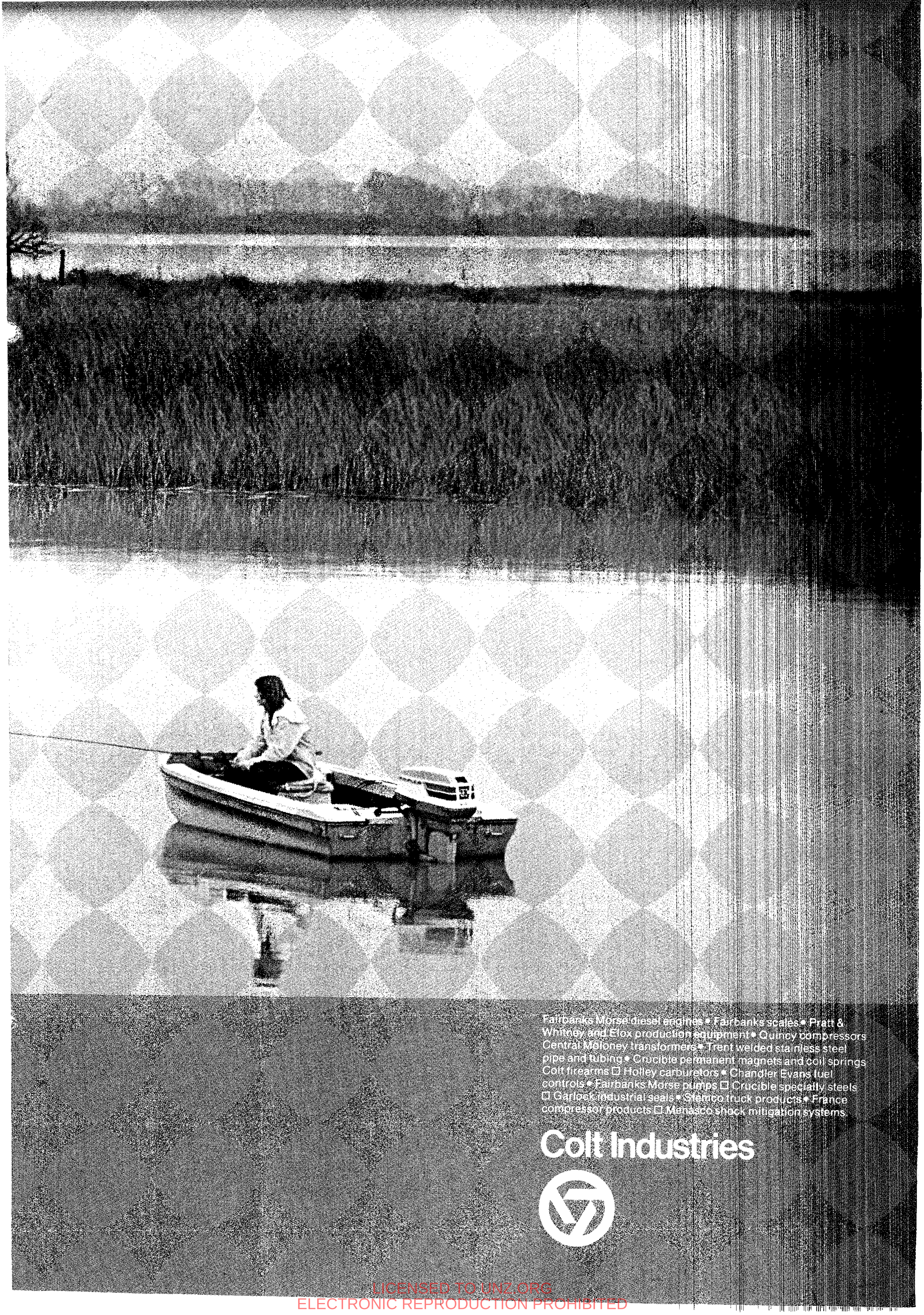

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Wouldn't miss the Reverend Judd's "Evils of Drink" sermon for love nor money. Reckon when you're in the home distillery business it pays to know what the competition is thinking. So, one Sunday a year, me and the boys head for town, done up in our best. Which this year includes these fine looking new Timberland handsewn shoes we've got on. Latest thing from the folks who make our boots that we wear for tending the mash and making deliveries. Our Timberland handsewns are made with real soft leathers and they will keep fitting right and looking natty for a long time 'cause they're all hand lasted and hand sewn. They are also leather lined and got a padded collar so they're nice and comfortable over a long walk. Which is the way Reverend Judd prefers us to arrive. Parking our delivery car outside the church seems to make the Reverend *real* nervous!

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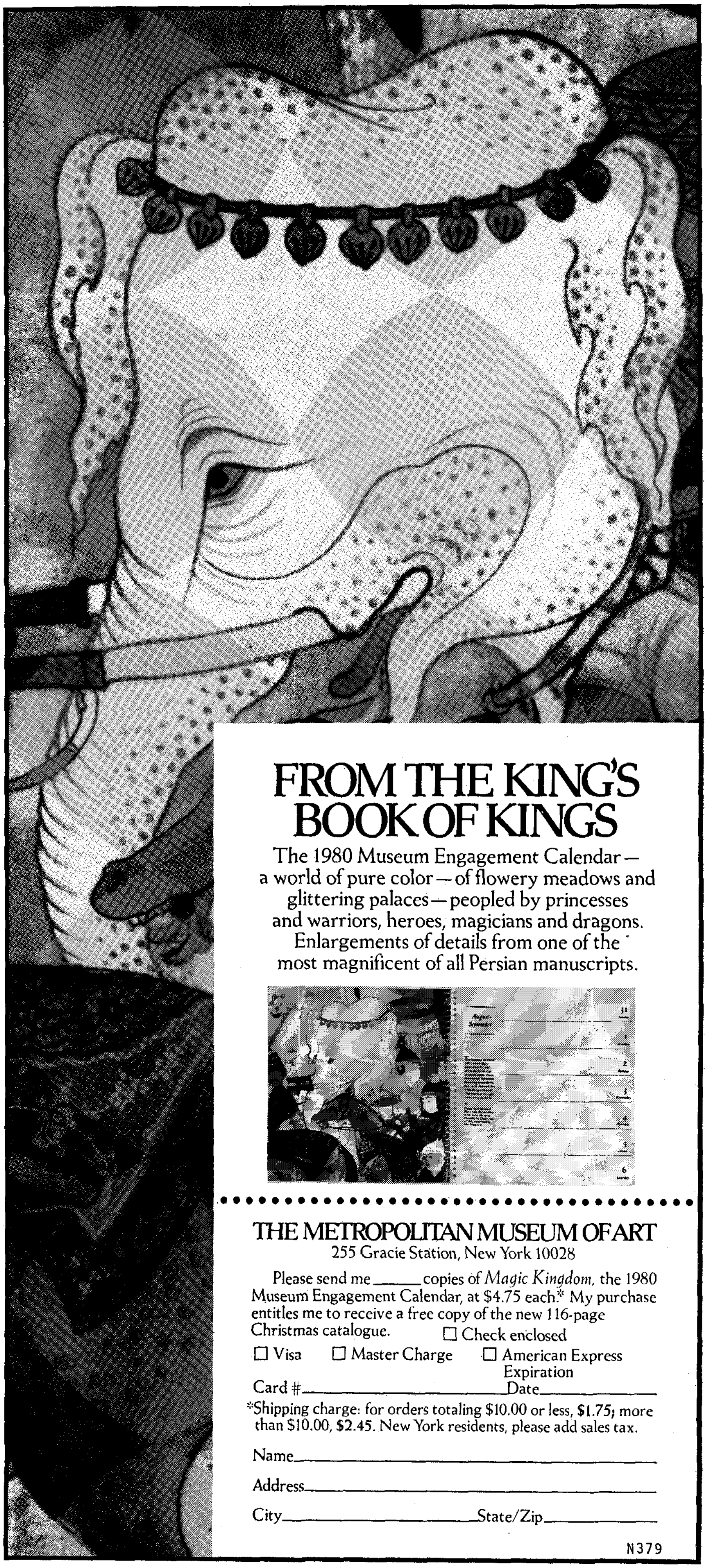
month. He failed to raise money, being viewed by the financial establishment as too liberal and by the reform establishment as too conservative.

Koch developed calluses. "I'm sure that as a child he had insecurities," says Dan Wolf, who is perhaps his closest friend, and who is now serving as a dollar-a-year City Hall adviser. "He is a man who overcame one weakness at a time. In the old days, we used to call it the masculine approach to life. Facing up to your own fears. Now if he's afraid, he'll walk right in." Which is precisely what Koch did in the 1977 race for the Democratic nomination for Mayor. The bachelor Congressman from Greenwich Village helped overcome his liberal image by vehemently supporting the death penalty, by vowing to crimp the power of municipal labor unions, by sounding like a tough tightwad. Koch came in first in the primary, but because neither he nor Mario Cuomo, who placed second, captured forty per cent of the vote, a runoff election was scheduled for eleven days later. This contest became another Rubicon for Koch. Ugly rumors circulated that he was a homosexual. Koch knew that the rumors could crush him, and he was tense. "You had the posters up and down the streets—'Vote for Cuomo, not the homo' " is how he remembers it. David Garth, Koch's chief strategist, says, "In eighteen years in this business, that was the toughest eleven days I've ever seen a man go through. For the first time, I thought there was steel in Ed Koch."

AS a local reform leader and member of Congress, Koch was characterized as a liberal. In Congress, he regularly voted for social spending programs; in 1972, he received a hundred-per-cent rating from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action and only a four-per-cent rating from the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action. Yet as a candidate for Mayor, and now, as Mayor, he has sounded less liberal, more like a moderate, and a fiscal conservative.

Pondering the apparent shift in his views recently, Koch said, "There are two reasons for the change. One is that from Washington the perspective is different from what it is here at home. In Washington, you're removed from the problem of meeting your budget constraints. You're dealing with part of the elephant, the part you like the best. You have this huge elephant that people are feeding. And I'm not dumping on the Congress. I had the



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same perspective when I was in Washington. I was doing the same thing they are doing."

Was it inconsistent for him to parade as a local fiscal conservative and yet demand liberal federal spending programs to assist New York?

"If I were down there now, I'd be much more conservative fiscally," he conceded. "I now know what the problem is to a greater extent. I also know what the voters are telling the people in Washington. It is a conundrum. Congress has to find a balance. No question. There are areas where we're spending too much, and others where we're spending too little. I hope that were I there I'd have the strength to support Carter's spending cuts—most of them, anyway—to a greater extent than I would have before."

It's difficult to force Koch into either a "liberal" or a "conservative" box. He is a liberal when it comes to supporting civil liberties, gay rights, and federal spending for cities; conservative when it comes to cutting the budget, ending poverty-program "ripoffs," opposing preferential treatment, and being deeply suspicious of Soviet motives and therefore favoring a strong national defense. Koch calls himself a "sane liberal." Actually, he's a pragmatist. Like other sixties liberals, he has become skeptical of government, aware of limits, much more concerned with what works. He resembles a good many ex-communicants in reserving his harshest words for those who have remained members of the old church. "Knee-jerk liberals," he calls them, and he says, "I don't believe in half their crap. That government has to become bigger. That government is better if it does more. It's the New Deal out of the thirties—that government solves all problems. I once believed that. I have contempt for government. I should know—I'm in it. When you remove the profit motive, that's what happens. You remove the penalty. There's always someone there to pick up the deficit. Not to hold you accountable. On several occasions, kids have come in from the schools to visit me. This one kid said, 'Why doesn't the city have more athletic equipment, and give us bats and mitts?' I said, 'Wait a minute, kid. You look like the type of kid who has a mitt and bat. Why does government have to give them to you? Why not your parents?' " On one occasion, Koch said to me, "The good-government groups and social workers destroyed the city for twenty years, and they resent bitterly anyone who wants to come in and reassert the balance and try to get a hold on this." He was referring to welfare. "They do. And they're nice people—all Jewish! Heh-eh-eh-eh-eh. All they want is more, more, more, without controls. I say if it doesn't work, stop it! No. They won't stop anything. More, more."

Koch identifies with the center of the national Democratic Party: "If Carter is in the middle of the road, with Kennedy on the left and Jackson"—Senator Henry Jackson—"on the right, I identify then with Carter." He considers Kennedy a friend, though he jokes about how until 1976 Kennedy called him Dick. The Senator learned the correct name when Koch wrote to him pledging to support him for President if he ran that year. Koch is proud of his association with the Kennedys. But in 1980, he says, he'll support Carter. "I happen to like and truly support Carter—but, politically, I want him to remember when New York needs him next year that we were helpful. It's like chicken soup. It can't hurt."

Koch's chicken soup, according to a White House aide who works with local and state governments, sways government decisions. "Those who support you early get better treatment," he says. For instance, coaxed by the White House, a reluctant Department of Housing and Urban Development consented to permit the city over the next twelve months to siphon off fifty-two million dollars of Community Development Block Grant funds—supposedly earmarked for permanent community improvements and the elimination of "slums and blight"—to maintain housing foreclosed by the city after the owners failed to pay their real-property taxes. "That single administrative decision," says the White House aide, "has more fiscal impact on the city than the aggregate of all our other administrative decisions."

Koch is no Boy Scout about all this. "You can never know whether you got it just on the merits," he says. "But, remember, the merits are a judgmental question. There's always the extra added ingredient: Do you have confidence in the person you're dealing with? And: When I needed him, was he there?" The syntax would differ, but George Washington Plunkitt could say it no better.

THREE mornings each week, Koch rises at six o'clock, slips into yesterday's shorts, socks, shirt, and suit, descends the stairs of Gracie Mansion, and enters a small breakfast room, where he has grapefruit juice and black

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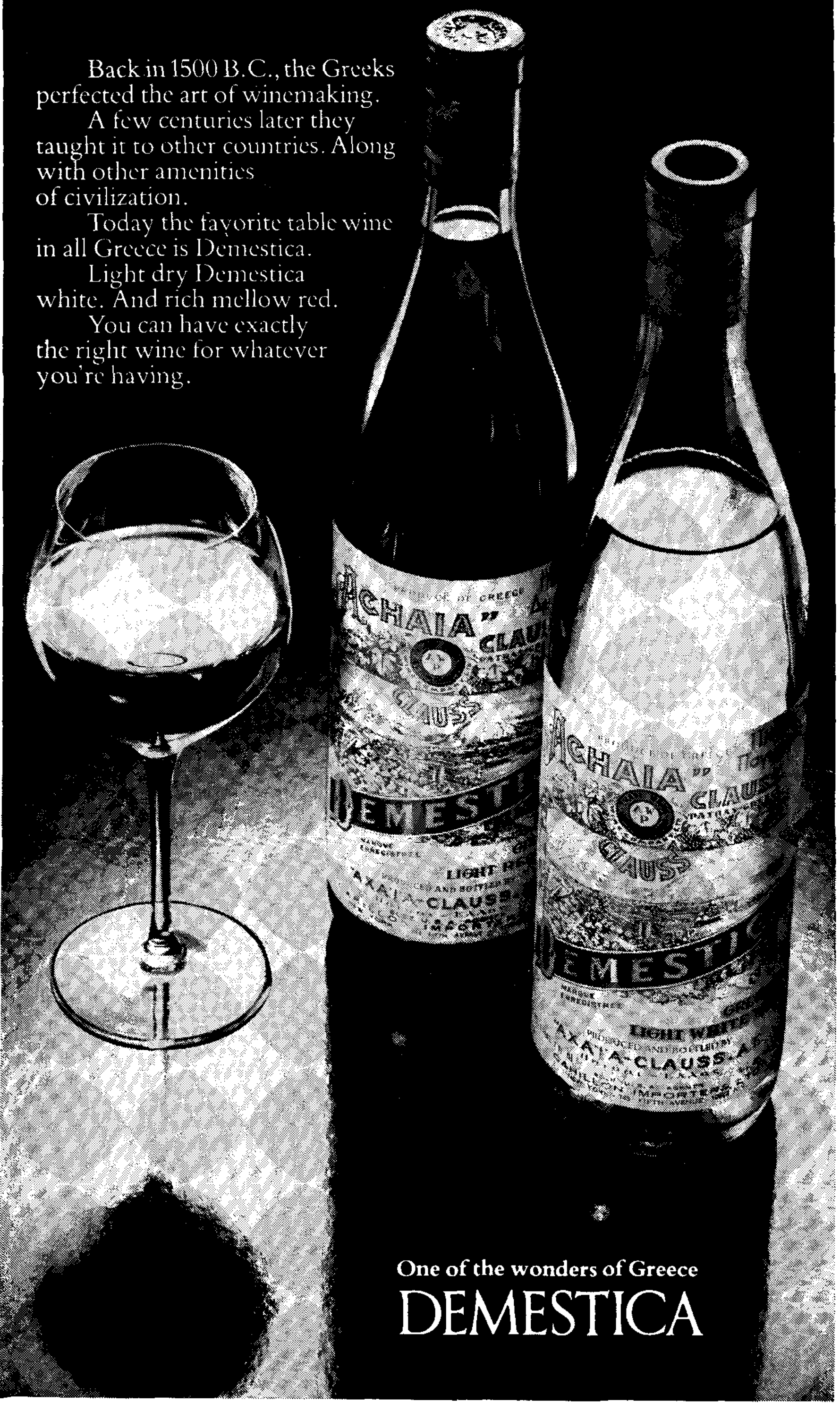

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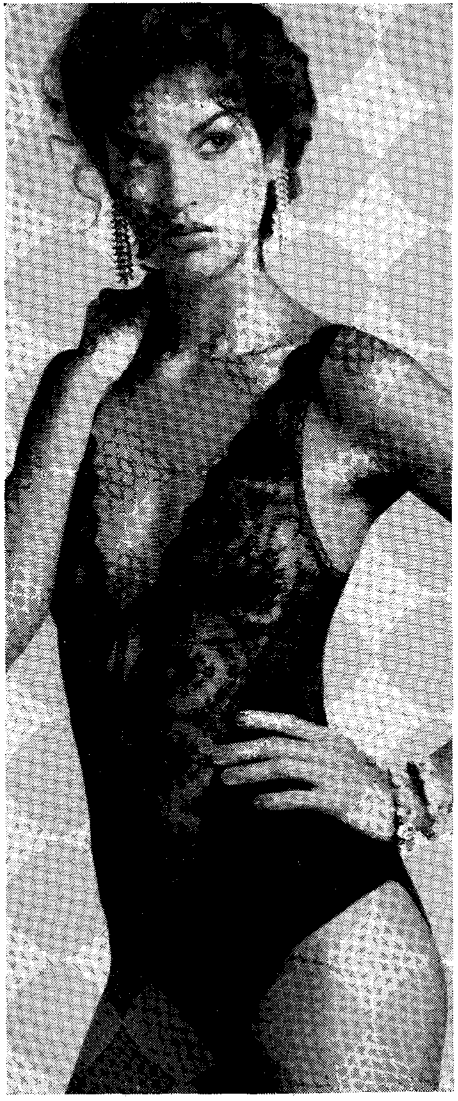

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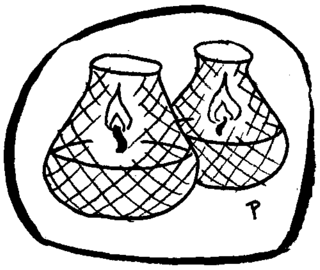
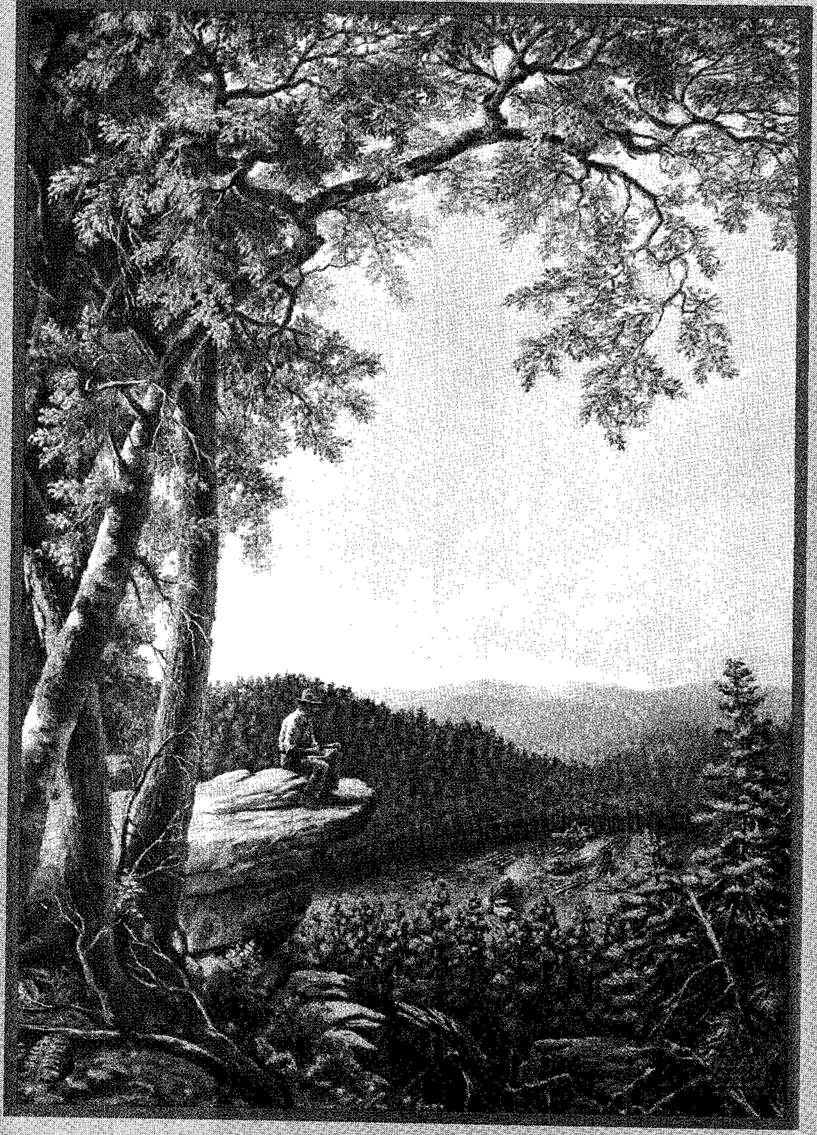
coffee and reads the late editions of the *Times* and the *News*, comparing them with the early editions he read the night before. At six-thirty, he is joined by a police bodyguard, and often by Manhattan City Councilman Henry Stern, an old friend, who accompanied him to Mississippi in 1964 and ultimately persuaded him to endorse Lindsay in 1965. He and Stern are driven in the Mayor's Chrysler sedan to the Jack LaLanne gym on lower Broadway, across from City Hall. Koch is sometimes joined by other government associates. After donning a too tight Jack LaLanne T-shirt, white shorts, sweat socks, and Adidas sneakers, Koch weighs in. "Two hundred pounds," he will say. "That's my high high. Which is two pounds over my low low." In a garish orange-and-yellow workout room, Koch begins his exercise, under the tutelage of the manager of the gym. First he does a mile on the exercise bicycle, to warm up. Then he does seventeen sit-ups on an incline board, which are followed by seventeen knee-to-chest exercises, another seventeen sit-ups, and another round of seventeen knee-to-chest exercises. By the second set of sit-ups, he is puffing, perspiring freely, and beginning to cheat—completing only sixteen sit-ups and allowing his knees to sag. Next come seventeen rounds on the bench press, seventeen shoulder presses on a Universal machine, and seventeen pull-downs. Finally, he does eight minutes of running on a treadmill. Then he takes a steam bath and a shower and puts on clean clothes that he has taken with him to the gym.



By a quarter of eight, Koch is in his corner office at City Hall. Plopping a bundle of yesterday's shirt, shorts, and socks in a corner, he pulls off his suit jacket, unbuttons his vest, and stands behind the desk that Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia once used. Two blocks have been inserted between the top of the desk and its legs to accommodate Koch, who, at six-one, is almost a foot taller than LaGuardia. But the desk is now too high. If Koch sits down at it, the top is right under his chin. "I look like a midget," he says. However, when Koch sits in this office it is never at the desk but in a black leather armchair facing a black leather couch and another armchair. Guests gather on those or on one of several burgundy-upholstered Sheraton chairs. The carpet, too, is burgundy, with gold fleurs-de-lis. In one corner is a door that leads to a small kitchen, with a two-burner stove, a small sink, a refrigerator, and a coffeemaker, which labors overtime. A television set stands against one wall of the room. There are four tall windows, which, for security reasons, are bulletproof. Phone consoles with twenty-nine buttons, many connecting Koch directly with members of the administration, stand on a table behind the desk and on a larger table behind his leather armchair. A brooding portrait of LaGuardia looms over the couch, as it did during the term of Koch's predecessor. But this room is not without several Koch touches. There is a Matisse nude; a sign on the desk, facing visitors, that reads "If you say it can't be done, you're right. You can't do it;" and a mounted reproduction of a Quotation of the Day by Koch from the *Times:* "Today I'm Italian. Last week I was Polish. And the week before, I was Ukrainian. But everyday I'm Jewish. I love the parades. I go to all of them."

On Wednesdays at eight, Koch meets with City Council President Carol Bellamy and City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin. On Fridays at nine-thirty, they are joined by City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite. These meetings are informal; often each participant brings an aide. Many of the Mayor's other weekdays begin with his giving dictation to his secretary, Mary Garrigan, a pleasant young woman who worked for Koch in Washington. A morning's correspondence one day last fall included a note to Lewis Rudin, the chairman of the Association for a Better New York, and his wife, Basha, to thank them for sending flowers; a memo to Deputy Mayor David Brown on the city's hiring freeze; a memo to Deputy Mayor Ronay Menschel requesting a followup on some matter; a memo to Metropolitan Transportation Authority Chairman Harold Fisher enclosing a newspaper clipping and saying, "If this is accurate, then we're wasting a lot of money;" a letter to a citizen saying, "Yes, I am related to Faye Cohn;" a memo to Deputy Mayor Herbert Sturz answering a memo from him; a memo to Planning Commission Chairman Wagner urging him to answer a letter from Comptroller Goldin; a letter to Representative David Obey,

Trees. Cash crop or natural monument?



If you're like most of us, the question splits your mind.

One side sees trees as beautiful, living things, while the other sees them as a crop that yields needed jobs and useful products.

Clearly, they are both. Some of them should be left alone. Others should be farmed. And therein lies a paradox.

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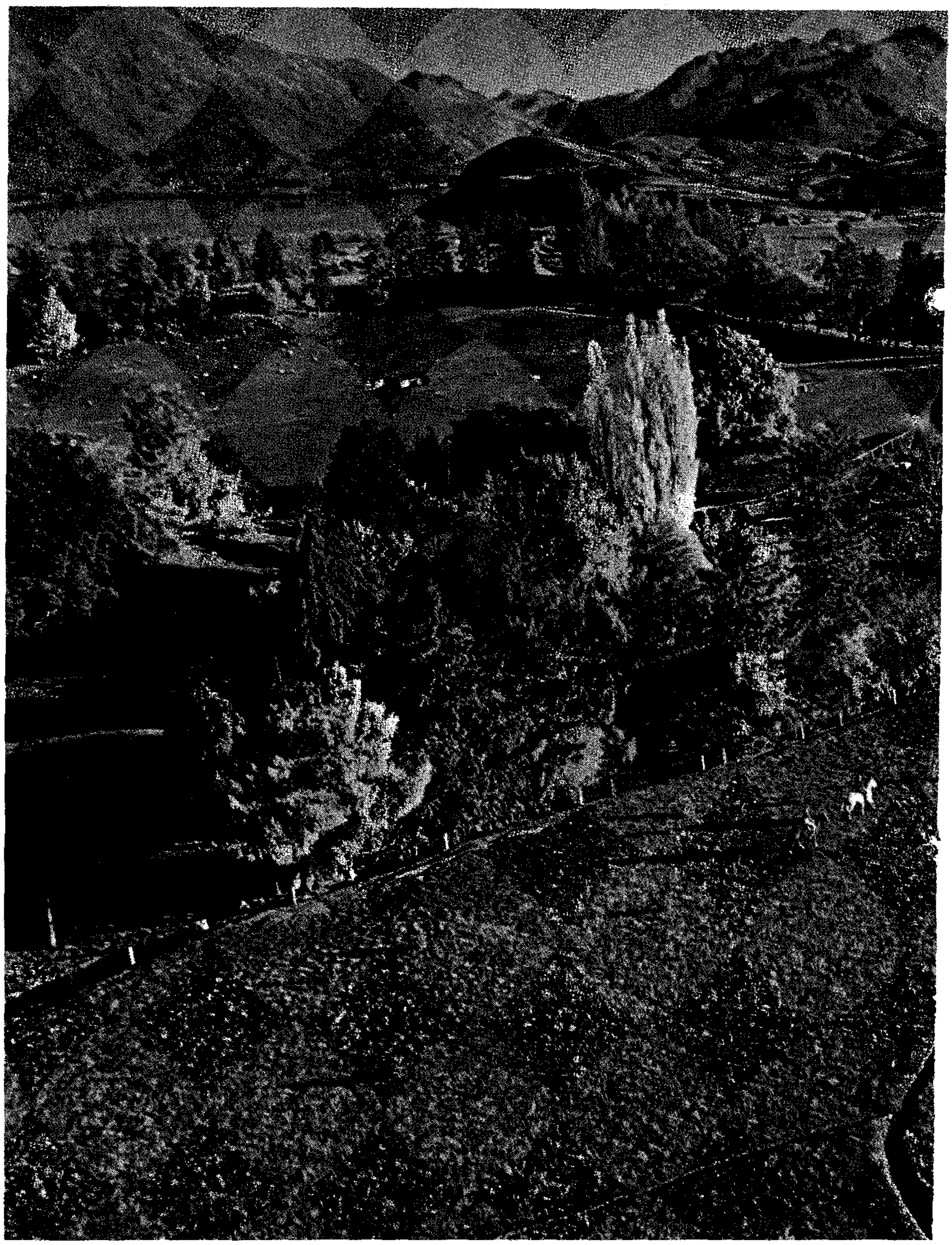
The South Pacific. If you've seen



If you've been everywhere, this was worth waiting for. If you've been nowhere, this feels like everywhere. The South Pacific is so much more than you bargained for. Beyond the tropical islands you've dreamed about, there are other islands. Touch a little of each and you've taken the trip of a lifetime.

New Zealand. The World's Great Surprise Package. Begin on the North Island, in Auckland. Drive up through the lush Henderson Valley. This is the wine country, and it's perfect for your first taste of New Zealand. Stop for lunch at a tavern that plunks you into Europe. Till you get the bill. *$8. For two!*

Travel through farmland, cattle ranches and meadows full of sheep, till you reach the Tasman Sea. Below you, miles of black sand beach stretch out as far as the eye can see. Do it all in a day and return in time to watch the sun set on Auckland Harbor.

Caving And Carving. Drive South, and your first stop is the Waitomo Caves. Now, in a small boat, steer your way into a grotto. Shhh. Above you the glow worms cling to the cave ceiling, lighting your way like millions of stars. You want to shout. But don't. If you do, the lights go off.

Next stop, Rotorua. The earth's crust is so thin here that steam breaks through everywhere. Geysers shoot hundreds of feet into the air. And mud pools bubble in the ground. You'll meet the Maoris, New Zealand's native people, here. You'll see how they've harnessed the steam to pressure cook their meals, and you'll watch master woodcarvers teach a lost art to a new generation.

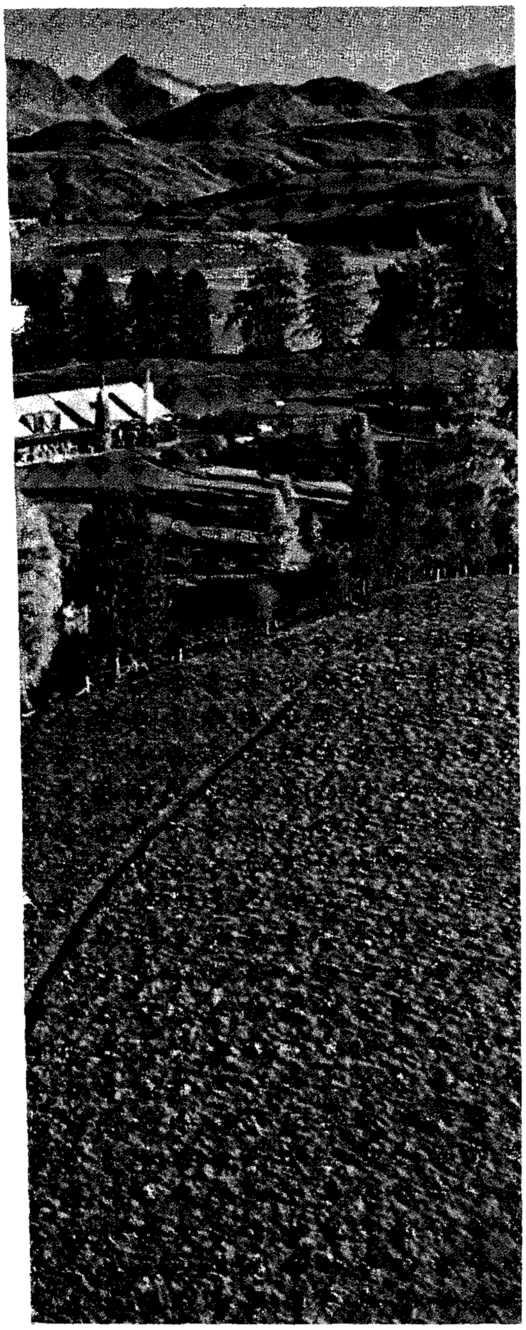
You can't resist buying their work.

Finish the day in a steamy mineral pool, dreaming about tomorrow.

On To England. Bright and early, fly across Cook Strait to the South Island.

Land in Christchurch and step into England. Paddle a tiny boat along the river Avon. Have a picnic on the bank under the willows and watch a rugby match in the distance. Spend an

one island, you haven't seen 'em all.

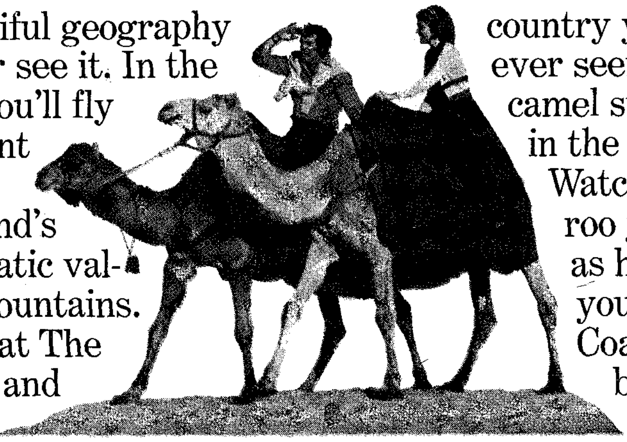


afternoon driving through flowers. They're everywhere.

The city gives prizes for landscaping, to homes, streets, even factories. And the people are as warm and friendly as their gardens.

Stop at one of the pubs. Chances are, someone will buy you a beer and bend your ear.

Up Like An Eagle. You're about to see the world's most beautiful geography as few ever see it. In the morning, you'll fly out to Mount Cook, over New Zealand's most dramatic valleys and mountains.



Lunch at The Hermitage and then fly up to a starchy white glacier, and see what it's like to land on skis. Later, watch the sun turn the mountains pink from a lovely room that reminds you of Switzerland, at *one-half* the price.

In the morning, you're off to Queenstown, ready to try "the most beautiful flight in the world." Twenty minutes in the air brings you to the world's most stunning sight. Milford Sound. Take a cruise between towering mountain walls through a fjord that impresses even the Norwegians.

Beyond is the Tasman Sea. And tomorrow you'll cross it to Australia.

Australia. The World's Wildest Island. Start in Sydney. It's a dash of San Francisco. A touch of London. The flavor of New York. And the style of Paris.

Shop. Dine. Bask on the beach. Spend a day at the races. And a night at the opera.

But Australia is so much more than city life. Out of town it's the most unusual country you've ever seen. Visit a camel station in the outback. Watch a kangaroo jump as high as your car. Coax a koala bear out of a tree. And feed a penguin who's come dressed for dinner.

Australia is more sights than you'll have time to see. More fun than Dr. Seuss.

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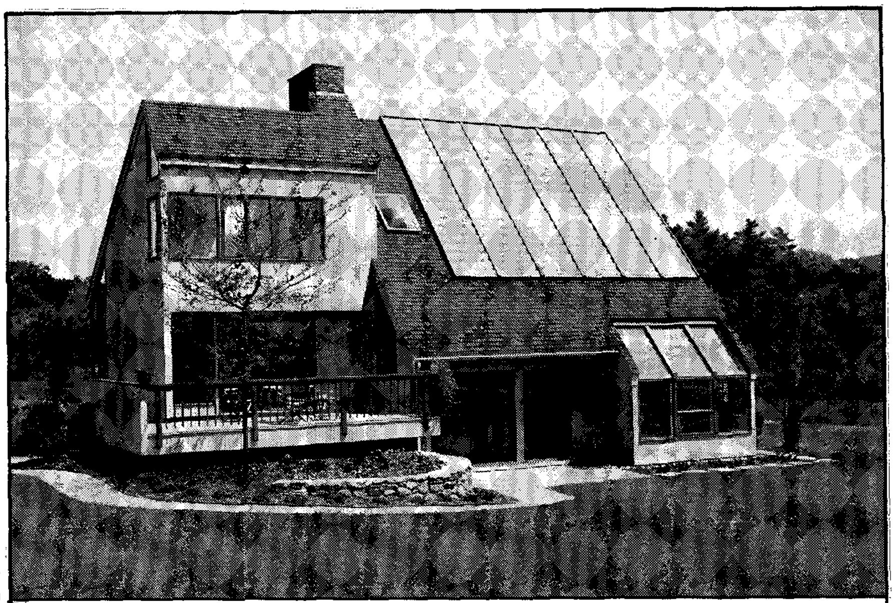
of Wisconsin, inviting him and his wife to stay at Gracie Mansion when they came to New York; and a thank-you note to the news director of WCBS-Radio thanking him for his thank-you note. Koch fusses over his correspondence, first leaning forward on the desk, then pacing back and forth, slowly measuring his words as if they were tablets. He dictates about thirty letters a day to one of his secretaries, refusing to use a tape recorder, which would be more efficient, because he regards recorders as too impersonal. Every Tuesday at eight, the Mayor meets with his Cabinet, in City Hall's Blue Room—the ornate chamber where press conferences are held and proclamations read. Currently, Cabinet meetings are attended by all the Deputy Mayors, the heads of several key agencies, and members of the Mayor's staff. These meetings, too, are informal. There is usually no written agenda, and those in attendance sit around a long glass-topped table sipping coffee and nibbling on Danish as subway trains rumble underneath their feet and cause the room to shake.

A standard busy-executive item that seems to be missing from Mayor Koch's days is the constantly ringing telephone. Transportation Commissioner Anthony Ameruso says he rarely calls the Mayor: "My experience as an agency head is that he gets all kinds of crazy phone calls each day. He doesn't need commissioners calling him all the time." Oddly, Koch does not get "all kinds of crazy phone calls." In fact, he gets fewer than most commissioners get. A review of all incoming calls logged between June 29th and October 17th of 1978—excluding the unlogged calls from members of the administration with direct lines—shows that the Mayor received just two hundred and seventy-nine. When weekends and holidays are subtracted from these hundred and eleven days, the Mayor averaged about 3.5 calls on each of the seventy-five business days. The highest number, reached on August 3rd, was eleven. The most frequent callers were Donald Manes, the Queens Borough President and Democratic county leader, who made five calls; Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, five; Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, three; Planning Commission Chairman Wagner, three; Meade Esposito, the Brooklyn Democratic leader, three; Mary Perot Nichols, the head of the Municipal Broadcasting System, three; several relatives, three each; A. M. Rosenthal, the executive



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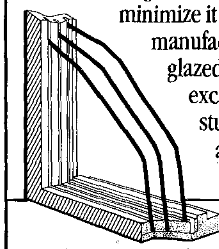

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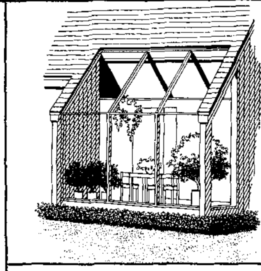

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editor of the *Times*, and Michael O'Neill, the editor of the *News*, two each; Rupert Murdoch, the publisher of the *Post*, two; Municipal Assistance Corporation Chairman Felix Rohatyn, two; and David Garth, two. As was true in previous administrations, calls from average citizens are intercepted by the Mayor's Action Center, which in 1978 received 135,491 inquiries—an increase of 8.3 per cent over the last year of the Beame administration.

As a candidate, Koch promised not to be "a ribbon-cutting Mayor." He would appoint a Deputy Mayor for ribbon-cutting, he joked. Inspection of his schedule, however, suggests no dearth of ceremony. Exclusive of unscheduled last-minute meetings, the Mayor's private schedule between October 16th and November 28th of 1978 shows, by my count, a hundred and sixty-two governmental meetings; seventy ceremonial, courtesy, or speaking engagements; thirty-one press conferences or briefings; fifteen political functions; seven public appearances, such as walking tours and constituent hours; two days spent at Yale as a Chubb Fellow; fourteen personal appointments, including two visits to doctors and time out to watch a CBS News show written by Pat Thaler, his sister, who is the director of continuing education at Marymount Manhattan College; and three meetings with lobbyists. By this count, nearly a third of his scheduled appearances were consumed by ceremonial functions. "He is like a kid with the ceremonial stuff," says Wagner, whose father served three terms as Mayor. "It's as if Koch didn't quite believe he'd be there and be the center of attention. My father made the same vow not to do the ceremonial stuff, but he found he had to do it. The Mayor is expected to be there. It's part of the job." Koch says, "Yes, I'm doing more ribbon-cutting than I thought I would do." That's not to say he doesn't work hard and put in long hours. His last appointment, occasionally over dinner at Gracie Mansion, ends at eleven or so. With no wife or children, Koch has fewer constraints on his time than many politicians have. Like Governor Jerry Brown of California and City Council President Carol Bellamy, he is married to his work. Last Thanksgiving, before sitting down to a Gracie Mansion dinner with his brother and sister and their families at five o'clock, Koch managed to visit the Hundred and Third Police Precinct house, in Jamaica, Queens, to wish the twenty-four cops on duty a happy holiday, and to appear on the Barry Gray

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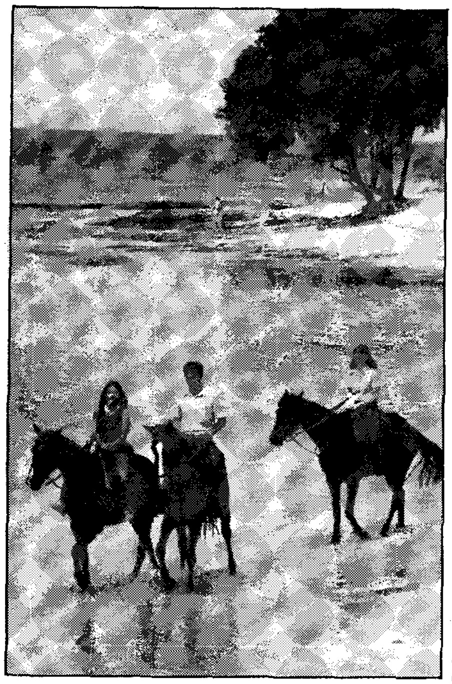

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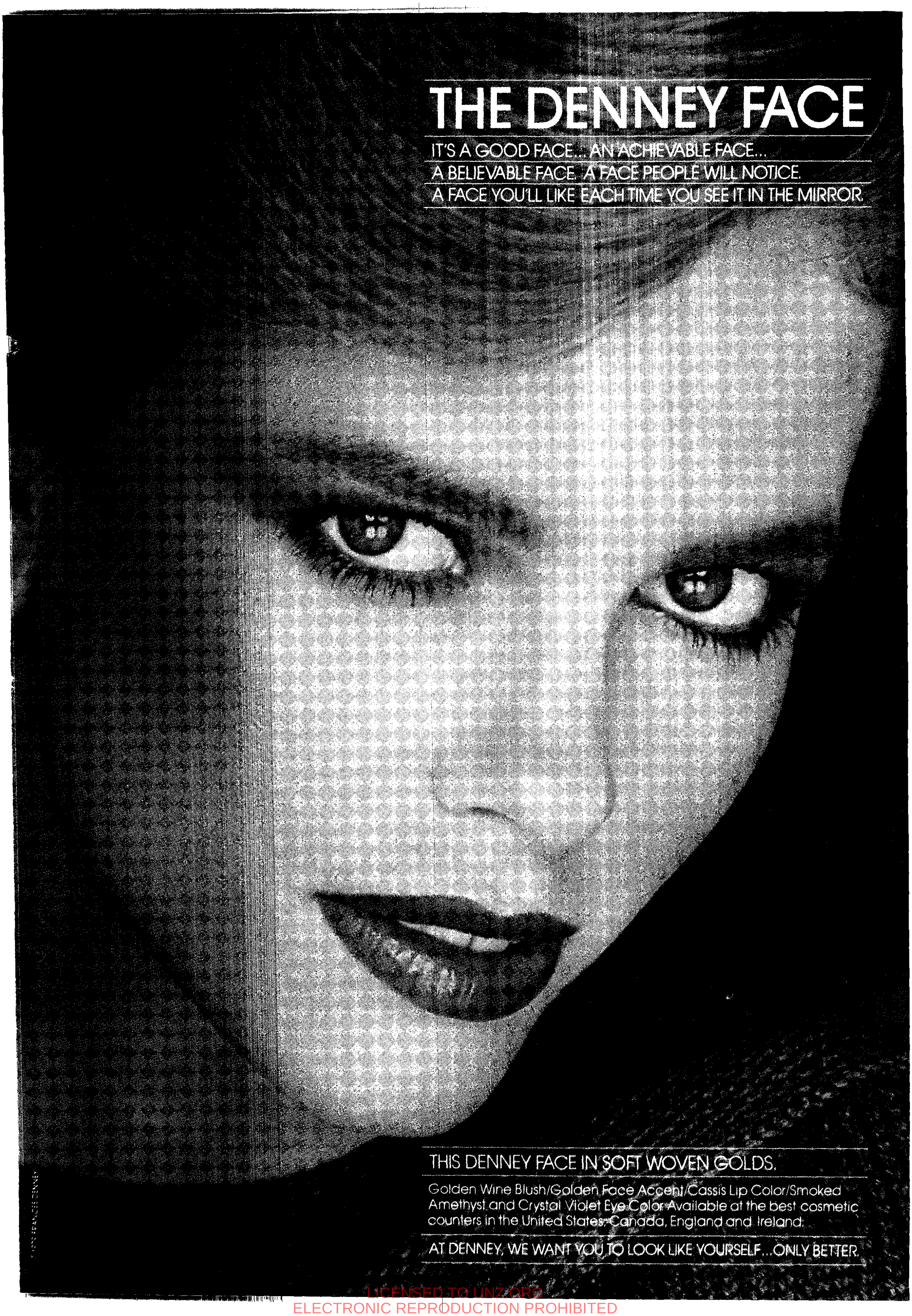
radio show on WMCA. The first vacation Koch ever took as Mayor, in July of 1978, prompted his staff to organize an office pool to see who could guess the day he would rush home early. He heard about the pool, and, to confound the staff, stayed away for four days, as he was scheduled to. He admits that he was miserable being away from the office for so long.

On weekends, the Mayor goes home to a rent-controlled fourteen-story apartment house a block from Washington Square Park, where he has a three-room apartment. He says he treasures this weekly reminder of his middle-class roots. From here, he can walk across the park to Balducci's and to Murray's Cheese Shop, and can knock at the doors of old friends. Weekends offer solace, a chance to get away. He drives his round-the-clock security detail to distraction, slipping out unnoticed to go shopping alone, take in an afternoon movie, or lunch at an inexpensive new restaurant. Rarely does Koch accept a public appearance on a weekend evening. This time is reserved for his brother's and sister's families and for a dozen or so close friends: Dan Wolf; David Margolis, the president of Colt Industries, and his wife, Bobbie (who was just appointed the city's dollar-a-year official greeter); John and Mary Condon, who are graphic designers; Corporation Counsel Allen Schwartz; State Supreme Court Justice Leonard Sandler; Councilman Henry Stern; and the restaurateur Peter Aschkenasy (whose wife, Dorothy, works for the Mayor as an assistant for special events). Like Koch, his close friends became successes on their own; they were not born to wealth.

If his weekend schedule is still clear on Tuesday or Wednesday, Koch will pick up the phone and invite friends to have dinner (which he cooks) at his apartment or to try an inexpensive restaurant someone has told him about. Koch's cramped apartment is not suitable for elaborate dinner parties. The kitchen is a narrow alley. There is no dining room—indeed, no dining table. But the Mayor loves to invite a few guests to sit on a dark-brown leather couch and two facing Barcelona chairs, gathered around the living room's glass-and-chrome coffee table, with plates perched on their laps. In colder months, a white marble fireplace glows. In warmer months, guests gather on a terrace that wraps around the living room and offers an impressive view of Manhattan and dozens of water towers. The living room is painted stark white and can be flooded with sunlight much of the day, although since Koch became Mayor his security detail has insisted that the shades be half drawn. A bookcase covers one wall, housing about a hundred and twenty-five books; a picture of young Edward Koch, as bald as he is today, strumming a guitar; and a David Levine caricature of Koch. The other walls are hung with several Japanese prints, gifts of Ronay Menschel; a "Koch for Congress" poster designed by John and Mary Condon, who have done many of Koch's campaign posters; and a nude painted on a cedar shutter by an emotionally disturbed thirteen-year-old girl. Underneath the bookcase is a dusty wine rack, mostly empty. Koch, who buys his wine at a store on lower Park Avenue, is a cautious shopper, and rarely spends more than three dollars a bottle.

Koch's staff, excluding Deputy Mayors and their staffs, is small—fewer than a dozen principal aides. By comparison, John Lindsay seemed to have an aide hunched over the shoulder of each commissioner. Many top members of the administration—including Deputy Mayors, aides, and department heads—are part of an extended family. Some have been with Koch for years, and are warm personal friends. For the first year of Koch's administration, Deputy Mayor for Policy David Brown was his closest government adviser. (Brown resigned last December.) Though Koch claimed that his seven deputies were co-equal, Brown, who served as Koch's first congressional chief of staff, was clearly first among equals. He was the only deputy who had time set aside for him each day on the Mayor's schedule. And, like First Deputy Mayors in the past, Brown was the member of the administration whom other members went to when they needed an ally to sell a policy or a personnel change to the Mayor, or when they just wanted to let their hair down and complain. Physically, Brown and Koch suggested the odd couple. Brown, a lean man with a finely chiselled nose and carefully parted brown hair that always looks wet, appears younger than his age, which is forty-two. In general, he has the appearance of Gatsby—a proper Protestant. Unlike other City Hall colleagues, he rarely strove to see Koch socially. But there was understanding and feeling between them, and Koch delighted in boasting to others of Brown's "brilliance." Dan Wolf, who sits in the office next to Koch's, has been a friend and adviser



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It is full-blooded Mercedes-Benz in its technical advances too. The fully independent suspension, four-wheel disc brakes and superb power steering system fitted to those costlier sedans are also fitted to the 240 D. As are power brakes, a central vacuum locking system, even a quartz-crystal chronometer. And every painstaking step of workmanship and finish that those other models undergo, the 240 D undergoes.

What's in a bread box?

Consider the mechanical heart of the 240 D. It is a four-cylinder Diesel engine whose 146.4 cubic inches of displacement would barely fill the average bread box. But what feats the engineers make it perform:

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- It runs on Diesel fuel, still America's cheapest automobile energy source. And despite its 1½ tons, it delivers an estimated *thirty miles per gallon*. This is the EPA estimate for a 240 D equipped with a 4-speed manual transmission. *Remember: Compare* this *estimate* to the 'estimated mpg' of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, and trip length.

This mileage and a 21.1-gallon tank create a driving range so vast that it is possible to go from New York to Washington, sightsee, then turn around and go back to New York again – all on a single fill-up.

Efficiency is standard

The 240 D's four-speed manual shift and its lack of power accessories both reduce initial cost and increase running efficiency. But if this seems a touch too austere – if you choose the comforts of air conditioning and electric windows and automatic transmission over the economies created by their absence – you can order them as extra-cost options. You will still be driving a frugal-hearted car.

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Satisfying sensations

The 240 D is a richly satisfying car to drive because it is intelligently engineered down to the fine points.

One fine point is zero-offset steering geometry. Simply put, it helps the car maintain a straight line even as you thunder over potholes. Another is the shock absorber fitted into the steering mechanism, to blot up thumps that might otherwise jar your hands on the wheel.

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There are some things that the 240 D *cannot* do. For instance, it cannot depreciate drastically in value overnight.

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A Diesel down to its soul

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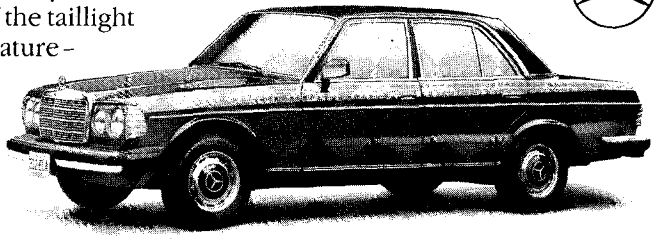

The 240D can take you 633 miles on a single fill-up.

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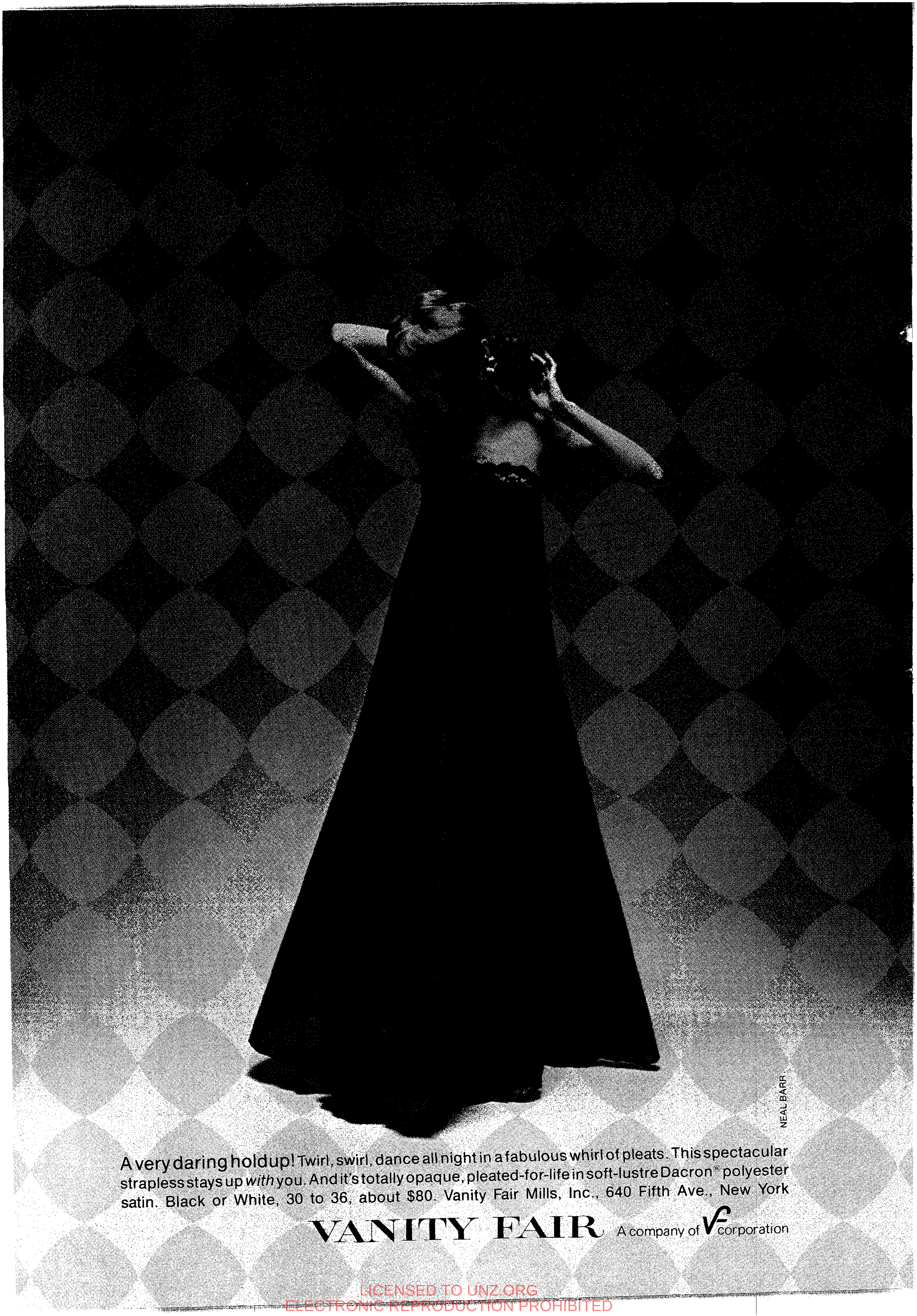

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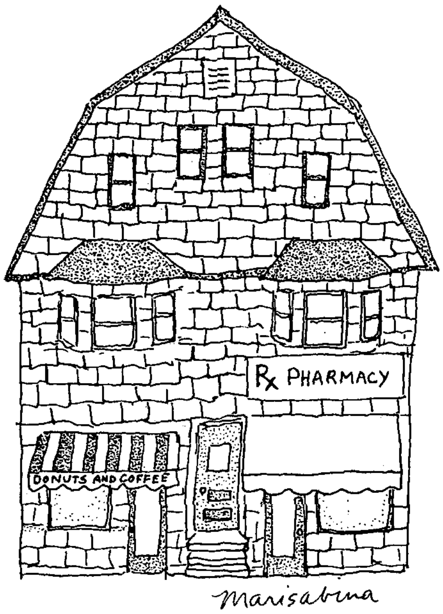
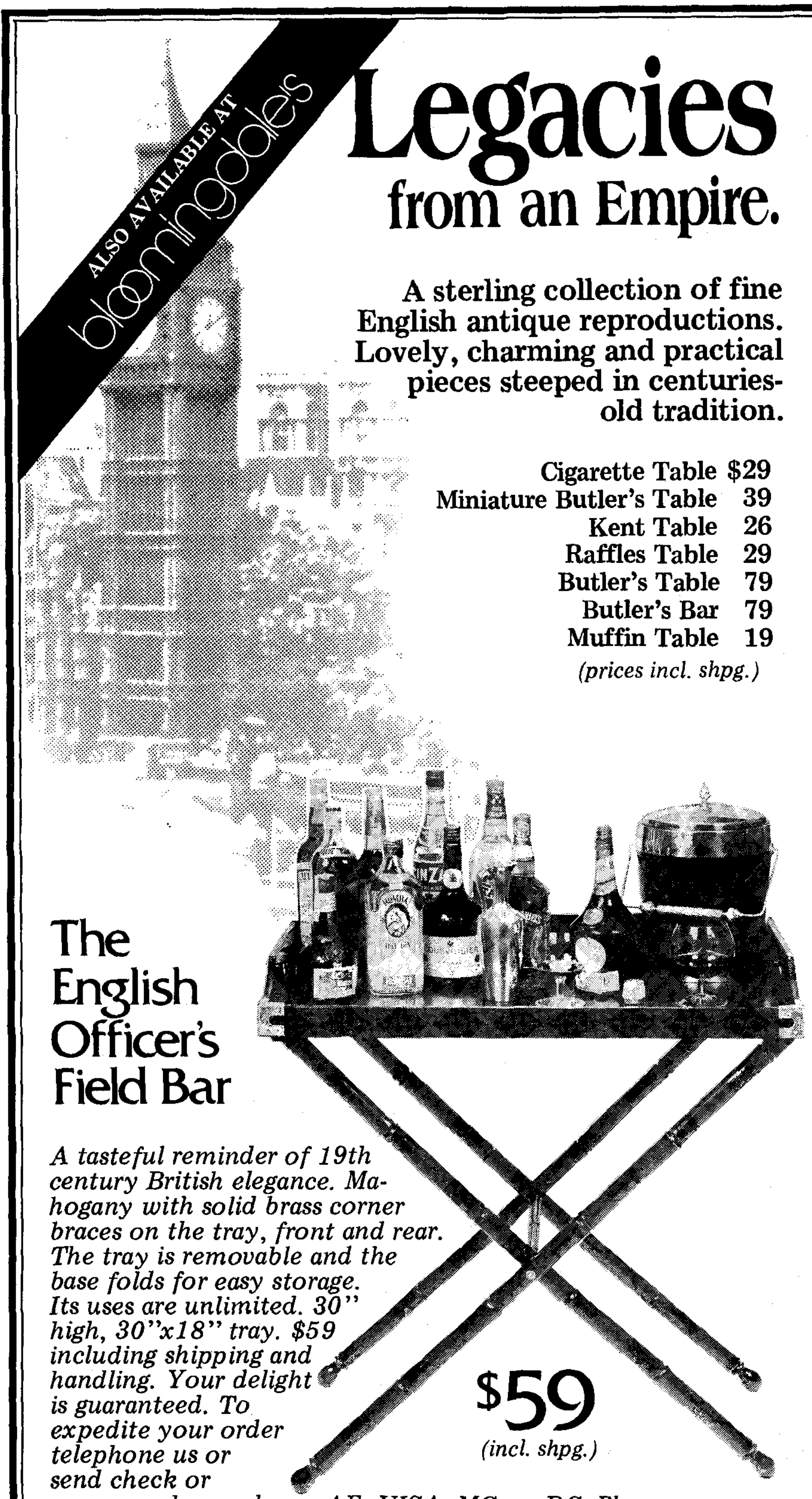
since the early sixties, and is the person Koch is most likely to turn to for personal advice. "I'm the back wall of the handball court" is how Wolf describes his role. "He likes to talk to me about things he has in mind. I think he feels he can say anything to me." Special Adviser John Lo Cicero, an outgoing man, has managed several of Koch's campaigns since the sixties, including the 1977 mayoral victory. He now manages "politics" at City Hall. Deputy Mayor Ronay Menschel supervised Representative Koch's Washington office for several years. After she moved to New York, in 1973, she efficiently supervised both of Koch's offices, in New York and Washington. Diane Coffey, who first went to work for Koch as a personal secretary in 1971, has served as the Mayor's chief of staff, screening his correspondence and supervising his schedule and his Gracie Mansion living quarters. While she searched for a New York home for her family after Koch was inaugurated as Mayor, he let them use his Village apartment during the week, when he was at Gracie Mansion. Maureen Connelly, the first woman ever to serve as mayoral press secretary, is also, at thirty-one, one of the youngest press secretaries. Connelly got to know Koch in 1977, when he was running for Mayor and she was working for Garth Associates. As chief of research, she was responsible for fashioning and documenting the "specific" position papers Koch received so much media acclaim for. As press secretary, she has complete access to the Mayor, reviews all manner of memorandums reaching his desk, pops in on meetings of her choice, is prized by Koch for having an even better memory than he has, and often serves as his "date" at social func-





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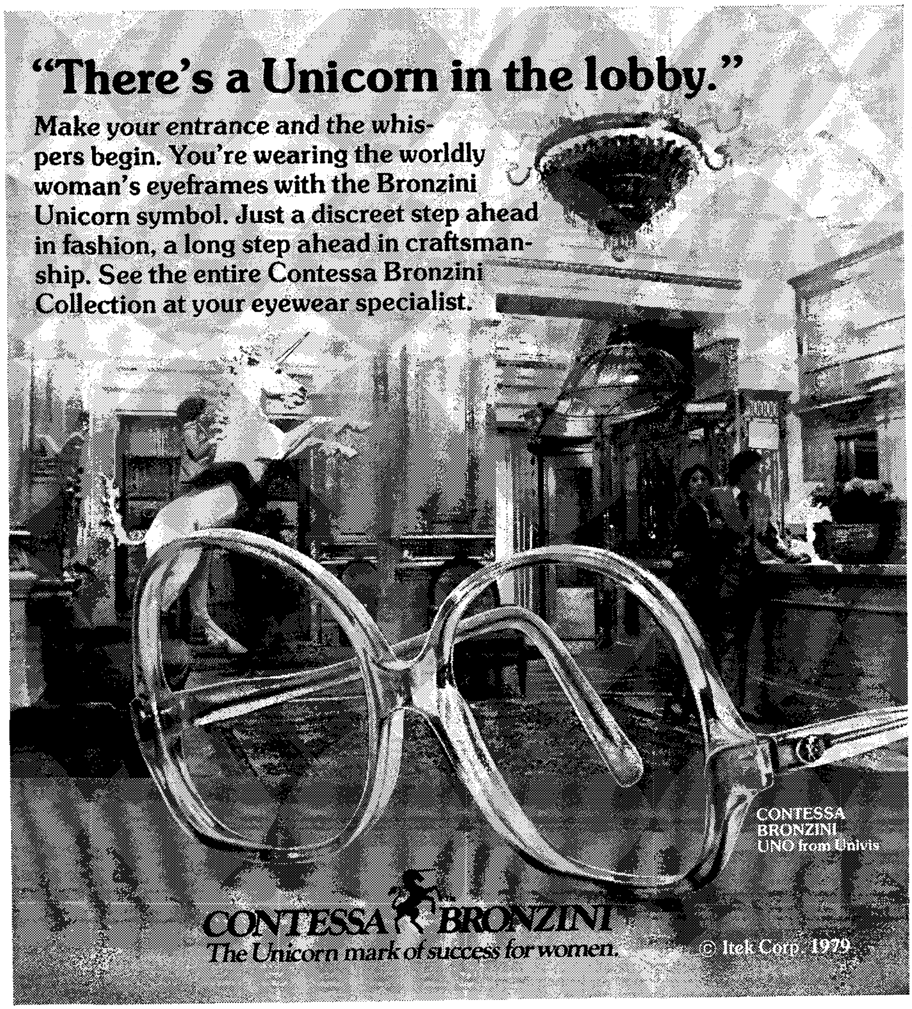

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tions. (Perhaps because of the increasingly influential role she plays, she is referred to privately by some of Koch's old associates as Madame Nhu.) Corporation Counsel Allen Schwartz was formerly Koch's law partner—one reason he can freely interrupt the Mayor to tell a joke or protest a course of action. Phillip Trimble, first the Mayor's counsel and now a Deputy Mayor, became an adviser to Koch in the mid-sixties, when Koch was a Councilman. When Trimble moved to Washington to work for Senator J. William Fulbright, he shared Koch's Washington apartment until his wife moved down from New York. The terrace of his Greenwich Village apartment adjoins Koch's. When Trimble was elevated to Deputy Mayor, his role as counsel was filled by Robert Tierney, who first met Koch at a subway station in 1970, when Koch was running for Congress. He went on to serve as treasurer of Koch's 1972 and 1974 congressional campaigns, and, after working as an assistant counsel to Governor Hugh Carey for nearly three and a half years, he joined Koch's staff, in April of 1978. Tierney's sister Mary, an aspiring actress, works for Ronay Menschel and often takes the Mayor's dictation on weekends. Mary Garrigan, the Mayor's personal secretary, has been with him since 1976. She is the only person besides him who has seen the diary Koch is keeping about his first term as Mayor; on her own time each weekend she types his dictated musings. Various other members of the City Hall team have also been previously associated with Koch.

The Koch staff does not attract universal acclaim, even from some of its own members. A common complaint is that the staff is disorganized. "The Cabinet meetings are ridiculous, because there is no rigid agenda," says one Deputy Mayor. "Surely one of those staff members should take the initiative in setting an agenda." Koch will often give the same assignment to two aides. The way his staff operates is a reflection of the man. He is an open person, very democratic about, for instance, who can attend meetings. When I asked him recently who was invited to attend a special series of breakfast meetings with the Municipal Labor Committee, the umbrella organization of the unions representing the city's workers, Koch replied, "My cast of characters is whoever is there in the morning." The Mayor's approach has its positive aspect: an absence of scheming and of hidden agendas. Once, when a Deputy Mayor asked for a pri-

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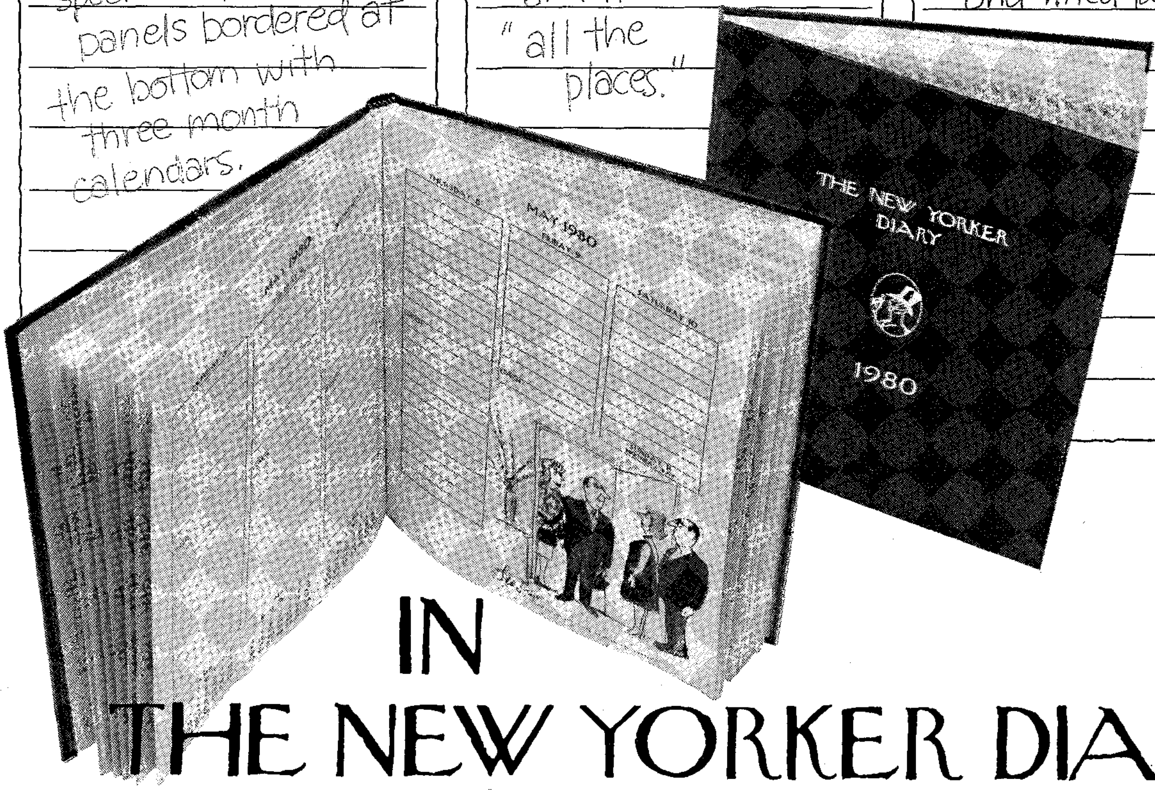

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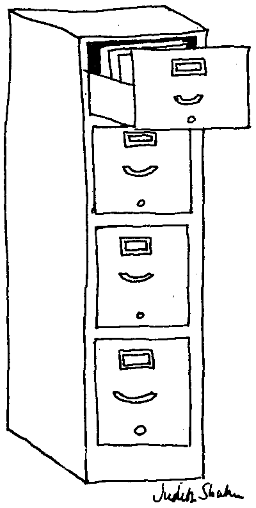
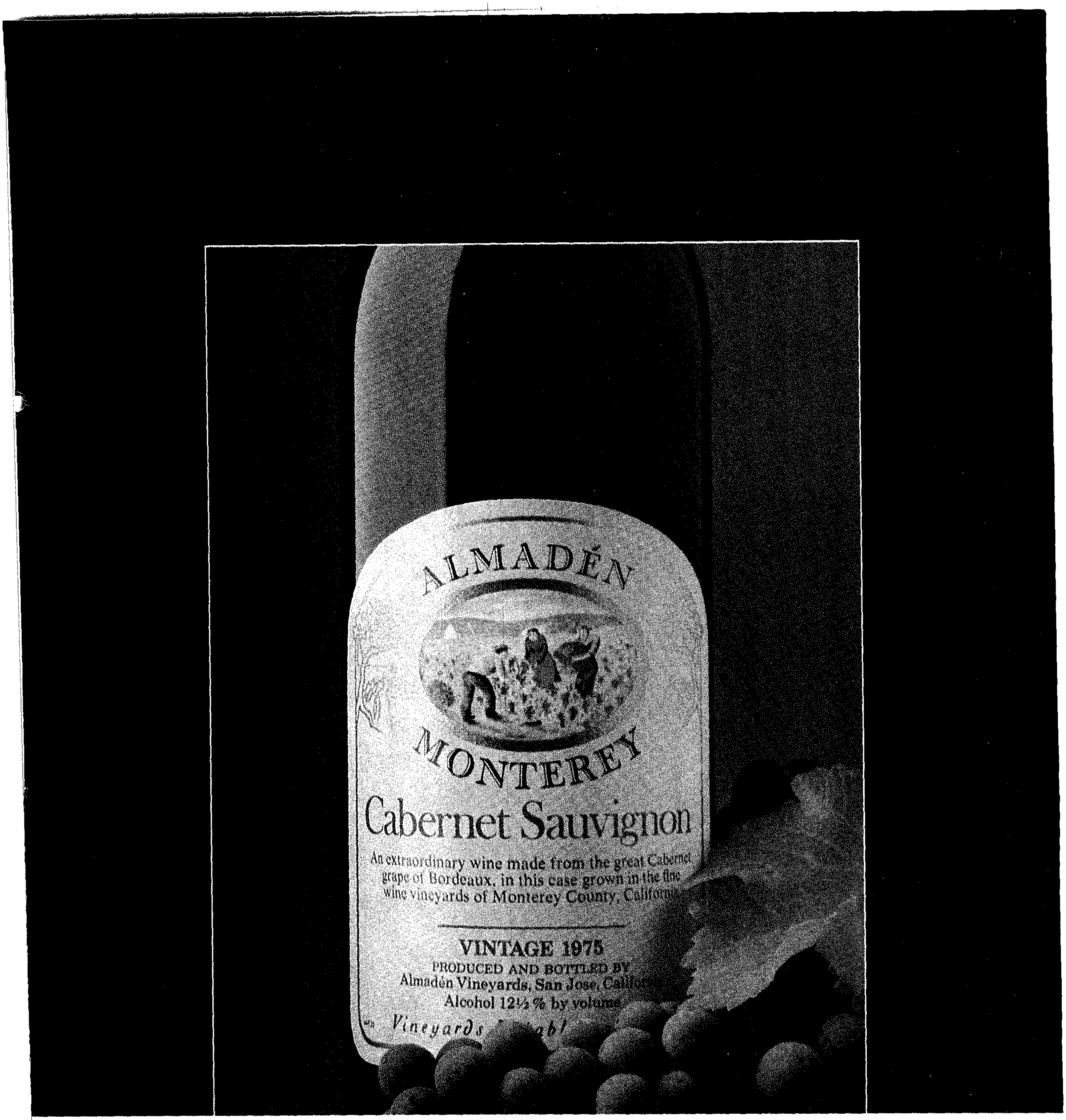
vate meeting to complain about Deputy Mayor Menschel, Koch suddenly interrupted the deputy, excused himself, and left the room. The complainant was baffled—until Koch returned with the accused in tow. "Tell her what you just told me," he said. They would resolve it right there, Koch—confrontation—style. A negative aspect is that this style leads to confusion and time wasted, as everyone strives to get his say. "There are too many people in some of the meetings," says one commissioner, who has a fairly high regard for the Koch staff. "It's embarrassing to discuss one man's job definition in front of other commissioners. There are too many cooks, too many people the Mayor wants to keep involved."

Staff confusion is abetted by Koch's impulsive nature. Because he believes so strongly in his own instincts, he is willing to act on impulse, without first discussing a decision. Shortly after he met Allen Schwartz for the first time, in 1964, he invited Schwartz to become his law partner. When he saw Schwartz in late 1977 to ask him to join the city administration, Schwartz surprised the Mayor-elect by asking if he needed a Corporation Counsel. "You got it!" Schwartz remembers Koch responding instantly. Koch offered Deputy Mayor Peter Solomon his post after their first conversation about the job. Solomon says that David Brown told him, "He wasn't supposed to offer you the job, but he liked you." Since a staff's function is to analyze people and subjects in order to protect a Mayor—from himself, among others—Koch sometimes drives members of his staff up the wall. "Ed lives from day to day," says Ed Costikyan. "He told me once that when he gets up in the morning he doesn't know where he will end up the day. Someone else controls his agenda—events. He doesn't plan."



The family atmosphere of the Koch staff has its advantages. Because the staff members know Koch, they can often anticipate even his whims. He trusts them, and is therefore not afraid to delegate authority. The situation was quite different in the Beame administration. In his final two years, Mayor Beame was surrounded by many people who had been foisted upon him by state and federal fiscal monitors. First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti and his staff, though they were personally fond of Beame, used to scheme to circumvent him and to force him to make politically unpleasant decisions. In a reversal of traditional roles, Zuccotti usually got the credit when the city made progress; Beame usually got the blame when there were delays. This situation created friction between Beame loyalists, led by Deputy Mayor Stanley Friedman, and Zuccotti loyalists. There is no such split at Koch's City Hall. Instead, Koch suffers the opposite affliction: his people are sometimes too loyal, as befits members of a family. "We all have the same protective relationship and feeling of warmth," says Schwartz, who once shared a partner's desk with Koch. "There is a danger of conceit," one Deputy Mayor says. "He doesn't have people tough enough to knock him down." Reflecting a not uncommon view, a state official who has worked closely with the last two Mayors says of Koch, "He is surrounded by weakness. They're very scared of him. They reflect fear." Ridiculous, counters a longtime Koch friend who heads an agency. "We are overprotective toward Ed." Koch revels in debate, in give and take, in a good fight, and the problem, this friend maintains, is not fear but sympathy—sympathy for the enormous pressure on and pain of the Mayor. There is a natural tendency to defend, to offer warmth, a respite from the rigors of an awful job. Any person needs that; Koch demands it. Several months before Bernard Rome, an old friend of Koch's, was fired as president of the Off-Track Betting Corporation, last April, he described his visits to City Hall, saying of Koch, "He pays little attention in our meetings, and I always get the feeling that what he's really interested in is the end of the meeting, when he leans forward, lowers his voice, and asks, 'How'm I doing?' "

A major criticism of the Koch team has centered on the Mayor's decision not to appoint a First Deputy Mayor. To many, the decision has meant that Koch was leaving the reins of his government in the hands of his commissioners. "After a decision is made, it goes to an agency," says Sanitation Commissioner Norman Steisel, who believes that Koch needs a first deputy,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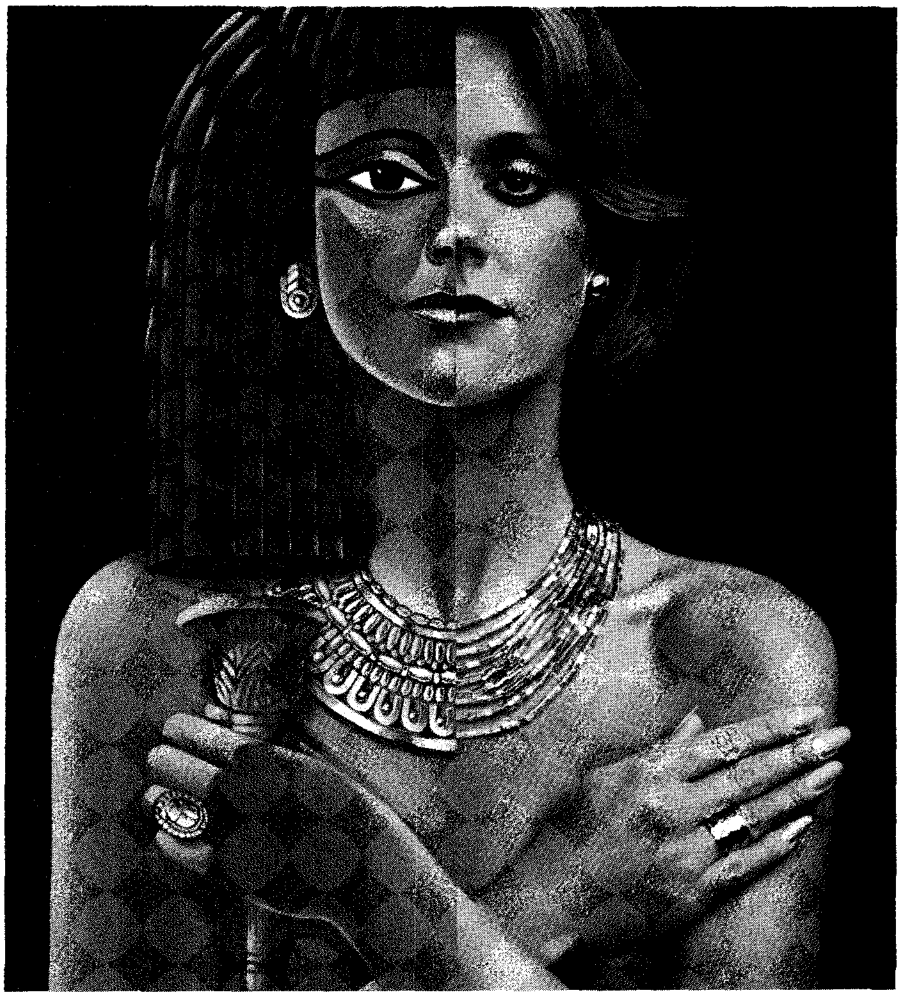
MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

Gold on the body: the ancient urge that became a tradition.



Gold Jewelry by M & J Savitt

A woman emerges from her bath, towels herself dry and begins her dressing ritual. In the next few minutes she reaches for a golden object —a necklace, a bracelet or a ring—and places it on her body.

It is a simple, unceremonious act yet in one aspect it is utterly remarkable, for it is an act both as ancient as recorded history and as modern as tomorrow. The wearing of gold on the body, beginning as it must have, as a primitive urge, has not only accompanied man through much of his evolution, it may even be his oldest surviving tradition.

One would think that a behavior so universal would have a universally accepted explanation, but this does not exist. The famous psychiatrists Freud and Jung disagreed. Others, too, have studied the phenomenon and the theories range from the almost incomprehensibly profound to the almost ludicrously superficial. More serious suppositions have included sexual enhancement, social or tribal status, an inner quest for immortality, self-deception, self-esteem, superstition, religion and, as in the case of Freud, a carnal hypothesis. What is generally agreed to at this point is only that gold's attraction *is* deeply psychological and that it has touched both male and female and in every culture that has ever known the metal.

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It should be noted that although much of the world wears gold, it wears it in different shades—some Europeans, for example, prefer slightly redder golds while in America the choice is often yellower. Karatage, or degree of real gold content, varies, too, from country to country in a variety too extensive to list here.

It seems worth adding, however, that much jewelry manufactured everywhere in the world today uses classic techniques that date back centuries, and the gold ring you wear was probably formed using a "lost wax" method known at least 4,000 years.

Gold, of course, is not the only viable ornamentation for the body. But it is the *only* material known to man that contains in combination the four characteristics of lustrous beauty, virtual indestructibility, extreme rarity, and ease of workability. And somehow this seems to be the magic combination that satisfies the inner calling of the human psyche more than anything else.

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"and nobody is really following through to be sure the Mayor's expectations are being met." During the Mayor's first twelve months, the commissioners' biweekly reports were not carefully scrutinized by any member of Koch's staff. Thus, the commissioners and the Deputy Mayors were free to tell the Mayor just what they wanted him to know. There was no one at City Hall going through previous reports or other documents, flagging questions for Koch to ask, or contrasting this month's performance with last month's promise. Commissioners don't tell the Mayor what they're "not doing," a commissioner admits. The director of the Office of Operations, who is supposed to watch government, received copies of the reports after, not before, the Mayor received his. According to several commissioners, their biweekly reports were never brought up at the regular meetings between their agencies and the Office of Operations. Because the reports are shaped by what the commissioner chooses to impart, cranking them out "becomes pro forma, protective, self-serving," a Deputy Mayor says. Commissioners start fleshing out the reports with filler. For instance, the report submitted on November 2, 1978, by Isaiah Robinson, the chairman of the Human Rights Commission, was devoted mostly to accounts of where he spoke, what fund-raisers or meetings he attended, and what publicity his agency received over the previous two weeks. Anthony Russo, then the director of the Office of Municipal Labor Relations, used to send the Mayor a summary of his daily diary, including phone calls made and received. The second paragraph of Fire Commissioner Augustus A. Beekman's September 29th report informed Koch, "On 9/27/78 at 0815 hours, a jogger entered the quarters of Marine Co. 6 at Grand Street and East River and reported the apparent rape of a woman approximately 100 yds. north of quarters."

"I can't say the commissioner form of government is bad," Zuccotti says. "But I don't feel it is appropriate for the difficult things that lie ahead. If you're going to cut the budget by nearly one and a third billion, the Mayor has to have a handle on the government. Commissioners don't always provide you with accurate information. They have their own agendas. You say to the commissioner, 'Cut your budget twenty-five per cent.' He may try to hide the cuts. And the commissioner's idea of where to cut may not be the

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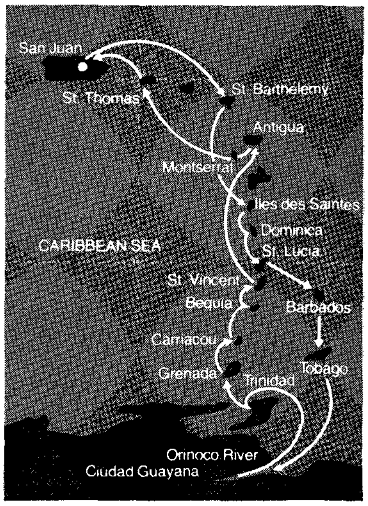

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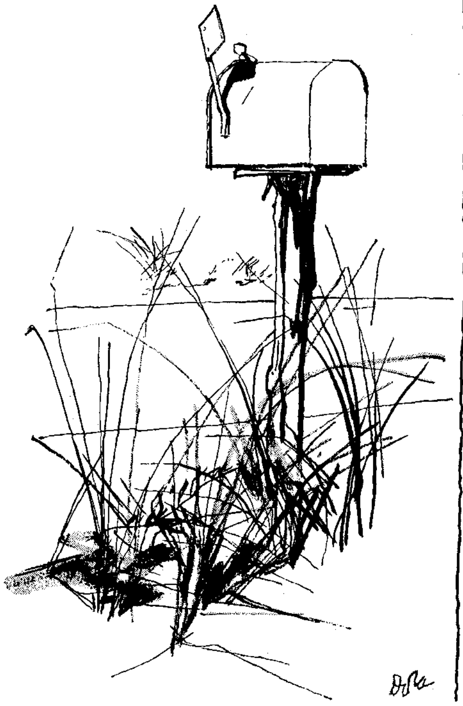
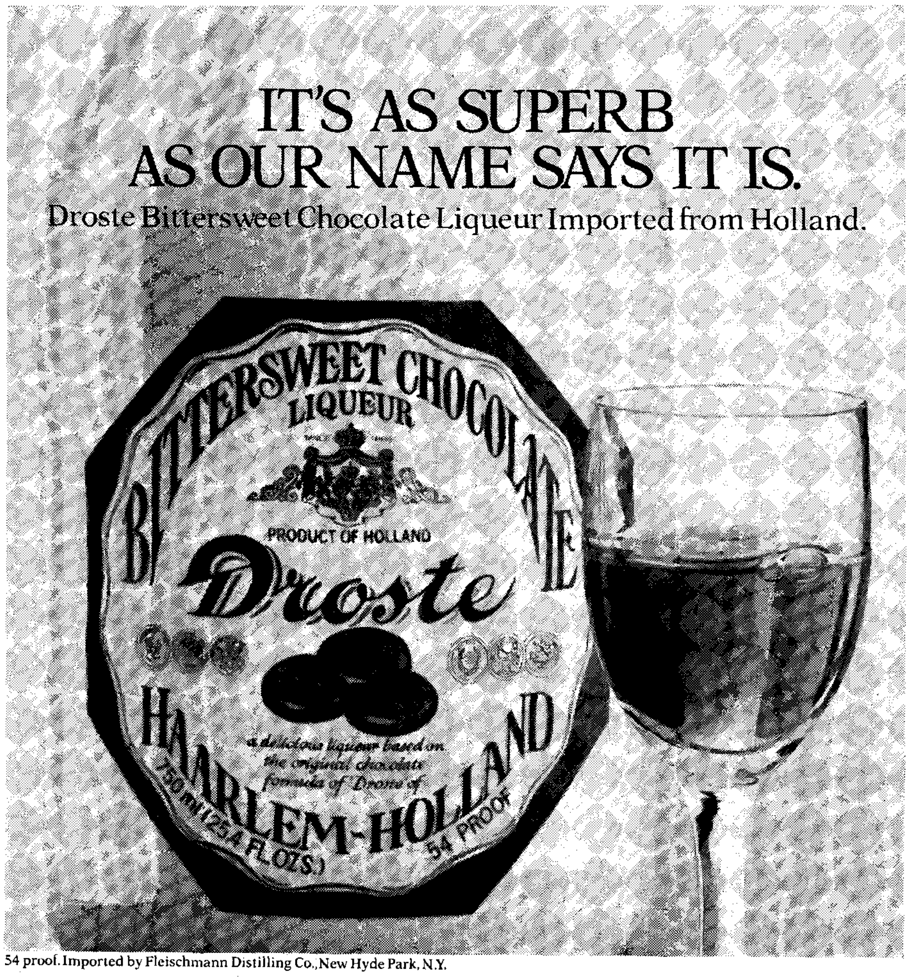
same as yours. If you're not on top of it, you leave the choice to somebody else." Koch says that the reason he won't appoint a first deputy is that he wants to communicate to his commissioners that he trusts them. Yet he is so mistrustful of the government bureaucracy that he has installed a new inspector-general program in many of the city's agencies to blow the whistle on waste as well as wrongdoing. Furthermore, the twenty-five inspectors general and two hundred investigators who work under them are instructed to report not just to the agency head but also to Investigation Commissioner Stanley Lupkin.

Felix Rohatyn advances another reason for a first deputy: "I think somebody who is not the Mayor should often be the one to say no, in order to be a lightning rod. Also, there are any number of issues that you have to compromise on, and a Mayor shouldn't always be compromising." Too much accessibility, Rohatyn adds, removes "the aura of mystery" from a Mayor. Moreover, in Koch's case, the absence of a strong first deputy removes a potential check on an impulsive Mayor's whims. A state Financial Control Board official worries that "there is no one person to go to in the Mayor's absence whom you can rely on and the Mayor will go along with—it creates a time lag." Before David Brown left the administration, he assumed several duties that are normally performed by a first deputy, but he says, "I almost never failed to check with Ed before doing something." He would not even schedule meetings without Koch's approval. "Unless Ed sees something as in his interest, you're wasting your time," he says. "You're just going through the motions." When Brown was planning to leave the administration, he pushed Philip Toia as a candidate for first deputy—"at least on the management side." But Brown also appreciated the fact that Koch had "invited some talented Deputy Mayors to join him without a first deputy," so that suddenly appointing one would be "changing the rules of the game." And, what was more significant, it would mean changing Koch. Brown says that Koch wants to be "the center of the wheel," and adds, "Whether he can work effectively as the center of the wheel remains to be seen."

Most of Koch's deputies and commissioners like reporting directly to the Mayor, instead of reporting through a first deputy. They are grateful for his accessibility, and they enjoy his company and his good humor. "It's fun to work for Ed Koch," says Police Commissioner Robert McGuire. Transportation Commissioner Anthony Ameruso calculates that he spends more time with Koch than he did with Beame and Zuccotti combined. "The level of personal involvement is a quantum leap over Beame," he says. "Koch is his own first deputy." Lee Oberst, who served as director of the Office of Operations under Beame and for the first ten months of the Koch administration, says, "I love Zuccotti. He is one of the most competent people I have known. But he was a one-man operation. You had to make an appointment two weeks in advance to see him. It was easier to see Beame."

In the final months of the mayoral campaign, Koch won points with editorial writers by promising to appoint Costikyan First Deputy Mayor. Costikyan was a respected figure, a smart, tough man who could serve as a counterweight for what was perceived as the slightly flaky Koch. By late November of 1977, however, Koch had come to feel that the strong-willed Costikyan was treating him like a "dummy." Costikyan says *he* began to feel like a dummy. Costikyan recalls the campaign and Koch's implacable opposition to Westway, the proposed billion-dollar highway and development project along Manhattan's West Side. "I began to realize I didn't have the authority to do anything without checking with him," Costikyan says. "If I did it, he undid it. Westway is a good example. He had devised a good Westway position: He was opposed to it, but he

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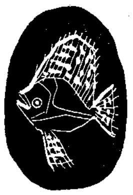
would not lie down to block it. Then he said, 'It will never be built!' A *Times* reporter called me and asked about this. I said, 'Oh, that's just campaign rhetoric.' The reporter called Koch at home, and he called Westway 'an ecological monstrosity.' At that point, I started wondering whether I could work with someone like that if I had to check everything." Koch admits that he had been impulsive in offering Costikyan the position. "I didn't understand the full implications of what a first deputy would mean," he says. "Certainly I did not understand that it would mean the Mayor would be ceremonial. Heh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh." When Koch began to think about it, after the election, he came to believe that it was important for the Mayor to be the undisputed center of the wheel.



When David Brown announced to the Mayor last December that he wished to return to private life, Koch reorganized his team. Brown's title, Deputy Mayor for Policy, was awarded to Herman Badillo, but not Brown's access or clout. Badillo's management functions were parcelled out among him; Philip Toia, who became Deputy Mayor for Financial Management; Ronay Menschel, who became Deputy Mayor for Administration; and Diane Coffey, who was promoted to chief of staff. Counsel Phillip Trimble was promoted to Menschel's old job—Deputy Mayor for Intergovernmental Relations. Robert Tierney moved up to the counsel's post. Deputy Mayors Herbert Sturz and Peter Solomon retained their original titles. Basil Paterson, unhappy with too little to do and uncomfortable with Koch's confrontational approach, had earlier indicated that he was going to vacate his post, of Deputy Mayor for Labor Relations, to become Secretary of State in Albany.

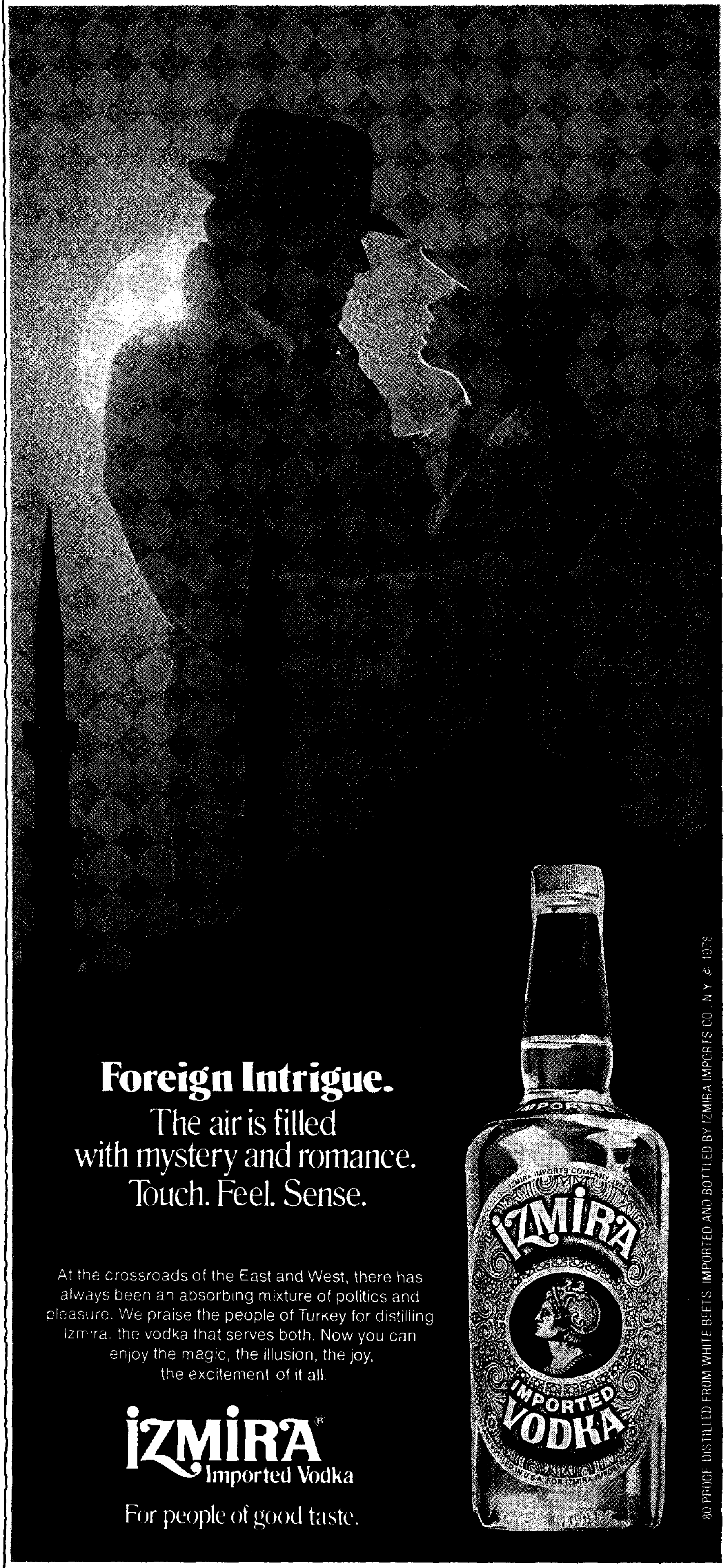
The system still didn't work satisfactorily. Before he left, David Brown had urged Koch to streamline the management of City Hall and the government. The octopus, he had warned, was getting out of control. In succeeding months, similar critiques were offered by Press Secretary Maureen Connelly and Corporation Counsel Allen Schwartz, and by David Margolis and Dan Wolf, among others. "I had a sense of the palace guard getting bigger and people becoming overwhelmed with their own positions—each had to have a counsel and a chief of staff," Koch told me recently. "I could feel I was losing a sense of immediacy and intimacy with government. It's like riding in a car close to the ground, where you can feel the pavement. Or riding in a Rolls-Royce. I'm not a Rolls-Royce type." By May of this year, Badillo's and Trimble's staffs, for instance, had swelled to twenty-four and forty-four persons, respectively. Koch says he decided last spring to bring to City Hall as Deputy Mayors two of his favorite commissioners—Housing Commissioner Nathan Leventhal and Planning Commission Chairman Robert Wagner. "But it had to be done at the appropriate time," he says, "and I knew it had to be done in an all-encompassing way. The change had to include my friends as well as my associates."

Early last month, Koch suddenly announced those changes. Over the next several months, he said, three Deputy Mayors would be departing—Badillo, Toia, and Trimble. Two deputies—Ronay Menschel and Herbert Sturz—would remain in the administration, but with lesser titles. Leventhal would be coming to City Hall to "exercise coördinating and supervisory functions," as Deputy Mayor for Operations, and, though it was not formally announced, Wagner would become Deputy Mayor for Policy and, when Deputy Mayor Peter Solomon eventually returned to private business, probably for Economic Development as well. Though Koch said that he still did not believe in having a first deputy, and that his commissioners would continue to have direct access to him, he was granting Leventhal more authority than he had granted Brown (or than Brown was willing to assume). "I still want to know what's going on day to day," he says. "But I want someone to know hour to hour." Typically, and perhaps ominously, the Mayor did not precisely define Leventhal's task. Asked to explain his new job as Deputy Mayor for Operations, Leventhal said, "I'm not sure, but my guess is that I'll be responsible for government operations. I'm also going to be in charge of intergovernmental relations and administration—who gets hired, City Hall, the approval of promotions—*I believe*." In addition to the thirteen agency heads and seven Deputy Mayors he has now forced out or demoted since becoming Mayor in January of 1978, other commissioners will be eased out as part of his reorganization, Koch said. He will reduce the number of Deputy Mayors from seven to three or perhaps two, will have Ronay Menschel serve as executive administrator, and will change Diane

Coffey's title from chief of staff to administrative assistant. Koch said that this represented no demotion for Coffey.

The Mayor says that the shakeups involved "the most painful decisions I've made as Mayor." He says that it was "excruciating" to meet with and ease out his "two closest friends in government"—Menschel and Trimble. But Koch came to feel that Menschel did not need a deputy title to perform her role as an executive administrator, and that Trimble, whose advice as counsel he treasured, was like a fish out of water when it came to politics—his principal concern as Deputy Mayor for Intergovernmental Relations. Torn between competence and loyalty, Koch, to his credit, chose competence. "I happen to think it was one of the most courageous acts I've ever seen, in public or private life," his friend Margolis says. Koch was somewhat less courageous with Badillo. He had come to admire Badillo's acute intellect, but not the staff he surrounded himself with and not his administrative ability. Koch desired Badillo's resignation, but he told me afterward, "I wouldn't have pushed Herman out. It was clear Herman wanted to go." He said that he would have pushed Menschel and Trimble. Why would he have treated Badillo differently? "Because of his constituency," Koch said—and also because of their "relationship in Congress" and the fact that Badillo had sacrificed a safe congressional seat to join the administration. Two days after this conversation, Maureen Connelly phoned me, on Koch's instructions, to say that her boss did not wish to leave a misleading impression: he would have asked for Badillo's resignation if it had not been volunteered.

IN his first nineteen months in office, Mayor Koch did not focus on improving the delivery of services, as Candidate Koch had promised. This is not to say that Koch wasn't on top of the details of his government. "You do get the impression the Mayor is in command of the situation," says First Deputy Comptroller Martin Ives. But Koch's personal competence does not necessarily translate into a competent administration. A thirteen-billion-dollar government is not a candy store, or a one-man band. Koch's trademark question—"Hi, how'm I doing?"—is really the wrong question. He should be asking, "Hi, how is the city government doing?" A Mayor, even as energetic a Mayor as this one, does not clean streets, teach children to read, administer civil-service exams, or actually manage the eighty-



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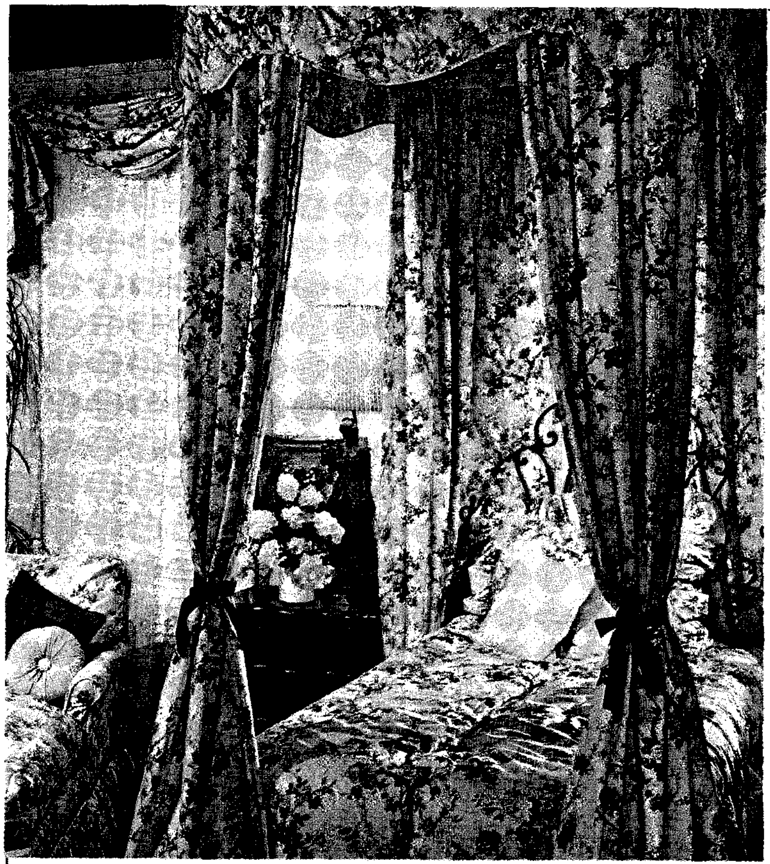

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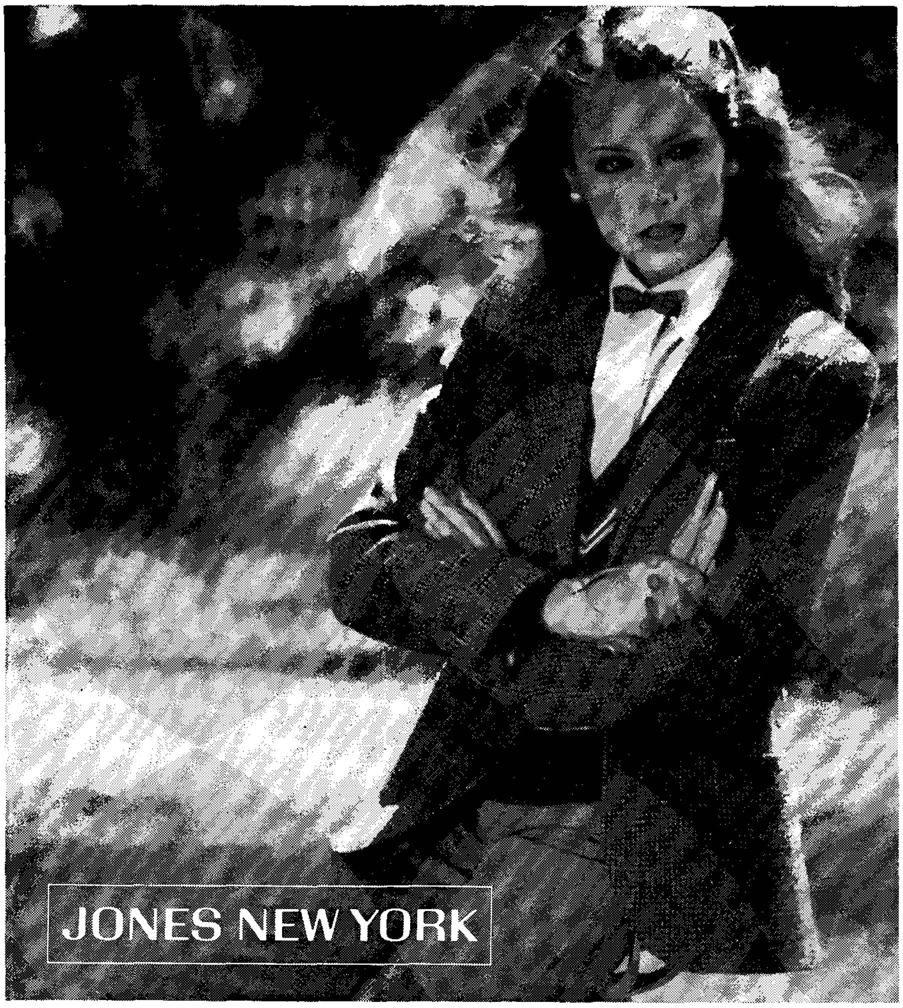
odd agencies and departments. Koch may be doing fine with the public or the press, or both, and still not be managing his government well. At the end of his first year, he admitted that he was too little involved with the guts of his government. "I'm getting there," he said. "It takes time." He explained that in his first year he was confronted with a succession of crises: he had to produce a four-year financial plan within twenty days of assuming office, recruit a new management team, negotiate new labor contracts, prepare a budget, win loan guarantees from Washington, line up local financing. But Koch's shakeup of his administration last month is a further admission that he has yet to get a handle on the government. Just as former Representative John Lindsay did, Koch has been undergoing on-the-job training as an executive. A member of Congress or a City Councilman proposes legislation, issues press releases, attends hearings, and meets with groups, but does not assume responsibility for delivering services, balancing a budget, administering a government. As a legislator, Koch was accustomed to being, in Felix Rohatyn's words, "a lone cowboy." After nineteen months in office, Koch was still "a lone cowboy." His closest advisers worried that he was trying to do too much himself. He still insisted on meeting with his scheduling staff. He fussed over letters. He wasted time, some of it on shooting the breeze with reporters and regaling them with funny anecdotes, some of which are quite venomous. "I always like to tweak people if I can," he says in his oral memoirs, "especially if I don't like them. This is something that's really vicious in me." He insists on being his administration's primary—sometimes only—lightning rod. One day late last year, Ronald Gault, who was then a special adviser and is now Commissioner of the Department of Employment, was handed a mailgram from the New York Metropolitan Council of the N.A.A.C.P. denouncing the Koch administration as "callous." Gault thought that the mailgram required study, and the press office said that there would be no immediate comment. Since it was already late in the day and there was no reaction from City Hall, the mailgram was played down by the press. However, Koch held an impromptu press conference a few days later to denounce the "outrageous" and "unfair" mailgram. The Mayor can take the heat while he's popular. Presumably, someday he will not be. The Mayor's aides fear that by not husbanding his resources, not picking and choosing his fights, by insisting on personalizing issues and taking firm stands, he is collecting enemies who will one day join in ambushing him. What Koch views as a great strength—doing what's "right"—some of his aides see as a potential flaw.

You judge a good political leader differently from a good manager, Felix Rohatyn says. A political leader is judged by the image he projects, by personal acts. Rohatyn gives Koch high marks in this respect. "But in a manager you look for entirely different things," he observes. "You look not for the vision of the man but for the kind of organization he surrounds himself with and the kind of people willing to work for him—and his willingness to delegate to them." One Deputy Mayor thinks that there aren't enough "implementers" among the people Koch has surrounded himself with during the first nineteen months. "I feel that there are very few people in this administration who have ever been responsible for managing anything and being respectful of the difficulty of making things happen," this man says. The management task is compounded by the Mayor's feeling that he is at war with his own government. Koch often speaks like an outsider, though he is now an insider. There is a tension between his low opinion of the bureaucracy and his need to win that bureaucracy's coöperation. "You can't be at war with your own employees," says David Brown. "You might occupy the agencies but not be able to govern them."

Koch sometimes seems to be at war not only with the bureaucracy but with the city's entire political-financial-business-labor establishment—a battle he likes to think he has waged throughout his political career. He is always on guard, worried that each of these special interests hungers for a larger piece of the city's shrinking pie. Koch believes in the adversary system—in not getting too close to those who do not share his broader responsibilities, to nearly eight million people. "When he became Mayor, he came to view us as the enemy," Felix Rohatyn says. "He's declaring war all the time," the labor leader Barry Feinstein says. The hostility and distrust that built up between the Mayor and those accustomed to being "partners" of the city's Mayors reached a point where some members of the administration began to fear that Koch's ability to govern was being crippled. Koch could get elected without the establishment, but could he govern without it?

Last September, at an Association for



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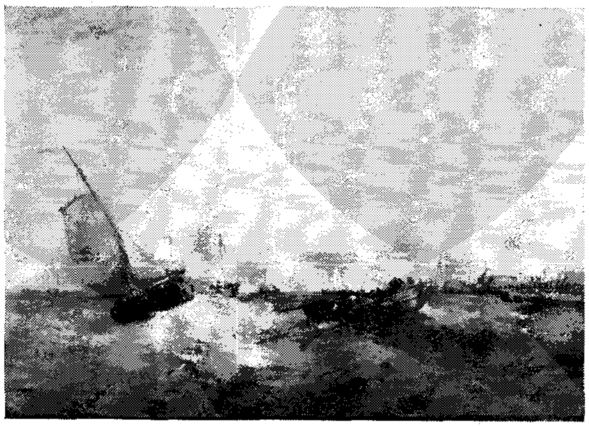

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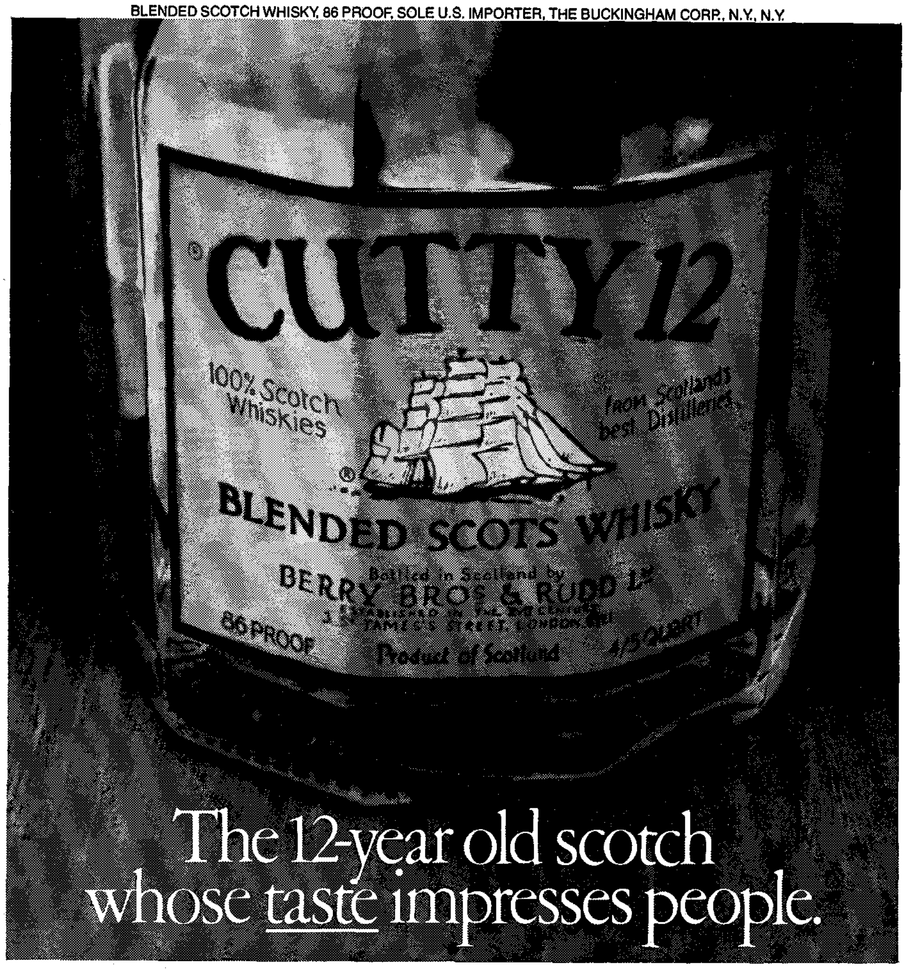

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a Better New York breakfast, attended by former Mayors Wagner and Lindsay and almost five hundred men and women important in business, banking, the media, and labor, the Mayor said that those who had claims on previous Mayors had "no claims upon me." Of course, that did not mean they had no "access to me," he continued. "But it does mean that I am able to make every decision on the merits. And that hasn't happened for many, many years." Wagner and Lindsay squirmed. A wave of foot-shuffling and head-turning filled the room. The speech was, Deputy Mayor Solomon told Koch afterward, "a lousy speech." A prominent businessman said a few months later, "Koch had this fantastic opportunity to win over important people. But instead of doing that, of saying we're all here for the same purpose, he went off and criticized previous administrations. When you become Mayor, you've got to put down your personal feelings about people and climb above them."

Many people worry that Koch is excessively—needlessly—candid. They complain that a Mayor does not have the same freedom to express opinions as a private citizen, or even a member of Congress. "Part of the responsibility of a Mayor is to be honest and direct with the voters," Stephen Berger, a former Koch adviser and once the executive director of the State Emergency Financial Control Board, says. "Another part is not to say everything you know or feel at a given moment. There are times when you have to control yourself for the public good, and give yourself the margin to achieve long-range aims. What a Mayor says has meanings, echoes. It vibrates out. Everybody takes it seriously. Unlike what a legislator says. And since Ed Koch is popular, what he says is taken more seriously."

There is a constant tension between what the Mayor says and what he should say, between being honest and being effective. As Koch says, "what you see is what you get." Unlike many public officials, he utters simple declarative sentences, is not easily intimidated by polls or pressure groups, has a well-developed sense of public service, and maintains wonderfully naïve hopes and expectations of reforming city government and of not being coöpted by the establishment. But while democratic government cannot serve the public if it is beholden to an establishment of special interests, it also cannot dictate to the special interests. It must persuade them. Mayor Beame, like Wagner before him, was too close to the establishment, and therefore too cautious. Mayor Lindsay, through his first years, was not close enough. A Mayor must strike a balance to govern effectively. In his first nineteen months, Koch did not strike that balance. He remained, proudly, defiantly, Ed Koch the outsider, the gadfly. Privately, David Brown and others urged Koch to cooperate more with the establishment, and particularly with municipal labor leaders.

On the morning of November 3, 1978, over Danish and coffee in his office, the Mayor opened peace negotiations with the Municipal Labor Committee. The meeting was a secret one, mysteriously listed on his schedule as an 8 A.M. "private meeting." Just after 9 A.M., the door to Koch's office was flung open and out walked Victor Gotbaum, chairman of the Municipal Labor Committee; Jack Bigel, consultant to the committee; Barry Feinstein, the committee secretary; and William Scott, deputy to Albert Shanker, who is head of the United Federation of Teachers. I was standing outside the door with Dan Wolf, and after the labor delegation left the Mayor waved Wolf and me into his office. I asked how the meeting had come about. Well, Koch began, MAC Chairman Rohatyn "stupidly" promised the labor-union leaders the right to review the city's budget annually in return for their consent to purchase MAC bonds with employee-pension funds. "He now denies he said it. But he said it," Koch went on. "I told Allen Schwartz there will be no labor veto"—over the city's budget, that is. "If everyone tells you the interest rates will go up, I told Allen, then tell Jack Bigel if they do there will be more layoffs." Koch would not share his mayoral prerogatives. Bigel, the unions' chief strategist, was accustomed to sharing power. Abe Beame had been a close friend and John Lindsay a political ally. Bigel had had regular access to their office. He had been considered a partner. Now the Mayor was a man who insisted that a non-elected leader could not be a full partner. Bigel began to worry that the estrangement had gone far enough. Together, over the course of three years, the unions and the banks and the city and the state and the federal governments—the "partners"—had successfully skirted bankruptcy. That effort could be undermined by misunderstandings and non-communication. Bigel's central role and his importance as a conduit could also be undermined if he did not enjoy a special relationship with the Mayor. So Bigel asked to see Koch, alone. Out of that

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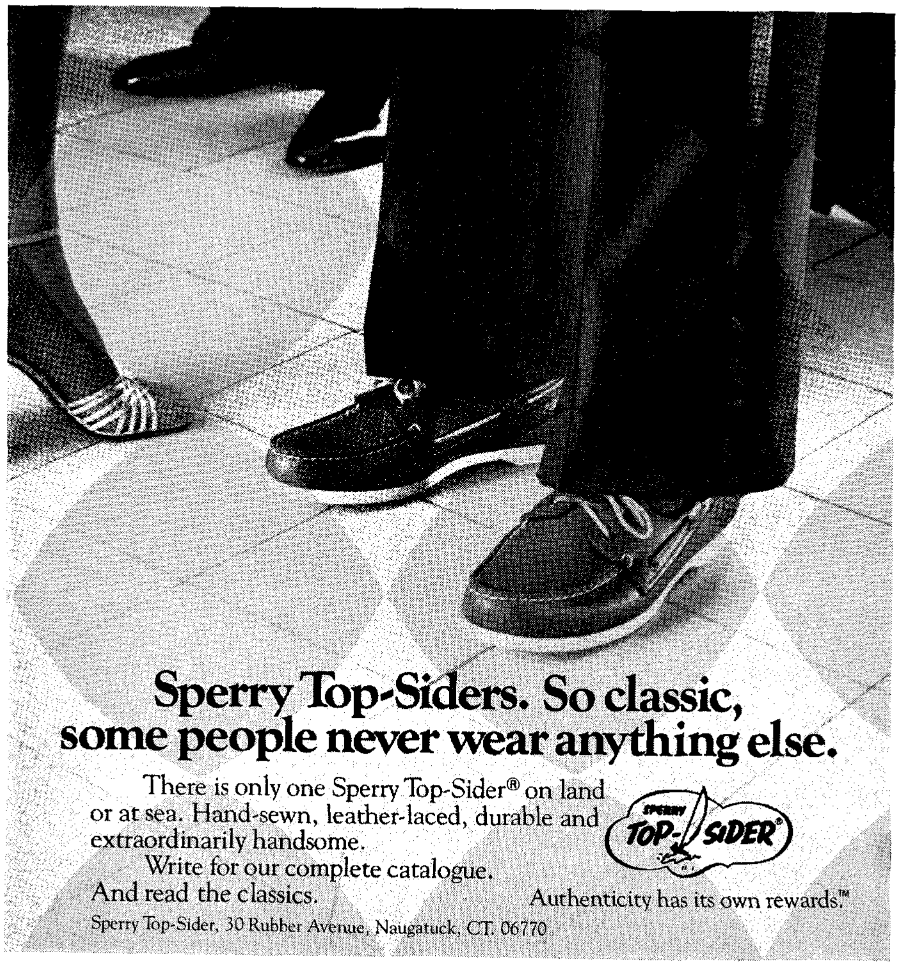
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session the idea for the coffee-and-Danish breakfast was born.

Bigel agreed at the breakfast that the unions would drop their demand for annual budget review. In return, Koch agreed to "wipe the slate clean," he says. "I wanted to show Washington and the country New York was taking a new tack." What of his previous criticism of the bureaucracy and the city workers? "If you want to make a point, as I did, you can't pass every litmus test," he says. "I recognize I wasn't including every point I should." At the breakfast, they agreed to meet regularly to discuss city matters. They also agreed on the content of an open letter from Koch to Gotbaum, dated November 3rd, which represented a mea culpa of sorts from Koch. He wrote, in part:

> I realize only with the coöperation of the municipal labor leaders and their members can I truly effect all of the reforms necessary to make this the kind of City that will flourish again and provide its residents and workers all that they are entitled to. In the first 10 months this Administration had to take positions and state them forcefully and forthrightly so as to assert the character of the new administration. In the course of these 10 months, I have learned a lot. I have learned that governing the City is not as easy as those outside government think it is. I have learned that municipal labor leaders also recognize their obligations to the City of New York.

David Brown was jubilant. "The Mayor was saying he won't go it alone," he said. "It was a policy decision. Ed knows, pointing to 1980, he'll need allies to win more federal help. Ed can get their coöperation now because he is popular. If a drop of blood was spilled, the sharks would form."

Barry Feinstein, president of Teamsters Local 237, was equally jubilant. The meeting was "a clear realization that the Mayor can't govern alone," he boasted. "He needs partners. For the first time, the Mayor is recognizing the requirement to share power." Feinstein appreciates power. Though his local is relatively small—eighteen thousand members—compared with District Council 37 or the United Federation of Teachers, he is considered a powerful leader and negotiator. Feinstein is a burly, outgoing man, in his mid-forties, who chews expensive cigars and believes that those who aspire to the priesthood should not lead unions or enter politics. He helped persuade the Municipal Labor Committee—despite the liberal views of its members—to endorse the reëlection in 1978 of conservative Republican State Senators. Union leaders might blast Republicans—call the Bronx's Senator John Calandra a "troglodyte," for instance—for the edification of the membership. But this was business. The Republicans, led by Senator Warren Anderson, of Binghamton, a man they could talk to, controlled the State Senate. The unions had previously demonstrated that they could sway a majority vote in the Democratic-controlled Assembly: last year, Mayor Koch couldn't rouse one Democratic member of the Assembly to sponsor his civil-service-reform proposals. "He got zilch," says Feinstein. "He could have gotten some of it if he'd worked with us." The unions were vulnerable, however, in the more conservative Senate, so, after discussions with Anderson, the Municipal Labor Committee made manpower and money—a lot of money—available to Anderson's colleagues. Kent Sanders, one of Anderson's top aides, told a *Times* reporter, "Do you realize we got almost half of the money we raised from unions?" Albert Shanker's teachers' union alone invested more than sixty thousand dollars in legislative races. Several Democratic Senate candidates were thus deprived of a significant base of support. The Republicans maintained control of the Senate, and the Municipal Labor Committee gained, in the words of one of their leaders, "a credit card with Warren Anderson." Feinstein says, "We're all-powerful. We control the work force. We control the dollars that keep this town alive."

As part of the fresh start between Koch and Gotbaum, Koch went to dinner at Victor and Betsy Gotbaum's home, in Brooklyn Heights, on Sunday, November 19th. The other guests were Bess Myerson, a co-chairman of Koch's 1977 campaign and his social date for the evening; Lillian Roberts, Gotbaum's deputy; former Family Court Judge Simeon Golar; the writers Michael and Stephanie Harrington; Anne Just, a Vermont state legislator; and two of the Gotbaums' children. Betsy Gotbaum, a good cook and a gracious hostess, pleased Koch by giving him a 1964 bottle of Bordeaux, definitely not of the three-dollar variety. Koch said later, "It was a nice evening. I enjoyed it."

The fresh start lasted for two weeks. After Koch's second meeting with the labor leaders, he told me he was appalled at Gotbaum for criticizing Deputy Mayor Basil Paterson, who, surprisingly, was not at the meeting. Paterson, an old and close friend of Gotbaum's, was the city's chief labor negotiator. That Gotbaum would attack Paterson "shows you how bad he is," Koch told me, and he went on, "He said that when Basil put the givebacks on the table he would have given some back if Basil had not taken them off the table. It shows you how bad Victor's judgment is. In defense of Basil, he took them off after the unions said they wanted an extra one-half-per-cent raise in return for the givebacks. Now for him to admit this outrage and refer to Basil as a schmuck is awful. My question is: Would he have had the courage to use that language if Basil were sitting there?"

Nevertheless, Koch refrained from criticizing Gotbaum publicly, and the truce continued, uneasily. The Mayor sat with labor leaders to discuss his four-year financial plan and his civil-service-reform package before releasing them publicly. But by midwinter the inevitable conflicts were more visible. The unions felt threatened by Koch's proposed civil-service reforms. Gotbaum opposed Koch's plan to close municipal hospitals and perhaps lay off workers that Gotbaum represented. Most unions resented Koch's confrontational style and what they felt was a preference for making headlines rather than governing. By spring, Gotbaum and several colleagues were beginning to whisper about encouraging John Zuccotti or Felix Rohatyn to challenge Koch in the 1981 Democratic primary.

Koch's relations with minority leaders, particularly blacks, have sometimes been even more rancorous than his relations with the municipal unions and the city bureaucracy. Tensions between Koch and blacks developed in the 1977 mayoral campaign, when Koch repeatedly called for the death penalty and denounced "poverty pimps" and "poverticians"—terms that some listeners felt were code words for "blacks." After Koch finished first in the initial primary, however, prominent black leaders flocked to endorse him in the runoff primary against Mario Cuomo. "Ed assured us that the government would reflect properly the make-up of the city," Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel said when he and Basil Paterson and State Senator Carl McCall endorsed Koch. After Koch's victory in the runoff, Rangel, Herman Badillo, and Ed Costikyan were appointed to direct the transition from Beame's administration to Koch's.

It was soon apparent that Koch was as uncomfortable with the black establishment as he was with the white establishment. Tensions rose again when he moved boldly to reorganize the poverty

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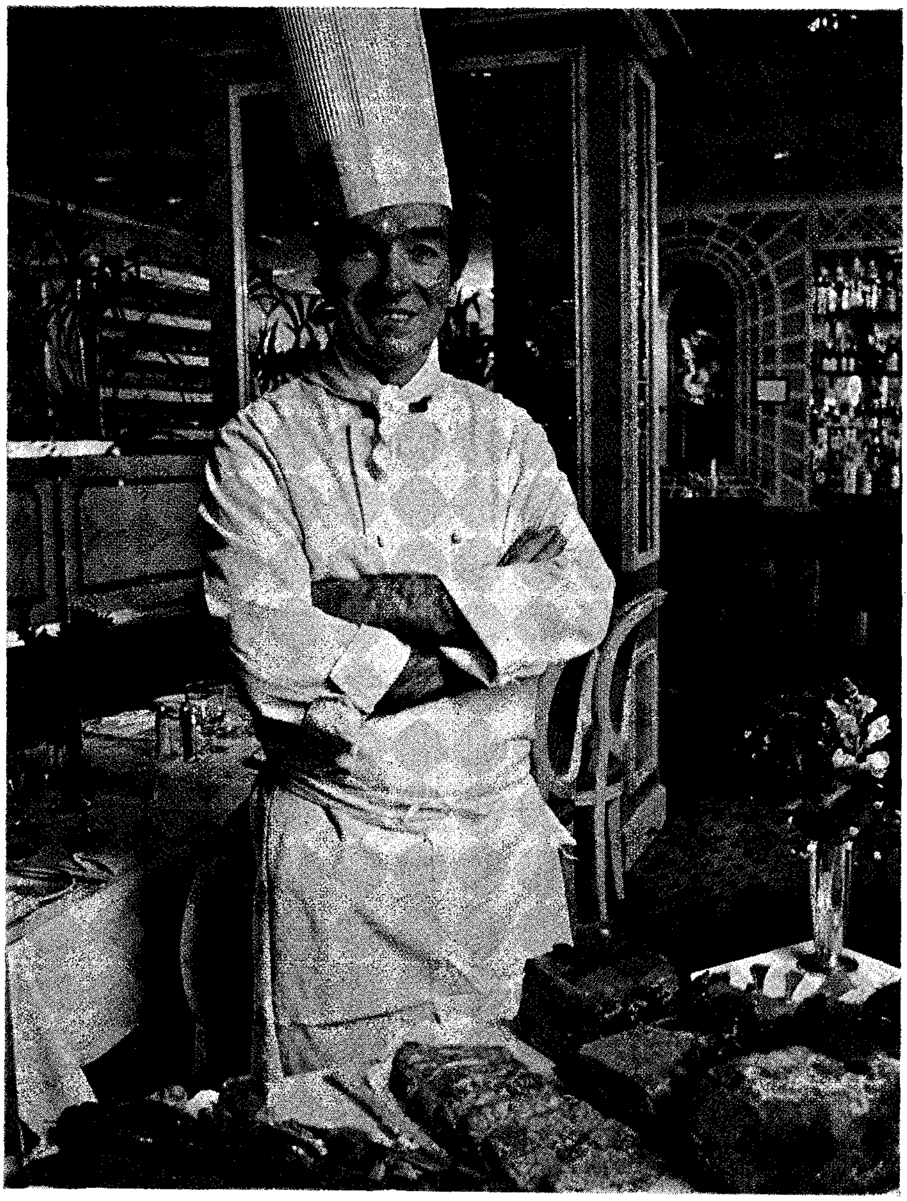

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program so as to eliminate the jobs of many middlemen who controlled poverty funds. Since the middlemen were recommended by or close to black elected officials, Koch was stepping on toes. Leaders complained that they were not consulted, as Koch had promised they would be, and as they had been in the past. They chafed at Koch's constant criticism of poverty-program "fraud," claiming that he lumped the good and the bad together and created the impression that all poverty programs were "ripoffs." Not so, said Koch, who felt that he could point to some success in dealing with poverty programs. A press release issued last April noted that, as a result of restructuring, minority participation in the summer-jobs program increased from seventy-six per cent in 1977 to ninety-two per cent in 1978; the Office of Model Cities was restructured, decreasing the central office staff from two hundred and sixty-two to fourteen and making it possible to shift resources to the field; and the central overhead costs of the Model Cities program were reduced by ninety-four per cent, from five million one hundred thousand dollars to three hundred and twenty-five thousand.

The conflict with black leaders seems to be one part style, one part substance. Mayor Koch is criticized for having a combative personality and for being preoccupied with the middle class at the expense of the poor. Black officials are unaccustomed to white political leaders who treat them as representatives of a special-interest group and refuse to allow blacks to use them as punching bags to placate black voters. Over the years, it has not been unusual for black leaders to condemn opponents as "racists"—a charge they have employed as loosely as white politicians employ a term like "irresponsible." White public officials have bridled at the accusation of racism but have usually remained silent. Not Koch. Mayors Wagner and Beame were cautious politicians who rolled with the punches and unfailingly softened the edges of a conflict, searching for a compromise that everyone could live with. Mayor Lindsay walked the streets clamoring for a new "national urban policy" and reminding America of its poor citizens, particularly poor blacks. He was elected with black votes—no small feat for a Republican. And Lindsay was proud to be tagged as "pro-black." Koch is proud to be tagged as "pro-middle class." Revealingly, Koch's fiscal-1980 budget message states that it was prepared "with three principal goals in mind": "to balance the budget," "to reduce our budget gaps in future years," and "to provide for the effective and efficient delivery of services in order to attract and hold business and the middle class." No mention is made of the poor. The Mayor wants to send members of the middle class a message that City Hall cares about them, but in the process many minority leaders receive a message of neglect. This feeling is buttressed by Koch's determination to treat everyone alike and, as one of his black advisers observes, by his tendency to "personalize" criticism. Koch is offended by double standards, perhaps as much as he is by racism. What lingers in his mind about Mississippi and his visit there in 1964 is not the racism and violence directed against civil-rights workers, though he was obviously moved enough to go and lend his help. He remembers most vividly what he regards as the hypocrisy of a liberal like Joseph Rauh, of the A.D.A., who on learning that it was white, not black, civil-rights workers who had been beaten said, "Can't use it." "That was a trauma for me," says Koch. "I never forgot it."

Koch is not one to turn the other cheek. One of his louder feuds has been with Herbert Daughtry, of Brooklyn, a black minister. It began in June of 1978 after Arthur Miller, a black businessman and civic leader in Crown Heights, was choked to death by policemen under mysterious circumstances. The police subdued Miller after an altercation and were alleged to have accidentally strangled him with their nightsticks. The black community was enraged and suspicious. A grand jury was impanelled. Daughtry's Brooklyn-based organization, the Black United Front, wrote to the Mayor urging a meeting. The group also forwarded a copy of its "agenda," including demands that "all police officers at the scene of Arthur Miller's death be suspended immediately and remain suspended until a thorough investigation of the murder be expedited and the killer or killers be brought to justice;" that "three Black psychiatrists be appointed to examine all police officers involved;" that "the entire investigation, including psychiatric findings, be made public;" that "a screening board be set up to evaluate the files of policemen who are to begin assignment in all Black communities and that the Black United Front be part of the selection process;" that the Seventy-seventh Precinct have "immediate changes" and the "staffing pattern be altered to represent 50% Black and Hispanic policemen;" that, because of "frequent

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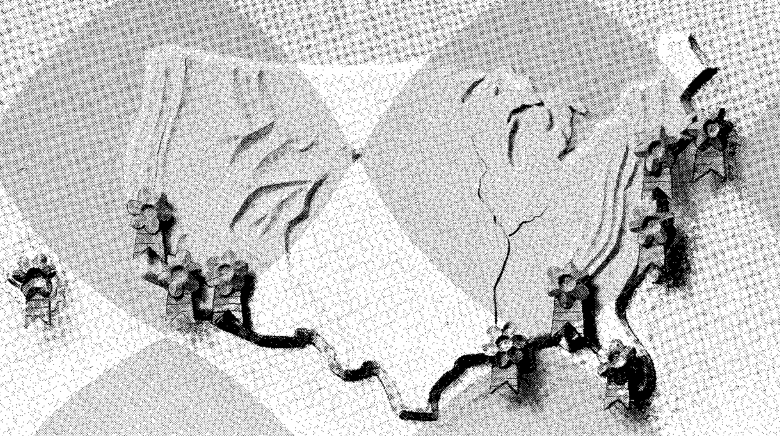

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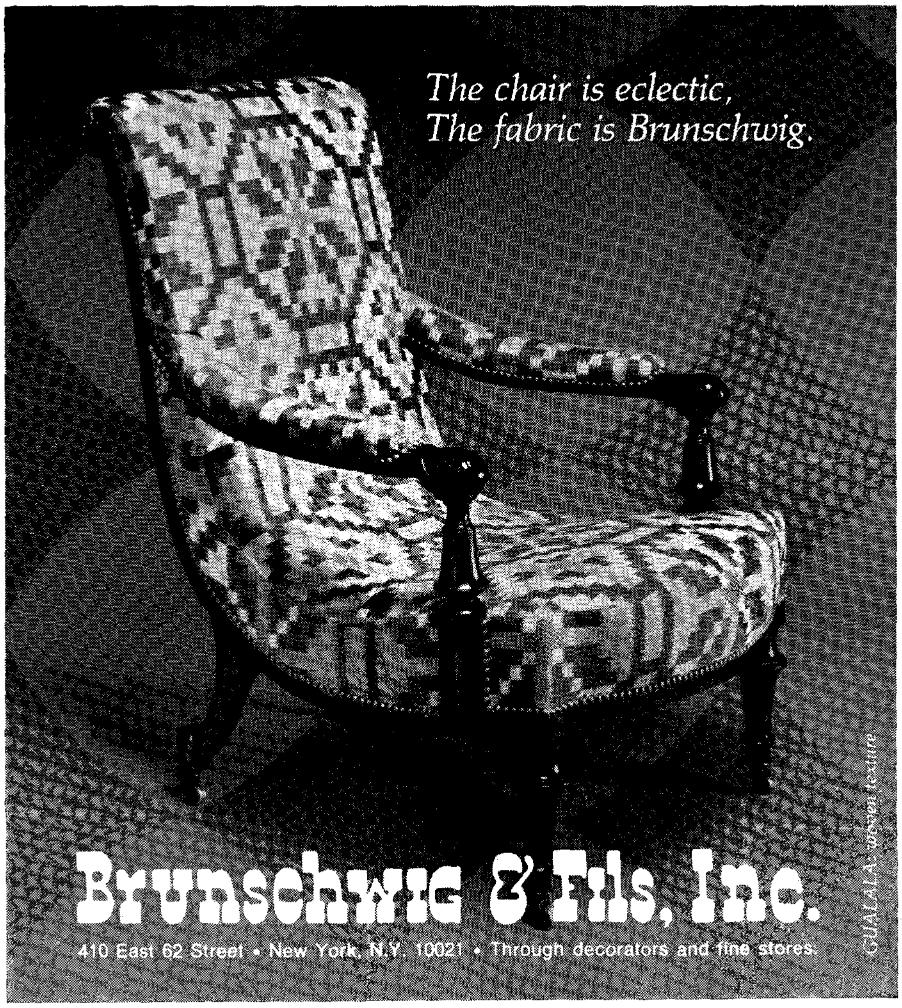

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allegations" of assaults by the Crown Heights Jewish Community Patrol, an organization of Chassidic Jews, "all federal money" to this organization should be "discontinued;" and that "the practice of regularly closing off of service roads on the Jewish Sabbath and other special Chassidic days be stopped immediately."

Clearly, white police officers and Jews—perhaps most white citizens—would feel threatened by this agenda. A reader of the Bill of Rights might conclude that the agenda, if it were adopted, would violate the rights of privacy and due process, among others. For many years, City Hall had been the recipient of fevered agendas and demands. Most had been ignored. Mayor Koch, however, took this one seriously. He dictated a three-page response, picking apart the agenda and asserting, "Your demand that officers involved in the Miller case be examined by three Black psychiatrists not only violates the spirit of the civil-rights movement but is racist in character."

Why did the Mayor himself respond?

"Because I have a rule to answer every letter I get. It's a compulsion," Koch says.

The conflict heated up. A few weeks later, Daughtry dispatched a three-page retort charging that City Hall was pro-Jewish. He complained of "Jewish fund-raising," of Jewish "savages," of "Chassidic arrogance and contempt," and of "people who are guilty of the crimes that the Chassidim have perpetrated," and he stated that "most Black people wonder how you and other Jewish people would react . . . ," and so on. Substitute "black" for Jewish "savages," and it is easy to imagine the screams of "racism" at such stereotyping. Enraged, Koch wrote back calling the letter "abusive" and concluding, "I see no point in a further exchange of letters."

Daughtry's letter confirmed Koch's darkest fears—struck a raw nerve. "I'm very conscious of being Jewish," says Koch. He is also conscious of and threatened by what he considers widespread black anti-Semitism. As a member of Congress, he seethed at black colleagues who voted against aid for Israel; he feared that their votes were an expression of their hostility to Jews. In his oral memoirs of 1975 and 1976, Koch reveals his innermost feelings and fears about race relations:

> I find the black community very anti-Semitic. I don't care what the American Jewish Congress or the B'nai B'rith will issue by way of polls showing that the

> black community is not. I think that's pure bull.... They'd like to believe that. My experience with blacks is that they're basically anti-Semitic. Now, I want to be fair about it. I think whites are basically anti-black.... But the difference is: it is recognized as morally reprehensible, something you have to control.

For Koch, as for all moralists, issues tend to be clear-cut: if it is wrong for whites to stereotype blacks, it is wrong for blacks to stereotype whites. Koch's views, unlike those of many liberals, are not clouded by compassion for the descendants of slaves, the victims of racism. He accepts no excuses, brooks no insults, applies but one standard. That one standard leads him to oppose preferential-treatment programs as "reverse discrimination." The goal of the civil-rights movement, he says, should be for blacks "to be treated like whites." He is disdainful of welfare cheats and probably wonders why more people do not struggle to escape poverty, as the Koch family did. To most liberals, all poor blacks are victims; to Koch, some are villains. For instance, he thinks that some criminal violence is caused by black racism rather than by poverty. For a Greenwich Village reformer, Koch says some surprising things in his memoirs. In discussing racial balance in the public schools, he says:

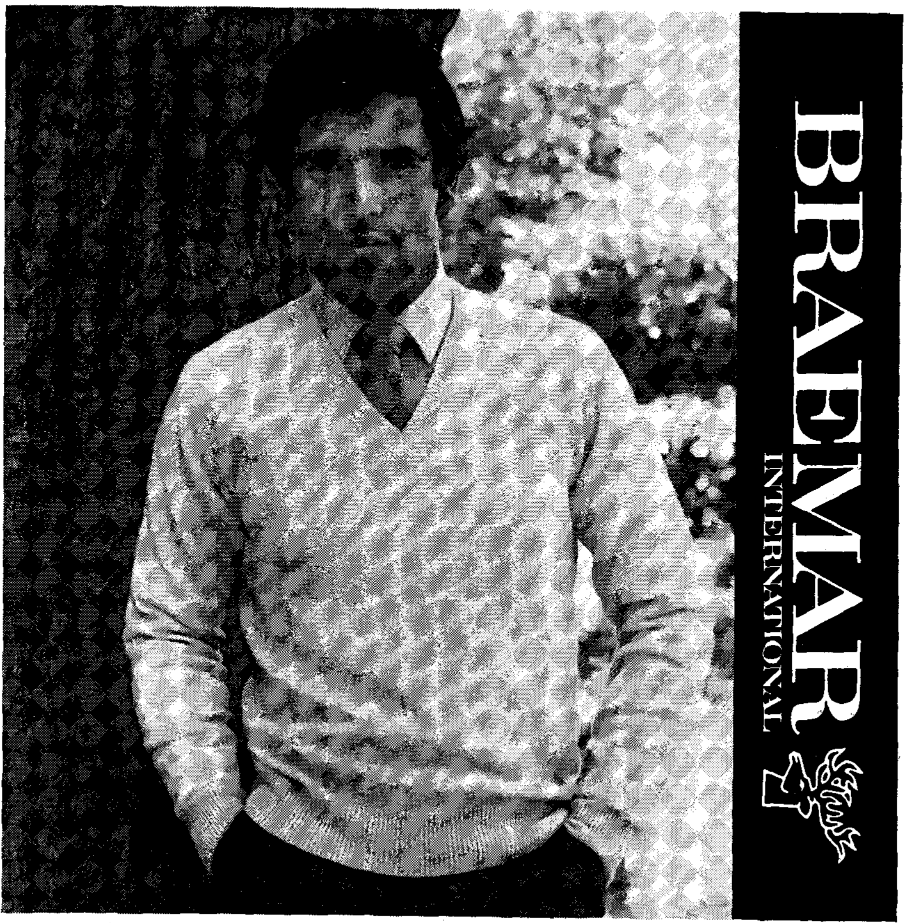
> Why don't I believe in [imposed] racial balance in the schools? Because it doesn't work, because it destroys the public-school system. People who were sending their kids to the public schools—white middle-class people—take them out if they can afford it. And the only people who are left there are the poor, Boston being the best illustration.

Liberal theory, he believes, often doesn't work, because it ignores reality. He quotes former Harlem District Leader Hilda Stokely as saying in the late nineteen-sixties:

> "We're not interested in having our black kids sit next to your white kids on a bench in the school. What we're interested in is equal schools, equal education. That's what we want." And I said to her, "But Hilda, what you're saying is terrible. You're saying separate but equal, and the Supreme Court says there can't be such a thing as separate but equal." And she said, looking at me rather directly, "I wouldn't tell a Jew how to bake a bagel," which I think sums it up. She knew more then than we knew then and that we're learning.

Koch's views crystallized and began to surface when he opposed low-income high-rise housing in the middle-income community of Forest Hills. His liberal friends were enraged, he recalls:

> "Don't you want people to mix—everybody should be homogenized." I said,



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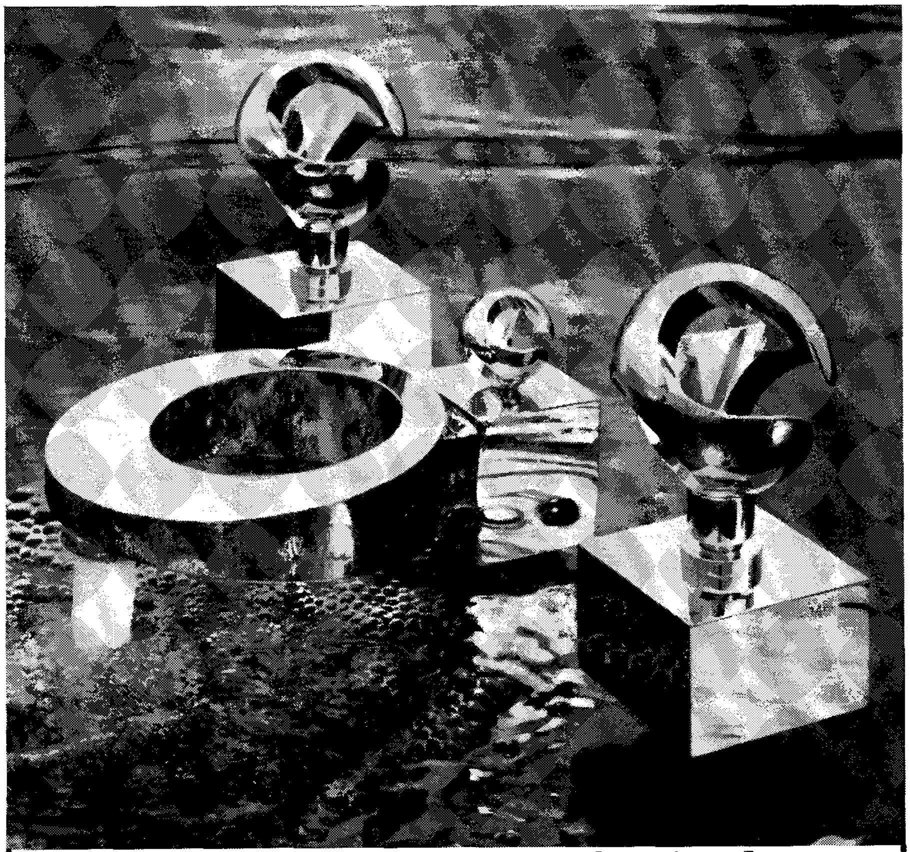
"No, I don't believe that at all." I said, "Would Chinatown be Chinatown if instead of it being occupied by the Chinese we made certain that since they're only one per cent of the population in the city of New York or even less, on every block there be ninety-nine other people to every one Chinese? It would be ridiculous. Would Little Italy be Little Italy? . . . Is Riverdale a ghetto because it's primarily middle-class Jewish? Ridiculous."

Like many of us, Koch holds racial views that are contradictory. On the one hand, he believes that most people, deep down, are racists. On the other hand, he claims that the conflict is one of class, not race: "I believe that people of like life style have very little problem in living together. It's people of different life styles who have a problem of living together." The class, or economic, interpretation, however, does not explain the clash between poor whites and poor blacks in Mississippi, the clash between lower-middle-class Italians and blacks in Coney Island, or, more recently, the firebombing of black middle-class homes in middle-class Yonkers, Queens, and Staten Island. His views regarding affirmative action are also inconsistent. On the one hand, he says city policies should be color-blind. On the other hand, last November he publicly urged the City Council (in vain) to appoint a black or a Puerto Rican to fill the vacant Bronx Borough Presidency. After the New York Regional Board of the Anti-Defamation League took him to task for this recommendation, Koch wrote to the League, on November 17th, "Council members are going to take many factors into consideration and, though you probably disagree with me, I think that it is reasonable for them to take into consideration the fact that no Black or Puerto Rican presently sits on the Board of Estimate." At a November 3rd commissioners' meeting, Koch declared, "I sent to everyone a memo that we have so few Hispanics in government. The statistics are deplorable. . . . You have to reach out and seek to bring in blacks and Hispanics." Regarding affirmative action, Koch is as guilty of placard-thinking as he believes liberals are. What he really seems to be against are words like "affirmative action" and "quotas," and not the policy of affirmative action. Does such a policy mean that blacks would have jobs reserved for them? Of course. Koch understood that when he held open one post of Deputy Mayor for a black (Basil Paterson) and the post of chairman of the Human Rights Commission for a Puerto Rican woman (Patria Nieto-Ortiz).



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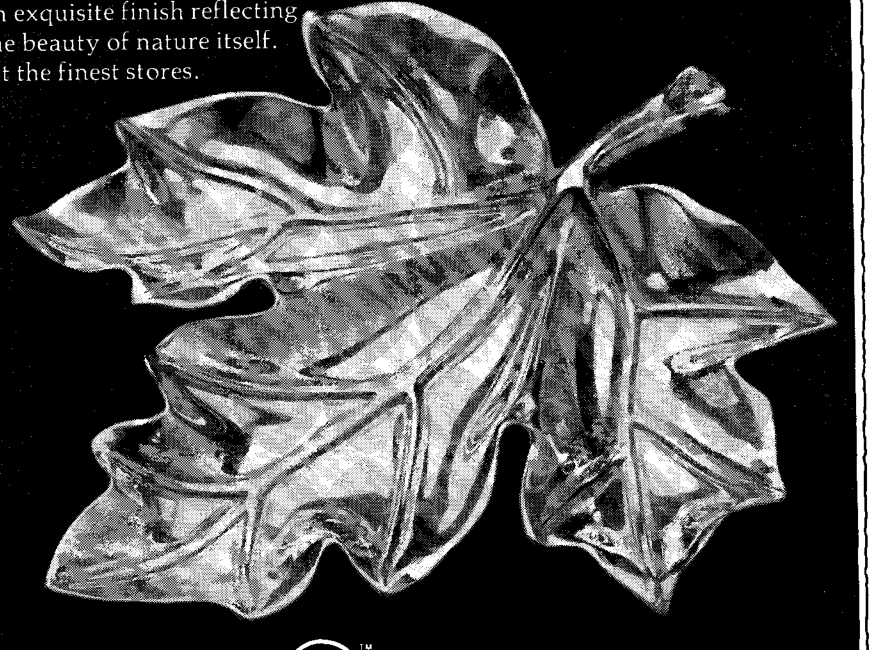

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Minority leaders, recognizing that there is sometimes a discrepancy between Koch's bellicose words and his policies, feel that he is often posing for votes, and he may be. Their concerns would be eased if the Mayor were less preoccupied with the middle class or were surrounded by more blacks. Koch has no close black friends to help him reach out to leaders, to assure them of his good faith. Nor has he done as well as he promised in staffing his administration with blacks. In the campaign, Koch said that he would have more blacks in his administration than the combined total of the last three Mayors, but figures compiled by Ronald Gault's staff show that as of last March Koch fell far short of that total. He had appointed blacks to 18.4 per cent of the top-level positions—Deputy Mayors, commissioners, administrators, directors, and deputy commissioners or administrators. In the three prior administrations, the percentages for blacks were: Wagner, 4.9; Lindsay, 10.5; and Beame, 12.1. (As for Hispanics and women, Koch says that he made no specific promises in the campaign. But the percentages for Hispanics are: Wagner, 2.5; Lindsay, 3.8; Beame, 7.3; and Koch, 5.1. For women: Wagner, 9.9; Lindsay, 17.1; Beame, 15.3; and Koch, 18.4.)

Those blacks whom Koch has surrounded himself with have increased the communication chasm between the Mayor and the city's black leaders. Former Deputy Mayor for Human Services Haskell Ward and Department of Employment Commissioner Ronald Gault, who have been the Mayor's principal black advisers, come from a Ford Foundation background rather than a political one. Ward, who until he announced his resignation last month was Koch's closest black adviser, was identified with dismantling the poverty program. He was seen by many black leaders as Koch's man, not theirs—but then that was what Koch preferred. Former Deputy Mayor Basil Paterson, who had deep political roots in the black community, chose not to serve as Koch's black adviser and, until he left the administration, concentrated instead on labor relations. Ward and, to a lesser extent, Gault are strangers—non-backslapping professionals, with whom politicians are reluctant to swap confidences or discuss a political problem. In previous administrations, members of the black community always had their "own man at City Hall"—someone they had worked with and recommended. Thus, with regard to appointments

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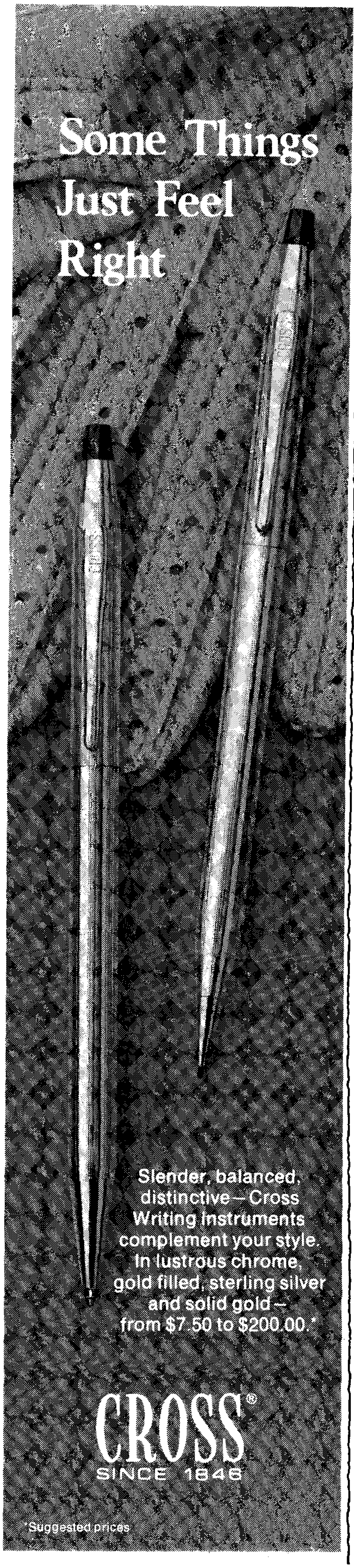

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Koch is seen as changing the rules of the game.

Many black leaders don't fathom Koch. They are accustomed to charging, not being charged with, "racism;" when they hear of a white politician barking "Shut up!" to a black one—as the Mayor is reported to have done to black Brooklyn Councilwoman Mary Pinkett—visions of plantations and slavery enter their minds. "Koch treats everyone alike," Ronald Gault explains. "That's a weakness as well as a strength, because people who don't know him perceive it as anti-them—particularly minority groups. The Mayor is thin-skinned. He doesn't pretend to be anything else. You scream at him, he'll scream back." As the Mayor cut the city's budget and threatened to close four of the city's seventeen hospitals, which serve the poor, the screaming on both sides intensified. And Koch's enjoyment of a good fight, his tendency to personalize, his determination to treat everyone alike, his belief that most blacks are anti-Semitic, and perhaps a lack of compassion on his part joined to create discord between Koch and black leaders.

Koch, a politician sensitive to the public's mood on the death penalty and rent control, for instance, refused to treat his estrangement from black leaders as a political problem. During his first year, Koch resisted advice to lower his voice, refused to deny himself the pleasure of snapping back at critics, black or white. Early this year, a group of black ministers withdrew an invitation to the Mayor to attend a celebration of Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s birthday, on January 15th. The ministers claimed they "could not guarantee the Mayor's safe passage in Harlem," because of his "racist policies." Koch lashed back. Calling someone a racist "is as gross a crime as racism itself," Koch said on a local radio program. "What is that minister saying—that white people should not come to Harlem?" What would happen, he went on, if a white neighborhood leader declared, " 'So-and-So, a black person, may not come into this neighborhood'? We would denounce that as racist. This particular clergyman can get away with it and not an editorial denounces him."

The Mayor's logic is unassailable; his political judgment is not. By speaking out so forcefully, he may have kept the controversy alive and convinced other black leaders, however falsely, that he was interested only in scoring points with white middle-class voters. Charges of "racism" blossomed. State

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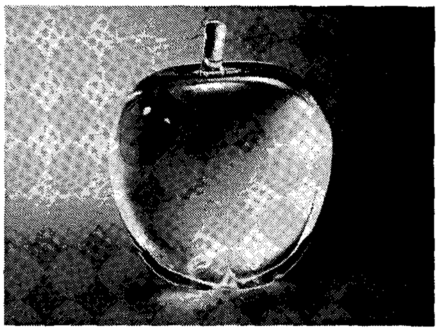
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Senator Vander L. Beatty, of Brooklyn, who is chairman of the Black and Puerto Rican Legislative Caucus in the State Legislature, initiated a petition drive for the Mayor's recall. Though Beatty had little visible support, Koch began to recognize a political problem. "I am the victim of racism," he told Lee Dembart, of the *Times*. "But if the single black newspaper in town runs these terrible, unfair, racist stories about me, I don't know that I'll have the avenues to make it clear. Sooner or later, the big lie overcomes."

The Mayor began to make peace overtures. "We have to try harder," he told me. He vainly urged the state to increase welfare grants, which are frozen at 1972 cost-of-living levels. He held private meetings with black leaders. His State of the City Message last February 1st called for "an end to the rhetoric, the posturing, the harmful language of confrontation." As he had done with city labor leaders, the Mayor was offering a modest mea culpa. But some differences with minority leaders, as with the unions, cannot be soothed with words. Profound policy differences will continue to separate Koch from many black leaders. His version of reality is different from theirs, and candor compels him not to hide the fact. The black leaders believe that budget cuts fall disproportionately on the poor; Koch claims that sixty per cent of the city budget is earmarked for the poor. Blacks want more government services; Koch, seeking to balance the budget, talks of fewer. Blacks complain that Koch is too concerned about the middle class; Koch says that without a stable middle class there will be no one to pay for the services the blacks want. These differing versions of reality sprang into bold relief last January 8th, when local branches of the N.A.A.C.P. warned that efforts to close municipal hospitals could create civil disorder. A day later, the Committee of Interns and Residents, the union that represents all of the more than two thousand internes and residents in the municipal hospitals, asserted that poor people would die if hospitals were closed. In a statement, the committee also declared, "We say city hospitals provide jobs for New Yorkers." Koch had denied that the closings would endanger the health of the poor. And, preoccupied with his budget deficit and mindful that middlemen sometimes use the poor to justify their own jobs, the Mayor said, "Hospitals are not for employment purposes. They're for sick people. Hospitals are not supposed to be make-work projects."

—KEN AULETTA

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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THE DISCOVERER

(LOUIS ANTOINE DE BOUGAINVILLE)

Past the small islands that speckle the Coral Sea,
past the New Hebrides, those mossy stones,
years from France and still hundreds of miles
east of Borneo:
Islas de Salomón,
lost coffers of pearl, sandalwood, tortoiseshell—
this would be his mark on the world's maps,
another minnow in the bottom
quadrant of blue.

The ship yawed on its tether in the bay.
As the beach burned with armor,
he crossed the beige fringe
and waded into foliage
toward a shape and color not yet specified,
not yet the common hedge that brackets
the dirt roads and studs the green tangle—

and as he rooted there
his name lifted from him
and flew back across the water
bearing the flower of the new world,
the bright repeating horn of bougainvillea:

mote in the eye of the scale
on the minnow's belly.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

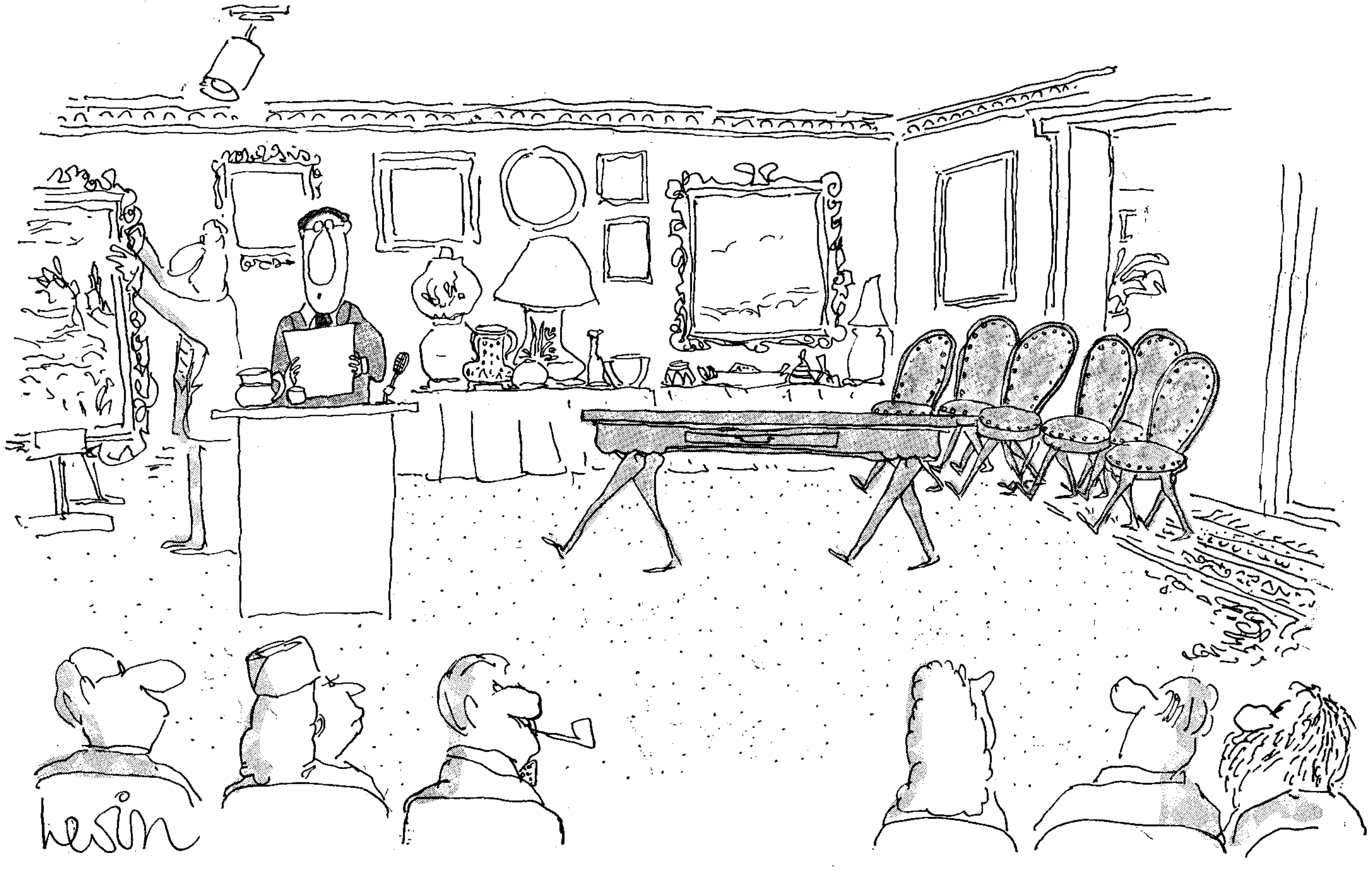
The Earth As An Overturned Bowl

THE extravagant German director Werner Herzog has made a remarkably selfless version of Georg Büchner's prescient eighteen-thirties drama "Woyzeck," a work that, in itself and especially by virtue of the Alban Berg opera drawn from it, has been an emblem of modernism ever since it was first staged, in 1913. Herzog gives us a dutiful, responsible rendering, perhaps not the best choice. The play, after nearly a century and a half, requires something more. Already in the early nineteen-thirties Antonin Artaud may be found proposing it as raw material for Theatre of Cruelty exacerbation, "in a spirit of reaction against our principles, and to illustrate what can be derived theatrically from a formal text." The pile of scenes and fragments left in no particular order by Büchner at his death in 1837 has become for Artaud canonical, something to be acted upon or against, a pretext. For many people, the opera was and is exemplary shock, bright and howlish as Kandinsky, a quick definition of the new. The overhang of Berg's music is so strong that a "Woyzeck" without it seems truncated, partial.

Herzog's is a hands-off treatment, a "Woyzeck"-for-the-schools, a Standard Authorized Version. For a director capable of producing an all-dwarf feature ("Even Dwarfs Started Small," 1970), or hypnotizing most of his cast to simulate sleepwalking ("Heart of Glass," 1976), or rushing off to Guadeloupe to embrace an imminently erupting volcano ("La Soufrière," 1976), this is uncharacteristic restraint, and probably the wrong occasion for it. Perhaps it's a course correction, a pendulum swing. (It was one of two films Herzog made last year, the other being a remake of Murnau's "Nosferatu," which will be shown at the New York Film Festival.)

"Woyzeck" has been called the first modern play, the first to place the "ordinary man" at the center of the action, the first to tear away conventional stage notions of motivation, cause and effect. Büchner based it on a celebrated real-life murder case, that of Johann Christian Woyzeck, a common soldier who killed the woman with whom he was living in Saxony in the eighteen-twenties. There were doubts about his sanity—he complained of having visions and hearing voices—and he was examined at great length by a court physician named Clarus, who credited him with extensive disturbances but finally found him sane. He was beheaded in Leipzig in 1824, festively.

Büchner, an extraordinary writer who was barely twenty-four when he died, was a student of medicine and natural history as well as philosophy, active in radical politics, a gifted pamphleteer fascinated by the French Revolution (his other major play is "Danton's Death"). His "ordinary man" is lost to himself, an object of utility for others when he is not a lodestone for casual humiliation. "At the top of the uniform is situated the head, to inform the soldier of the height to which his salute should be brought," wrote Bruno Paul in *Simplicissimus* in 1904. The soldier is a paradigm of the thing, endlessly replaceable, not more significant than a coin or a brick. Shaving his Captain, Woyzeck is given a lecture on the delights of morals (Fischer-Dieskau's sombre "Jawohl, Herr Hauptmann!" from the Deutsche Grammophon recording of the opera intrudes here) with the clear implication that he wouldn't know what to do with a moral if handed one by the archangel Michael on a flaming sword. The Doctor sees him as a specimen and has him on retainer, a few groschen a week on condition that he eat only peas and present regular urine samples to further the Doctor's spurious scientific work. His *aberratio* is praised ("a most beautiful *aberratio mentalis partialis* of the second or-



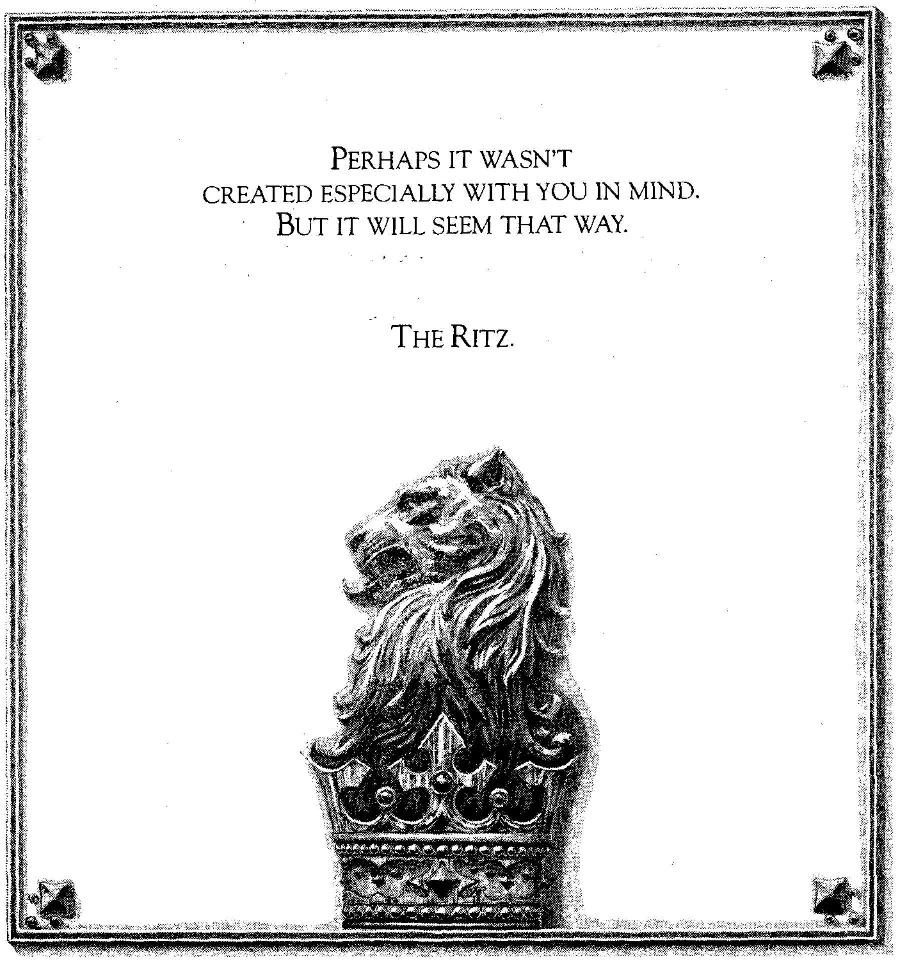
"Lot Number 324: table and chairs."

der!"). The strutting Drum Major forces schnapps on him and squeezes the breath from him in a tavern scuffle. Marie, the mother of his child, allows herself to be seduced by the Drum Major.

Throughout, Woyzeck can make only fragmentary (though sometimes startlingly shrewd) objections, defenses. He cannot *explain himself*, and the others can: the Captain is a military man, the Doctor has his "science," the Drum Major has his mirror, Marie her child. Woyzeck sees "white fire" over the town, he wants to read what's written on the toadstools, a voice is telling him something he doesn't want to hear, there's such a thing as a being with a "double nature"... But he cannot say what Woyzeck is. "You're running through the world like an open razor," the Captain tells him, and when he has stabbed Marie, at the finish, one feels that he is pure instrument, that murder has been done and it is the knife that will be punished.

"Yea, verily I say unto you: How should the farmer, the cooper, the shoemaker, the doctor live, had not God created Man for their use?" asks a drunken hanger-on in the tavern scene. It's possible that the idea of man-as-victim-of-society or man-as-victim-of-the-conditions-of-existence has minimum dramatic life left in it, cannot be taken unmediated—thus the efficacy of Berg's music. "This timid man," as Berg's teacher Schoenberg called him, allows us to feel the proposition rather than think it. Herzog is content to have us deal with it directly, and the film suffers for the lack of emendation or challenge or contradiction. Like the birth trauma, victimization as a given doesn't take us very far.

Klaus Kinski, Herzog's Woyzeck, has such strength on the screen that it's difficult to see him as the butt of everyone else's cruelties and inadvertencies. It's as if George C. Scott were playing not Patton but Patton's batman. Dressed in a gray fatigue uniform with a little round cap that makes him seem more convict than soldier, he appears in a mock manual of arms behind the titles wearing a truly memorable rictus, which he never relinquishes thereafter. The stamp of this mask on the mind is very strong (it's what you see in advertisements for the film), but it also robs the picture of any possible dynamics; Kinski is not more anguished murdering Marie than he is shaving the Captain. His body seems at perpetual attention, perpetually quivering. He gets Woyzeck's frantic money-haunted busyness, and his fear of Marie's sexuality after the Captain and the Doc-



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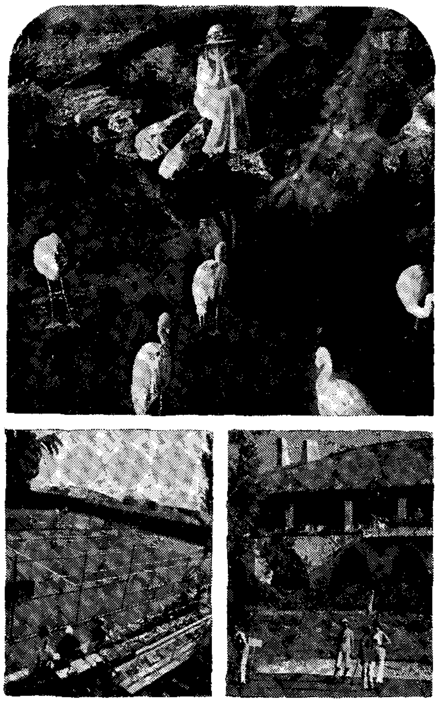

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tor (Wolfgang Reichmann and Willy Semmelrogge) have dropped their leering catastrophic hints, but it's hard to imagine that he ever had much to do with her, and although there is a baby around, it's barely noticed. Kinski is successful in making us believe that *something is wrong* and murders Marie on schedule (balletically, approximately four minutes), but for all his undoubted skill and presence he tends to undermine rather than enforce the film's argument.

The candy-pretty Czech town where it was shot, the costuming and set-dressing, the sketchy quality of the few crowd scenes all suggest the stage rather than film. Eva Mattes, as Marie, does not; she's ordinarily human, round and busty and down-to-earth, almost a visitor from another reality. The English titles miss some opportunities. Of Marie it's said that she can stare her way through a pair of leather pants; in the original it's seven pairs of leather pants, a finer image by a factor of seven. No amount of reverence can dim or blanket some of Büchner's poetry: the speech, for example, in which Marie relates a story about a child all alone in the world, without parents or friends, everyone dead, and because the moon looks friendly she journeys to the moon and finds it to be a piece of rotten wood, and the sun a faded sunflower, and the stars little golden bugs, and the earth an overturned bowl, and she sits down and cries, and sits there to this day, all alone. . . . In the context, this sings.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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JAZZ

Check List

Al Cohn & Jimmy Rowles: Heavy Love (Xanadu 145) and Jimmy Rowles: We Could Make Such Beautiful Music Together (Xanadu 157).

THESE albums, made in 1977 and 1978, go a long way toward laying the fear that Jimmy Rowles would never be properly recorded. Since he settled in New York in 1974, he had been recorded many times—on his own and with such as Zoot Sims, Charles Mingus, Stan Getz, Stéphane Grappelli, and Lee Konitz—but nothing had come out quite right. He had sounded bland or dispirited or uninventive, or if he appeared in promising form he hadn't been allowed to stretch out. It had begun to look as if Rowles' style—a witty, oblique meditation on Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson and Nat Cole—would never be caught, as if we would be doomed to follow him from night club to night club (his most natural habitat), collecting a brilliant arpeggio here and a brilliant coda there, only to find, two or three days later, that they had faded and were gone. The first Xanadu is a swashbuckling, eloquent, free-as-you-go duet by Rowles and his old friend the tenor saxophonist Al Cohn. (Liner notes on jazz albums are looking up. David A. Himmelstein describes Cohn's provenance this way: "Out of Lesterville, a Dexter runabout, with four brother-doors and chicken liver wheels," which means that Cohn admires Lester Young and resembles Dexter Gordon, that he was one of the famous Woody Herman saxophonists known as the Four Brothers, and that he plays with a cantorial lyricism.) Cohn and Rowles do five spacious standards and one blues, largely in medium tempo, and they are never apart, even when they solo. Cohn's sound echoes in the mind when Rowles is alone, and when Cohn solos Rowles pulls all his accompanist stops. He supplies offbeat chords, broken chords, seesawing chords, thump-thump-thump on-the-beat chords, and crabbed single-note lines that make Cohn glint. He anticipates Cohn, duplicates him, and mischievously parodies him. Rowles' solos are often superb—particularly the single-note excursions on "Them There Eyes" and "Sweet and Lovely," and his second chorus on "Taking a Chance on Love," in which he plays a series of ascending staccato notes, striking some of them two or three times to achieve a nervous stuttering effect. (Most improvisers mindlessly blow, but Rowles, in this prickly, ingenious passage, again demonstrates that he thinks as he invents.) On the second record, Rowles leads a trio that has George Mraz on bass and Leroy Williams on drums. The best number is a five-minute "Stars and Stripes Forever" done as a bossa nova. Rowles plays the melody in lagging single notes, improvises, and then goes into a heavy, full-orchestra section, all horns blaring, and returns to his lagging single notes, finishing with a coda made up of part of "Taps." For his many friends who have died in recent years? For the United States? Rowles' music is made up largely of questions. There is also an elegant "We Could Make Such Beautiful Music," and a "Here's That Rainy Day" where, in the total-improvisation way of Lester Young, he leaves every note of the melody unturned. He does a funny, delicate version of Erroll Garner's "Shake It, but Don't Break It," and closes the record with long, occasionally bare readings of "I Can't Get Started" and "In the Still of the Night." Mraz and Williams were apparently essential to Rowles' well-being in the studio, but they are not recorded obtrusively, as so many bassists and drummers now are. Don Schlitten produced and directed both records.

Billie Holiday: Swing, Brother, Swing (Encore P 14388).

THE twelve sides here were recorded between 1935 and 1939, and eleven have never before been released in this country on L.P. The generally anemic accompaniment (the musicians are taken from Benny Goodman, Jimmy Lunceford, Chick Webb, Fletcher Henderson, Red Norvo, Stuff Smith, and Bobby Hackett's band at Nick's) probably helps explain why they have been out of print so long. So do the songs. With the exception of "They Can't Take That Away from Me" and the good but forgotten "I Don't Know If I'm Coming or Going," "I Wish I Had You," and "You're Gonna See a Lot of Me," the material is Tin Pan Alley strudel: "Life Begins When You're in Love," "The Moon Looks Down and Laughs," "Forget If You Can," "You're So Desirable," and "Hello, My Darling." But Billie Holiday treats each song as if it were prime Gershwin or Rodgers. She carefully unfolds the lyrics and holds them up for us to see. She hand-paints each melody, concealing the nonsense and the clichés. She does her incomparable legato act, loafing along behind the beat, her shoulders hunched in mock surprise, her fingers spread in the idling air, then catches up in the last chorus, the last eight, the last measure. Teddy

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Wilson is on eight sides, and Claude Thornhill, who was a better pianist than he has ever been given credit for being, is on three. Listen to his things-to-come solos on "The Moon Looks Down and Laughs" and "Forget If You Can."

UNEXPECTED: KENNY DAVERN (Kharma PK 7).

A TEXTURAL *exercise, avant-garde* in flavor, in which Davern, a dependable swing musician out of Pee Wee Russell and Sidney Bechet, and Steve Lacy, an excellent modernist who once worked for Thelonious Monk, pair their soprano saxophones (Davern also plays clarinet on a couple of tracks) for eight surprisingly witless concoctions. Each is fashioned of such outworn avant-garde devices as out-of-focus ensembles, animal noises (Lacy, who moved to Europe some years ago, has recently been specializing in barnyard sounds), a studious avoidance of a regular sounded beat, and thematic materials of less melodic and harmonic interest than a birdcall. The single patch of straightforward melody played by Davern on the long title number lights up the surrounding emptiness. Steve Swallow is on Fender bass, which he plays with delicacy, and Paul Motian is on drums.

MUSIC OF JELLY ROLL MORTON (Smithsonian Collection).

THE jazz repertory groups that have proliferated around the world during the past five years have long since outnumbered their models. They also often outclass them, by virtue of superior technique and wider musical knowledge. Some are wonderfully inventive: the Widespread Depression Orchestra, which concentrates on big- and small-band swing; the various small groups that Dick Hyman and Dick Wellstood have taken into Michael's Pub in recent years; and Jazz à Cordes, modelled on the Quintet of the Hot Club of France. But almost all these repertory groups have rhythmic problems. Their drummers were brought up in the sixties and seventies, when drumming turned quasi-melodic, and they have not been concerned with the extremely difficult business of keeping time. Instead, they decorate what goes on around them with cymbal, snare-drum, and tomtom colorations, with a kind of "melodic" agitation. The repertory bands that use older drummers, like Panama Francis and Tommy Benford and Jo Jones, tend to have more rhythmic success. Benford appears on the Jelly Roll Morton

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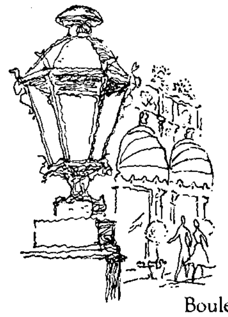

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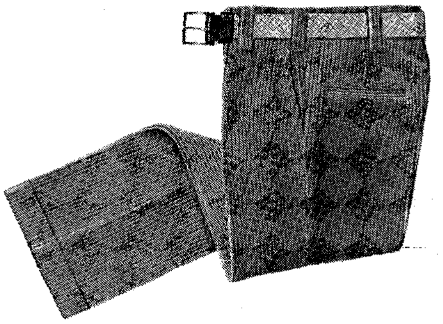

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Smithsonian release, but to little effect. The record was made at a concert in Washington, D.C., a year or so ago, and the best heads in the repertory business were assembled. Dick Hyman is the leader and chief arranger, Warren Vaché, Jr., is on trumpet, Bob Wilber, who is nonpareil at re-creating such as Sidney Bechet and Johnny Hodges and Omer Simeon, is on clarinet, Jack Gale is on trombone, Major Holley is on bass and tuba, and Marty Grosz is on guitar and banjo. Of the fourteen numbers, two are Hyman piano solos and the rest are done by a trio, a quartet, or the full band. Although Morton's recordings were often carefully worked out, to the point of having semi-written ensembles, they invariably swung. The great 1927 Chicago recordings with George Mitchell and Kid Ory and Baby Dodds have an irresistible looseness and abandon. The Hyman band goes through perfect motions, and there are countless echoes of the original recordings, but the solos straggle past and the ensembles pump and pump without achieving any pressure. The best thing about the album is a photograph of Morton. He is standing and gesticulating on a Harlem street corner a couple of years before he died, and is undoubtedly telling the man with him how he invented jazz in 1902, how he had the greatest of all jazz bands, how he wrote immortal music, etc., etc. He wasn't far off the mark.

RED & ROSS (Concord Jazz CJ-90).

RED NORVO has had an uncanny way all his life of making first-rate, often classic recordings, and this one is among his best. It was recorded at Donte's, in North Hollywood, last January, and on hand with Norvo are Ross Tompkins on piano, John Williams (not to be confused with the older Johnny Williams) on bass, and Jake Hanna on drums. Most night-club recordings are baggy and self-indulgent, but "Red & Ross" is tight and graceful and swinging. At least one intensely pleasing thing happens on each of the six long tracks. On "Whisper Not," played as a piano solo, Tompkins settles into his improvisation with a sudden descending, skipping double-time run that is breathtaking. "The One I Love," taken at a fast tempo, has another exhilarating Tompkins solo, and near its end bass and drums lay out while Norvo and Tompkins play counterpoint—a bramble of voices moving complexly and daringly. The two repeat their attractive act even more tellingly on "All of Me." "How About

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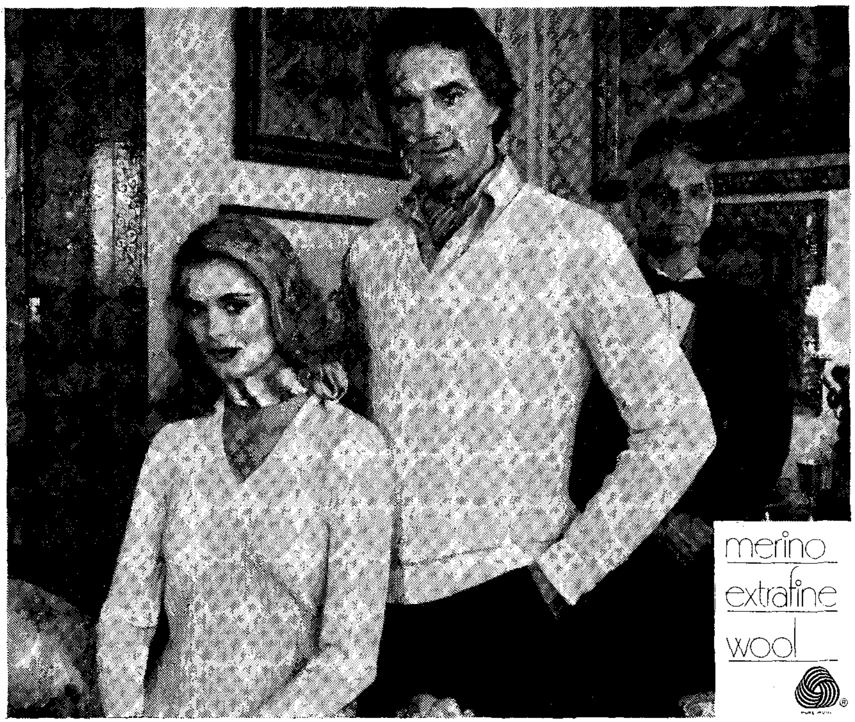

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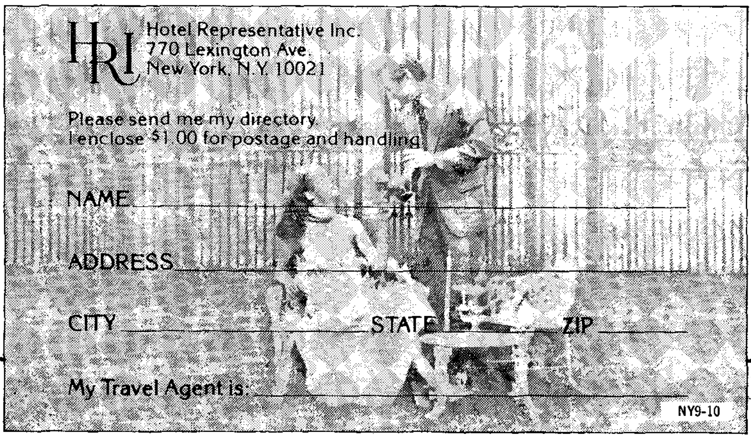

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You?" has half a dozen eight-bar breaks by Hanna, whose admiration for Sid Catlett has worked handsomely for him. On "It Might As Well Be Spring," Norvo and Hanna, using brushes on his cymbals, play a glancing, airborne duet. "Everything Happens to Me" is very different from the rest of the album. It is slow and is given over largely to Norvo, who makes it into an affecting and melancholy hymn. There are rumors that Tompkins, a whiz-bang pianist (Oscar Peterson, Eddie Costa) who moved to California with the "Tonight Show" band, will soon be back.

THE GEORGE LEWIS SOLO TROMBONE RECORD (Sackville 3012).

LEWIS, now in his early twenties, grew up in the tutorial confines of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, in Chicago, and he has already joined, and perhaps surpassed, such other trombone virtuosos as Urbie Green, Bill Watrous, Roswell Rudd, and Albert Mangelsdorff. On the first side, through overdubbing, he pretends he is three trombonists (muted and open-horn), and during the twenty-minute "Piece for Three Trombones Simultaneously" he sounds like chickens talking, paper crackling, Wagner brass, Tommy Dorsey, and bombers crossing the English Channel. There are three pieces on the second side. One is startlingly fluent, one is ornate and romantic, and the last, "Lush Life," is formal and static. More humor of the sort Lewis indulges in on the first side might have leavened the record, but it would also have paradoxically set the trombone back where it was in the twenties, when it was still a musical clown and there were no trombone virtuosos.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

CLEAR DAYS AT SEA

[*From the Navy Times*]

WASHINGTON—Navy personnel officials have clarified a new policy on not assigning childless couples to sea (last week's Navy Times) at the same time. Officials say that the policy will apply to people who plan to marry, after they are married.

•

Dr. John W. Dugger, pastor of First Baptist Church of Elk City, leans against the choir loft railing Friday, displaying an empty church. But come Sunday morning, the church should be overflowing with a most familiar face, that of President Jimmy Carter.—*Picture caption in the Oklahoman.*

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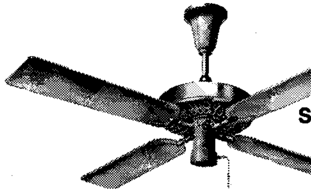

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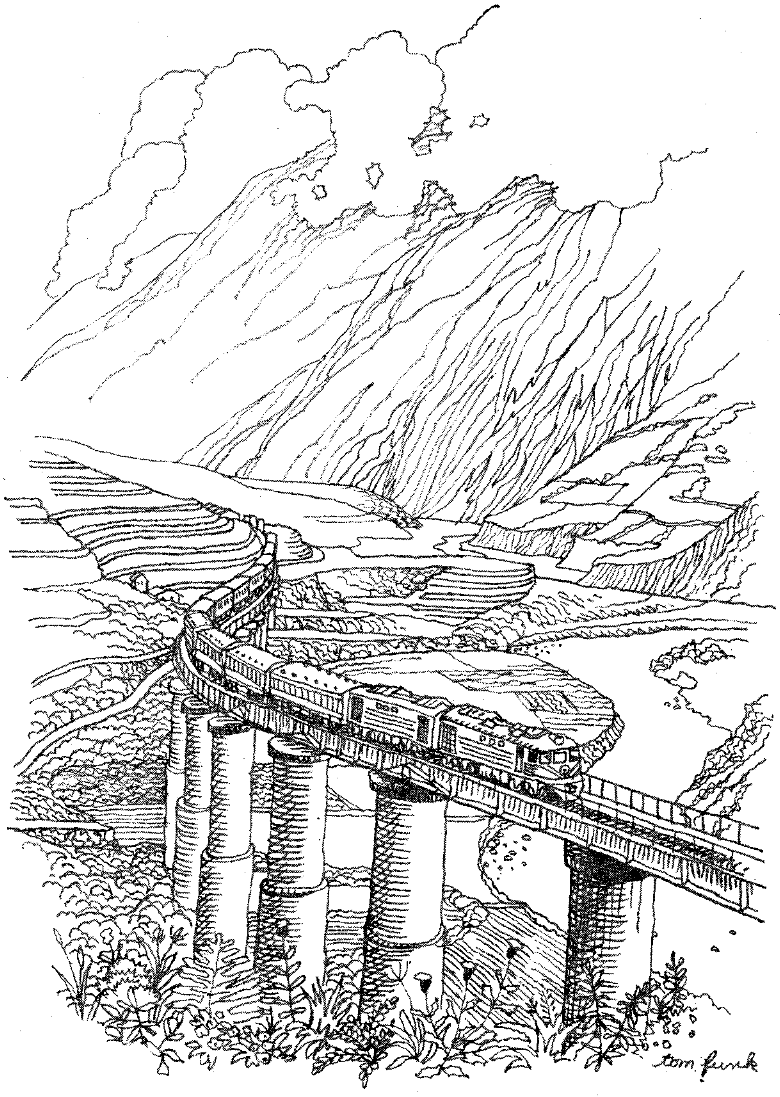

OVER the centuries, China has often been the subject of Western fantasy. In their own way, a number of scholars, journalists, and other travellers have perpetuated this tradition in recent years, rushing to rediscover the country after its long period of isolation. Some of these visitors, justifiably impressed by the Communists' achievements in eliminating the exploitative aspects of pre-1949 mandarin society, propagated the view that the revolution, after its initial successes, had continued to "serve the people," and that China was "the wave of the future"—a compelling alternative to the disorder and materialism of contemporary Western society. Human rights were not at issue, they argued, because such Western concepts were inapplicable to China. In the past year, however, the Chinese have begun to speak for themselves, and they are conveying quite a different picture. In the view of many of its own people, China is a backward and repressive nation. "China is Asia's Gulag Archipelago," an elderly Chinese scholar said to me shortly after I had arrived in China last spring. "I was in Germany right after the Second World War, and I saw the horrors of Buchenwald and other concentration camps. In a way—in its destruction of the human spirit these past two decades—China has been even worse." Paradoxically, the utopia is now America. The traditional Chinese sense of moral superiority has given way, it seems, to an equally unhealthy lack of self-esteem. "Compared to you, we Chinese are really stupid," a train conductor said to me, bemoaning the "fact" that Americans learned faster from books than Chinese did. Americans visiting China no longer need defensively recite the strengths of their society; rather, they find themselves in the curious position of having to point out that America, too, has faults.

Obviously, the time is right for visiting China. Yet, despite the country's sudden new wave of cordiality, the average traveller, who must join a package-tour group to get there, remains very much isolated from the people. Most visitors—who fly from place to place (air travel costs foreigners two to three times the amount that Chinese pay), eat in special dining rooms, and are escorted to scenic or historic sites in Japanese-made minibuses—find that their contact is limited primarily to China's tourist personnel. But even visitors fortunate enough, as I was, to avoid group tours generally travel by plane or by train in luxury compartments and are also isolated from any substantial contact with what the Chinese call "the masses."

As the Ford Foundation's China specialist—and a Chinese interpreter under contract to the State Department—I had first visited the country in 1975, but that trip had yielded little in the way of information about ordinary Chinese citizens. Visits to Potemkin-village communes, model factories, and new housing developments—hardly tourist attractions in other countries—were orchestrated and meaningless, and were accompanied by a barrage of official propaganda about the success of the socialist revolution, the sanctity of the principle of "self-reliance," and the evil influence of everything foreign. Today, travelling in China can be strikingly different. Provided that their Chinese is adequate, travellers who manage to sidestep the government travel agency can set out on their own—by "hard class" train, boat, and bus—to profit from China's new openness and the almost insatiable desire of the Chinese for conversation. Except for some foreigners studying in China, few visitors have had the opportunity or the inclination to travel in this way, so when an Australian friend and I received a personal invitation from a diplomat in Peking—one of the few ways individual travellers can enter the country—we decided to undertake such a trip. The journey, lasting nearly two months, covering seven thousand miles, and passing through a number of areas only recently opened to foreign travellers, took us from Canton, in the south, to Peking and Tianjin (Tientsin), in the northeast, and then southwest through Sichuan (Szechwan) to the remote province of Yunnan, east down the Yangtse River to Shanghai, and, finally, to the scenic southern city of Guilin (Kweilin).

The trip began in Hong Kong, where the business community is full of optimistic talk about China's development plans and the major role that the Crown Colony is likely to play in the

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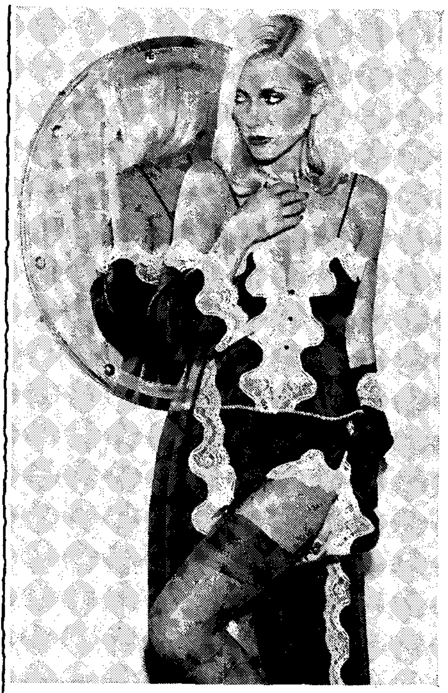
"four modernizations"—of industry, agriculture, science and technology, and the military. Estimates of the amount that China will have to borrow by 1985 to achieve "mechanization" have ranged from, in American terms, six hundred billion dollars to the more recent figure of twenty billion dollars. The country's foreign-debt obligations are currently a modest eleven per cent of its export earnings, but they could balloon considerably beyond twenty per cent—a figure that the financial community considers prudent—if foreign-exchange earnings do not keep pace with China's borrowing. The problems are obvious: if China is to realize its goals, it will have to develop capital, technical and managerial skills, and export markets. "In terms of financing as well as of human rights, 1979 and 1980 will be crucial years for China," one of Hong Kong's most prominent international bankers said to me.

Though the rail line from Hong Kong now goes straight through to Canton, most trains still stop at the border, and passengers, almost as if replaying Mao's Long March, have to trudge across the Lowu Bridge on foot, many of them carrying their own luggage. A number of those entering China are so-called Overseas Chinese and, in China's status-laden lexicon, the even lowlier Hong Kong and Macao brethren. Returning to see relatives, they sag under the weight of color TV sets and other modern appliances incongruously dangling from traditional bamboo shoulder poles. The Chinese, hungering for consumer goods after years of deprivation, try to make the most of visits from family outside. The visitors bring in food as well. A woman in Canton told me, "Most of the quality eggs and pork produced in Guangdong [Kwangtung] Province are exported to Hong Kong for foreign currency, so I can't easily get them here. Fortunately, my cousins who live there bring some back for me."

In Chinese railway stations, there is an upstairs-downstairs distinction. The area upstairs is generally reserved for "foreign guests" and Chinese dignitaries. The rooms—large and impersonal—are furnished with little more than oversize linen-covered armchairs and ubiquitous spittoons. Foreigners wait in comfortable seclusion in these reception halls until guides come to escort them to specially segregated compartments on their trains. On the Chinese side of the border, I asked a teen-age waitress in the station for directions to the ticket window. Sur-



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prised that my companion and I hadn't bought our tickets in Hong Kong, she offered to take us to a China Travel Service office just down the hall. When we refused, she did not insist—as she undoubtedly would have a year ago—but willingly directed us to the ticket office used by the masses, downstairs. There the ticket for the ninety-minute ride to Canton cost the equivalent of four dollars and fifty cents. If we had bought our tickets through the China Travel Service's Hong Kong office, the trip would have cost twenty-seven dollars—six times as much.

In contrast to the staid upstairs, the downstairs section was chaotic. Throngs of Chinese, some with what seemed to be all their earthly belongings—including terrified bound-up chickens and quacking ducks—filled the area. Scurrying around the station were mothers with infants strapped to their backs or clutched nursing at the breast; fathers with infants in their arms; grandmothers and grandfathers holding babbling youngsters by the hand. Even little children no more than five years old, their legs wobbling under the weight, uncomplainingly carried infant brothers or sisters on their backs, occasionally pausing to reach around and console with a gentle pat those who were crying. (China discourages early marriage—before twenty-eight for men and twenty-five for women—and propagandizes through wall graffiti and posters everywhere that "one child is best, two is the most." In addition, birth-control pills and condoms free for the taking are available in clearly marked boxes sitting on drugstore counters. Even though the condoms are generally considered to be of poor quality, birth-control pamphlets given to young couples recommend that, for reasons of economy, they be washed and reused. The effect of these efforts on population growth isn't obvious—China is children. At least seventeen million babies are born each year.) Above the general clatter rose the unappetizing sounds and sights of people coughing, constantly hawking, and spitting and blowing their noses on the floor. Heedless of pervasive propaganda designed to discourage unhygienic behavior, parents also held undiapered babies spread-eagle in their arms to allow them to urinate on the floor through split-seam pants. China remains a terribly poor peasant society, and little distinction is made between the floor of a station or a restaurant and the earth.

Fortunately, because foreigners in downstairs China are still rare and

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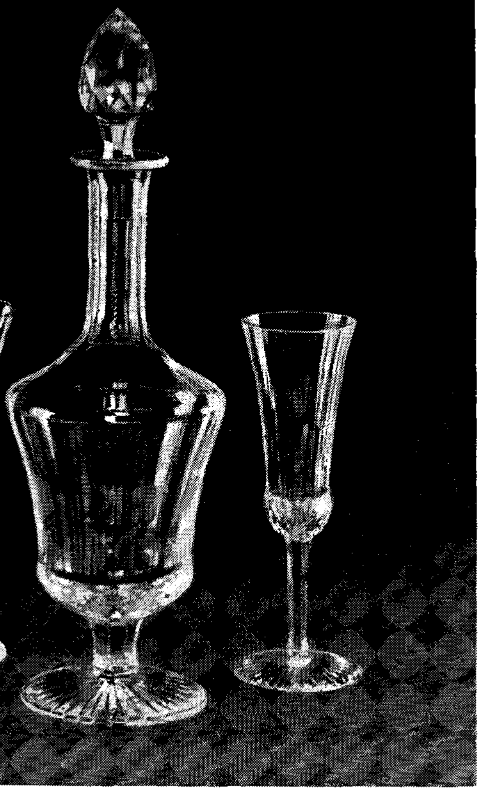

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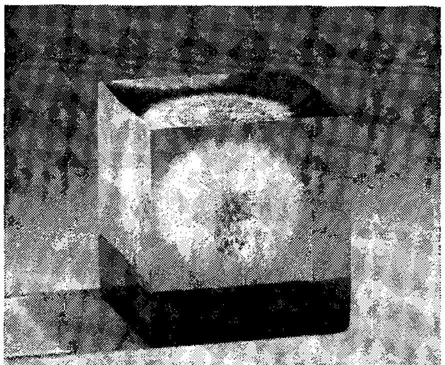
Chinese travellers stop their customary elbowing and shoving to stare—and even to offer assistance—we had no trouble making our way to the proper train. As we neared Canton, the countryside looked lovely and fertile, but by the time we reached the station rain had begun to fall, and the city itself seemed dismal and dreary. We spent the better part of the day sloshing around Sha Mian Island, in the Pearl River—a narrow, tree-lined strip of land about half a mile long, which is connected to the city's crowded southwestern section by two small bridges. The island—formerly the site of the French and British concessions—still has something of the air of a European village. Sha Mian's once magnificent mansions have been converted into schools and administrative offices, and have deteriorated over the years, but even in decay they retain a certain elegance. Guides never fail to mention to tourists that before "liberation," in 1949, Chinese were excluded from the island and from other concession and legation areas in China. The guides apparently see no irony in the fact that the masses are now excluded by their own government from a number of choice spots (in hotels, restaurants, trains) reserved for foreigners.

Before catching the evening train to Peking, we had dinner at Bei Yuan, or the North Garden, one of Canton's fancier restaurants. I had eaten at Bei Yuan during my 1975 trip, but at that time I had been restricted to a separate guest room, where I had eaten a lonely meal while the inescapable Travel Service escort, refusing my invitation to share the dinner, looked on indifferently. This time, after only the slightest resistance on the part of the restaurant management, my Australian friend and I were ushered into the main room, where we ate in the company of the masses. The bill, for China, was on the high side—about eight dollars for soup and three dishes. Even though a number of American food critics have praised the fare at Bei Yuan, we were unimpressed; a dish of fresh shrimp, for instance, came overladen with monosodium glutamate. Unfortunately, most visitors never get beyond the few restaurants specially selected for tourists, some of which are now so booked up that foreign residents in the country have difficulty getting reservations. If language were not a barrier, foreigners willing to forgo such amenities as white tablecloths and ignore the bones, scraps of food, and other litter cluttering the floors of the more popular eating places could sample superb



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cuisine—and local color—in countless restaurants throughout the country. Prices in such places range from half a dollar to three dollars and fifty cents a person—about a sixth of what tourists usually pay in the dining rooms and restaurants set aside for them.

On the Canton-to-Peking line, the "hard bed" reservations—second class, in classless Chinese society—had been sold out three days in advance. At forty-five dollars for a one-way ticket, it was the best buy. One alternative to hard bed was to travel "hard seat," or third class, which would have meant sitting upright on straight-backed wooden benches for thirty-four hours packed together with about a hundred and twenty other people, but that seemed to be overdoing the quest for contact, even at the bargain price of twenty dollars. Later, we did travel hard seat for fourteen painful hours through Sichuan, from Chengdu (Chengtu) to Chongqing (Chungking), on a rail line completed by forced labor in the early nineteen-fifties. For the trip to Peking, however—fourteen hundred miles—we decided to travel "soft bed." (On short runs, "soft seat" is the first-class alternative.) The price was eighty dollars, and we were isolated from the masses—we were in a compartment with four fairly comfortable bunks—but we rationalized our choice with the reflection that it was only for one leg of the journey, and at least it was preferable to the plane.

The trip north by train is time-consuming, but there is no better way for visitors to grasp the fact that eighty per cent of China's population is rural (though eighty-eight per cent of the land is not cultivated). The train passes through Hunan, with its rugged, terraced hills and lush green paddy fields, through the provinces of Hubei (Hupeh) and Henan (Honan), and finally enters Hebei (Hopei)—a wheat-producing region that is drier and more severe-looking than the provinces to the south. The train crawled by countless clusters of primitive mud-brick huts, their roofs—some tiled, some thatched—steaming in the early-morning drizzle and their chimneys emitting wisps of smoke. Eighty per cent of the people in China—the total population is nearing a billion—spend all their working energy simply growing the food that the country needs in order to survive. Rarely has such virtue emerged from such necessity; the variety and the ingenuity of Chinese cooking are products not of abundance but of millennial scarcity. Though many basic

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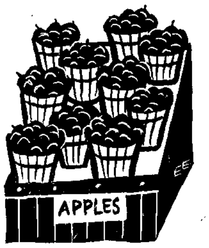
foodstuffs are either rationed or simply not available, the dining car on the train offered a selection of about seventy Chinese dishes and an equal number of Western ones. (Such is the pro-American mania in China today that as we were pondering our choices for one meal the waiter asked, "Isn't American food tastier than Chinese food?") Even in rural China, however, there were signs of an increasing urbanity: at Hankou (Hankow), five huge bags of orange plastic hair curlers were sitting on a station platform. It seems that "cold perm" and wavy hair styles have been catching on throughout the country since 1977, soon after the Gang of Four—Jiang Qing, Wang Hongwen, Yao Wenyuan, and Zhang Qunqiao—were overthrown.

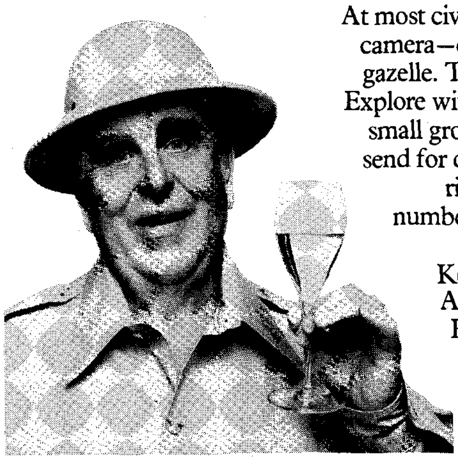
IN Peking, Western culture is flourishing these days. Mao Zedong had hoped in his lifetime to transform China from a backward and bureaucratic society victimized by a century of imperialism into a new, egalitarian state, a unique Chinese Communist culture, and in 1949 he began to eradicate "decadent" Western influences. The movement to destroy every vestige of "bourgeois" culture, including movies and music, reached its xenophobic peak, however, only during the Cultural Revolution, which lasted from 1966 until the overthrow of the Gang of Four. Right up till then, Chinese university students, when their foreign roommates played Beethoven and other Western composers, would invariably parrot the Party line by criticizing the recordings as "awful bourgeois music." Now, if they're lucky enough to be in work units that have access to TV, young Chinese sit listening and watching as the Boston Symphony and other orchestras play to audiences of élite Shanghai and Peking bureaucrats. (Music lovers who attend such events pay—if they are not among the favored few—the black-market price of up to eight dollars, or a little less than the average weekly wage, for a ticket that originally cost twenty-five cents.) The Chinese also get a daily radio dose of selections from, say, "Swan Lake" and "The Sound of Music," along with narrations of the plots, as well as a perplexingly diverse assortment of old country-and-Western hits—including one, in this family-oriented country, that has the refrain "I don't need no man." Other forms of entertainment, too, are much in evidence. Movie houses running old foreign films—a recent one was Olivier's "Hamlet"—are packed night and day. University students who in their philosophy classes hotly debate the pros and cons of Chairman Mao surreptitiously devour Erica Jong's novels and any others they can lay their hands on—often to the embarrassment of their language teachers from abroad, who never thought they would be interpreting such works in this puritanical stronghold. And people everywhere are learning the waltz and the foxtrot.



Beyond their passion for Western entertainment, the Chinese are also rediscovering their own culture. As an admirer and sometime translator of one of China's greatest modern authors, Lao She, whose "Rickshaw Boy" was a best-seller in America in the nineteen-forties, I paid a visit to his widow, Mme. Hu Jie-Qing, now seventy-four. In October of 1966, when the Red Guards unleashed by Mao at the onset of the Cultural Revolution were conducting an orgy of beatings, torture, and murder, Lao She committed suicide. Mme. Hu, a teacher of Chinese literature and a painter of some renown, escaped unharmed—she told me she had been protected by Premier Zhou Enlai and his supporters, who were far more sympathetic than Mao to intellectuals and were aghast at Red Guard excesses. Mme. Hu lives in a small, pleasant house near the center of Peking. After tea at her home and a fine dinner at a nearby restaurant, I accompanied her to the opening-night performance of a revival of her late husband's play "The Teahouse." Written in the nineteen-fifties and last staged in 1962, when it was becoming increasingly unfashionable to be an intellectual—teahouses were often frequented by intellectuals—the slice-of-life drama spans the fifty-year transition from the last decade of Manchu rule to the eve of the Communist victory. Not all of Lao She's work survived the Cultural Revolution. The only extant Chinese copy of one manuscript was destroyed during that period, and a new Chinese version is now, paradoxically, being reconstructed from its English translation.

Despite all the excitement surrounding the current cultural upsurge, not everyone in Peking is happy with the course of events. As recent police crackdowns have so painfully shown—freedom-of-speech demonstrators dragged off to jail and Chinese taken away from international dances for questioning, presumably to discourage too intimate a relationship with foreigners—the Chinese political pendulum swings both ways. Even before the arrests began, signs of reaction were evident in newspaper editorials and radio commentaries. "We want no part of capitalist democracy," a typical editorial insisted. "We want to combine democracy with the dictatorship of the proletariat." In recent months, a number of American lawyers have been invited to China to advise Chinese officials on matters relating to foreign investment in joint business ventures, and when they remark that this attitude bodes ill for the future the response from their hosts is merely a polite nod. Obviously, the struggle among the leadership over the latest "correct line" is far from resolved.

At the other end of the spectrum are those who think things haven't gone far enough. One young artist, whose works seemed suspiciously derivative of van Gogh in some cases and of American abstractionists in others but who insisted they were inspired only by his many years in labor camps, complained that he and fellow-artists elsewhere in China were still not allowed to exhibit their paintings openly (though one Sunday he did put some of his paintings up on "democracy wall," the scene of much of the past year's ferment) and were constantly harassed by the secret police. When asked what he intended to do about the situation, he replied glibly, aping the serious dissidents in the Soviet Union, "I'll send my paintings abroad, get arrested, and hope the international community will take up my case." Victims of the Anti-Rightist Campaign, in the late nineteen-fifties, and of the subsequent Cultural Revolution generally express themselves in a more Chinese way, however—most notably by pasting laboriously written posters on walls in Peking and in virtually every other city in the land. These posters include lurid accounts of torture and sexual abuse during the late sixties, demands for the punishment of individuals considered responsible—they are often named—and pleas for the redress of injustices involving, for example, workers who have lost jobs or possessions, and elderly people forced to become beggars. (Some of the commentary is in a lighter vein. A drawing of Chairman Mao's huge mausoleum was pasted on "democracy wall" one morning with the caption "The Rest of Us Have Housing Problems.") Still, the wall posters



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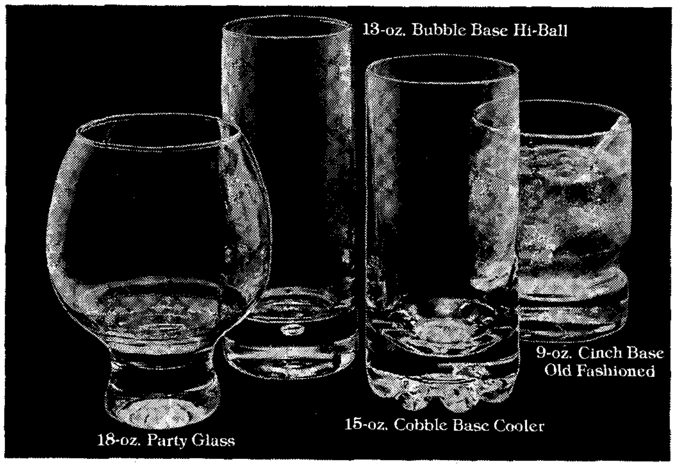
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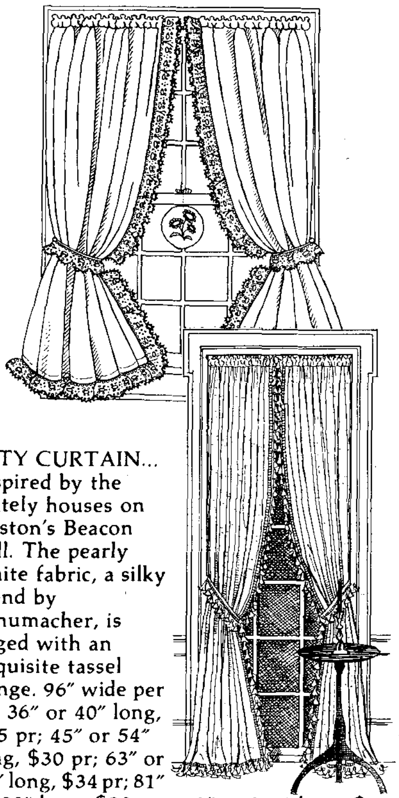

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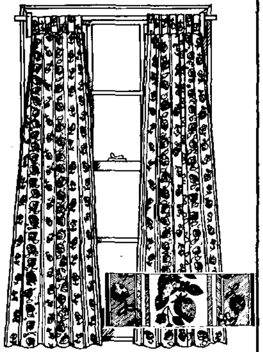

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may not suggest the true extent of people's dismay; random conversations I had gave me the impression that almost everyone has a horrifying personal tale to tell.

My Australian friend and I visited a prominent eighty-year-old doctor whose home and belongings had been summarily confiscated in 1966 despite his years of service to the state. He and his son's family of six had then been forced to move into three unimaginably squalid, cramped, and ill-heated rooms with ceilings of paper, and with no running water and no toilet—a far cry from the model housing project for workers (which itself was pretty basic) that I had been shown on my previous visit. "No place for a houseparty," he said, with a wry grin, as he took us down a muddy lane that led to his quarters. "They say the several medical books I wrote will soon be rehabilitated and my belongings returned, yet that seldom happens. In some instances, the government has offered reimbursements, but it has given only a tiny fraction of the value of the confiscated goods. In any case, my home, just across the street, is occupied and will never be returned. Population pressures are just too great." Expressing contempt for the government propaganda that blamed the Gang of Four for the sad state of present-day China, the doctor continued, "The current leaders are trying to change things now, but they're the ones who brought it all on. Changing the situation will be very hard and very slow. As the proverb goes, 'when the snow thaws, the road is muddy.' " The problem is compounded by the fact that although the leadership and the people want a change, middle-level bureaucrats aren't moving. "These cadres have been stung so many times they're afraid to take a position now. And in any event a change might jeopardize their own interests," the doctor continued. Quoting another proverb, he said, "The ends are hot, but the middle is cold."

The next evening, we had dinner at the home of a middle-aged couple, both of whom are fairly high-level members of the Communist Party. "Though we were innocent of any crime, we both spent four years in prison," the wife said, almost nonchalantly. I had heard elsewhere that their son, who had publicly denounced them, had recently committed suicide. Indeed, I heard rumors throughout my journey—rumors being a major source of information in China, with its controlled press—to the effect that there have been a number of suicides lately among young Chinese;

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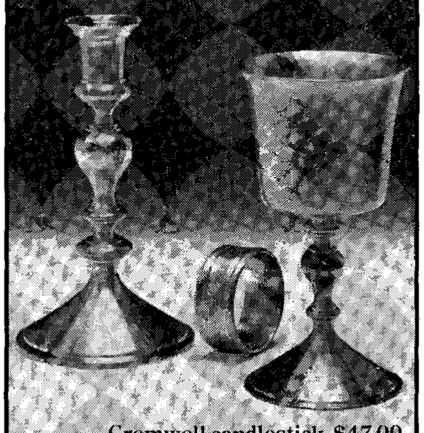

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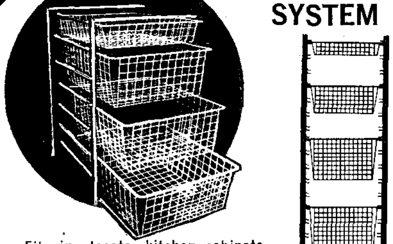

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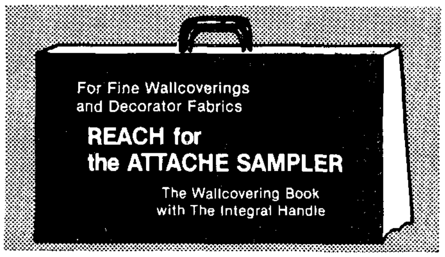

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many of them are reported to be bewildered by the dramatic political turnabout and overwhelmed by feelings of guilt and despair. In view of these circumstances, a number of student-age Chinese are known to be looking for an opportunity to leave the country, and that perhaps explains why, the evening after an official announcement last winter that Chinese could marry foreigners, a group of young Chinese women at Peking University took the highly unusual step of hanging out in front of a men's dormitory where several foreign students lived. Moreover, those Chinese who were recruited for the universities from the ranks of "workers, peasants, and soldiers" under a now discredited program fostered by Mao must also find the current situation unsettling. Brought up to believe that they would be the vanguard in the triumph of ideology over "decadent" culture, they are now being shunted aside, in the interests of modernization, to make room for those with expertise.

One day, on a short side trip to Tianjin, a port city about sixty miles southeast of Peking, I asked a young friend how so many children could have been induced to denounce their parents. "Easy," he replied. "They were made to believe that their lives would have been a lot more comfortable if their parents had been better people—of a different class—before liberation. So out of frustration they blamed their parents for all their troubles." Another friend in Tianjin complained, "I've been buffeted by this system for so long now—one movement after another since the early fifties—that my mind is no longer functioning properly. I doubt if I'll ever again be capable of thinking clearly." While there is little question that large numbers of Chinese have been numbed by years of propaganda, there is also evidence that some people have maintained a clearheaded view of events. "Thirty years ago, most students were enthusiastic about the Communists," one man said. "But now, after being told for so long that socialism is superior, these same people look around and see nothing at all to indicate its superiority. No wonder young people today are cynical. No wonder some are suggesting that even the Guomindang [Kuomintang] might have been better. One thing is certain—they want a change."

Walking one day in the drab rural outskirts of Peking, I knocked at the door of a small cottage to ask directions. An elderly, almost toothless man

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answered, and he invited me in for what turned out to be a two-hour conversation. A scientist who had returned from America after the Second World War with a Ph.D. in mathematics, he had hoped to serve the Communist cause by helping to rebuild China. Instead, after a decade of work, he was labelled a rightist and sentenced to twenty years at hard labor, from which he had only recently been released. "Since I was considered a 'big rightist,' I haven't yet got my rehabilitation certificate, as some 'small rightists' have," he told me. "My 'crimes' were twofold: praising American science, and stressing how important academic freedom is to scientific inquiry. Now these 'crimes' seem to be the correct line." He chuckled, and added, "Though who knows for how long?"

If more people had stood firm, as he had, I asked, would the same thing have happened?

"It wouldn't have mattered," he replied. "Millions did stand firm, but we were still broken." He paused to reflect, and then, referring to the brief period in 1957 when Mao solicited criticism of the Party from the intellectual élite, went on, "But if we hadn't done what we did then, there would be no liberalization now. The Hundred Flowers Movement led inexorably to the Cultural Revolution and to the present reaction against that madness."

Didn't that provide some consolation?

"No," he said listlessly. "It's too late for us. Two generations have been lost—my children, too, have suffered. Because of my 'crimes,' they were denied an education. One is a bus driver, and the other works in a factory."

As I was leaving, I noticed that my host had a portrait of Mao hanging on the wall, and I asked him why.

"My wife still thinks it's the safest thing to do," he said. "If I had my way, I'd tear that picture to shreds."

WE were able to get hard-bed reservations for the nineteen-hour trip from Peking to the historic city of Xian (Sian). Our introduction to hard-bed travel proved to be something of a shock. The car was crammed to capacity—a rolling dormitory with twenty rows of two-foot-wide wooden slabs, stacked in tiers of three along one wall, for beds. Parents travelling with their children often save money by squeezing two and three to a bunk. But the lack of creature comforts is partly compensated for by a spirit of camaraderie that develops after several hours

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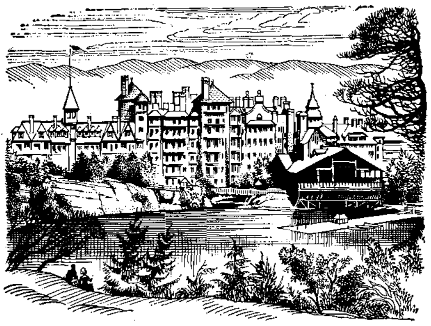

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of this close communal confinement. "We Chinese are a very warm people and enjoy expressing our warmth," a middle-aged woman told me. "These past few years, we've been frustrated, because we haven't been permitted to express ourselves—even within our own families." The Chinese masses remain highly political, yet to some extent the ascendance of Deng Xiaoping, with his emphasis on "modernization," has liberated them from the ideological constraints that were so evident until recently. People now seem spontaneous and free of affectations in their social relationships—appealing qualities that one hopes won't be supplanted by Western concepts of "sophistication" as the country modernizes or, if the modernization program fails, by the sour misanthropy prevalent in the Soviet Union.

On the train to Xian, the day's radio fare—broadcast over loudspeakers in each car—was mercifully lacking in the monotonous ideological propaganda that in past years was unavoidable. After the playing of the popular anthem "The East Is Red" and fifteen minutes of "news"—reports on agricultural production, accounts of meetings between high-ranking figures—the bulk of the programming consisted of traditional Chinese comedy (often a bantering dialogue between a comic and a straight man), music from other parts of Asia and from the West, and talks that were virtually elementary-school lessons describing life in other countries. To the average Chinese, whose life for the most part is confined to the area around his village, the assumptions in some of these programs must seem incongruous. A program on the Philippines, for instance, began, "When you go to Manila, you will want to visit . . ." Still, many Chinese do appear to be starved for knowledge

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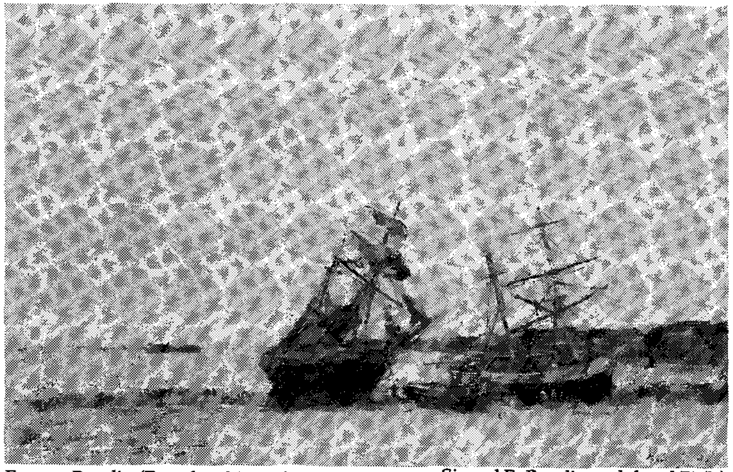

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about other parts of the world. It often happened that on trains or in public parks I was surrounded by large numbers of people and, in response to their questions, spent hours at a time describing conditions in Taiwan and elsewhere or discussing the political and economic situation in America. Once, in arguing that Nixon was the American equivalent of the Gang of Four, because he had tried to subvert the Constitution, I mentioned his earlier enmity to the Chinese Communists. "That's strange," one young man said. "Our government told us that Nixon was always a staunch supporter."

Most of our fellow-passengers on the Xian train were travelling on work-related errands that allowed them to enjoy the otherwise unaffordable perquisites of sightseeing en route and eating in good restaurants. (Pedicab drivers throughout China usually ask riders whether their organization is paying or whether they are paying their own way, and unabashedly charge higher fares to those on expense accounts.) And most of the passengers were men. "Travelling in China is arduous, and women are not up to it" was the standard explanation, even though it was contradicted by the reality of the rural landscape, where women regularly haul heavy carts along rutted lanes, like beasts of burden. One of the few female passengers travelling on business—she was returning from a construction site—was accompanied by her four-year-old son. She maintained that she would have preferred to stay home if a male colleague had been available for the job.

As an accompaniment to the new emphasis on modernization, women are now being permitted—indeed, encouraged by billboard and other advertising—to put aside the short haircuts and drab garments of Cultural Revolution days for more stylish hairdos and for feminine, colorful clothes of a style fashionable in the West around 1950. (Paradoxically, they are also being warned, through magazine cartoons and articles, against what is apparently an increasingly common practice of choosing husbands on the basis of their access to consumer goods.) Chinese of both sexes seem delighted with this campaign to prettify women, though whether it signals a retreat from the past few years' emphasis on male-female equality is anyone's guess.

The bunk across from me was occupied by a young man travelling with his five-year-old daughter. On these long trips, as in almost every social setting in China, children are the

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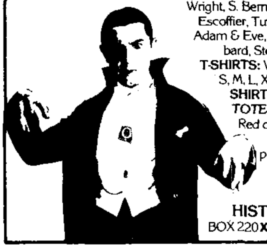

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center of everyone's attention. Yet for the most part they seem much less obtrusive and unmanageable than their Western cousins—perhaps because of their early exposure to socialization in nurseries, kindergartens, and a generally communal environment. Foreign tourists have marvelled at the apparent mood of contentment they observe on visits to model Chinese kindergartens, but not all Chinese parents are so unstinting in their praise. "For children raised at home, usually by their grandparents, our nursery-school system is really quite cruel," the father told me. "Such children start attending nursery school at about the age of two—in contrast to infants who are consigned to nurseries when they reach eight weeks—and they are admitted only one at a time, because they usually cry constantly for the first several weeks. Many kindergartens are staffed by untrained people who encourage the children to sleep most of the time, and that means that it's almost impossible to get them to sleep at night." Judging from the number of school-age youngsters who spend their days not in class but pulling loads through city streets or engaged in other types of menial labor, there also seems to be some degree of dissatisfaction with China's system of universal primary education. "Many parents refuse to send their children to school because they know that after graduation the kids are generally assigned to jobs far away from home," one mother explained. "These parents know it's wrong to put their children to work when they're so young, but they know that at least that way the family will never be separated. It's not easy to overcome this way of thinking, but eventually they'll be converted." It is also possible, of course, that this situation may prompt the government to revise its job-assignment policy so as to minimize the disruptive effects on families.

After nineteen hours seated in a hard-bed car, I was all too happy to spend several days sightseeing in Xian on foot, straphanging on packed city buses or walking—anything, as long as it wasn't sitting. The city, a section of whose ancient walls still stands, is situated in an area adjacent to the Yellow River, where Chinese civilization had its origins. Despite a population of about two million, Xian, like many cities in China's interior, creates the impression of being little more than a rural town. Its outskirts merge imperceptibly with the surrounding countryside, and its numerous open-air markets differ little from the descriptions of such places

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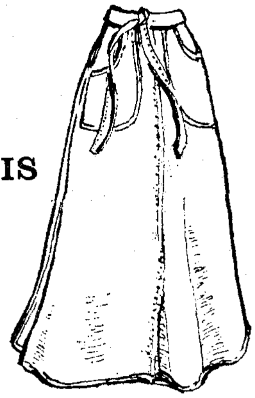

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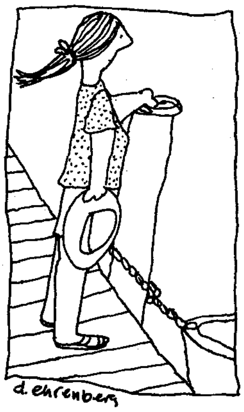
Increasing numbers of tourist groups are being attracted to Xian by an archeological excavation that is under way at the recently discovered two-thousand-year-old tomb of Qin Shi Huang, the first emperor of a unified China. Specialists at the site apologize to visitors for the makeshift nature of the temporary exhibit (one simply walks precariously around the edge of the dig area), but no future display of fully unearthed figures will be able to match the awesome visual impact of countless clay warriors in the process of emerging, as if alive, from centuries of entombment.

During an afternoon at the site, I struck up a conversation with a young Chinese woman, and, as so often happened, the talk turned to politics. But this woman, instead of blaming the Gang of Four for all the country's ills, as so many others had, was surprisingly thoughtful. "You're right in questioning how, when there were over twenty members of the Politburo and three hundred members of the Central Committee, just four people could create such havoc in the country," she said in response to a question. "I've been asking myself the same thing. You're also right in suggesting that our newspapers are pure propaganda. Though things are somewhat better these days, the papers are not telling us the facts now, any more than they did in the past." Then, with a note of anxiety, she added, "If I should be overheard saying these things, I might well be arrested."

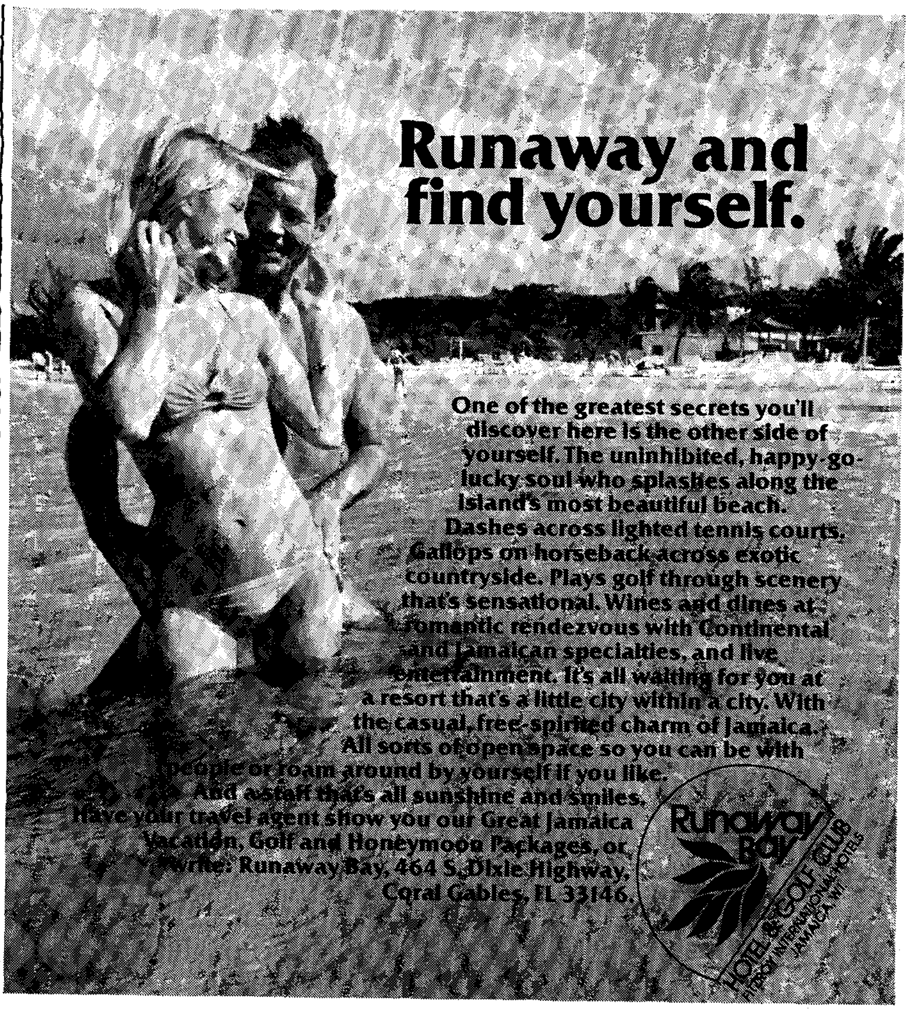


Clearly, though many Chinese are abandoning caution in what seems to be an urgent effort to make their grievances known, in the hope that the situation will continue to improve and that China will become a more open society, many are still fearfully conscious of their vulnerability in a totalitarian state. One middle-aged man said to me, at the conclusion of a long and candid discussion in a local bar, "The only reason I'm talking to you this way is that I'm from another district, and no one in this place knows me. In a minute, I'm going to get on my bicycle and get the hell out of here." The depressing fact is that the masses, while sometimes refreshingly defiant, are in general easily intimidated by the slightest show of authority—even that of officious, if well-meaning, bus conductors who order Chinese passengers to relinquish their seats to embarrassed foreigners.

The hotel where foreigners stay in Xian is an enormous, drab structure that was constructed in the late nineteen-fifties by the Russians, and it has the unimaginativeness and built-in decay common to Soviet socialist architecture. By no means a major issue in the over-all scheme of things, China's hotel situation nonetheless reflects important aspects of the country's problems. Outside Peking, the best hotels—which are still far below international standards—are the ones that were built in the early nineteen-hundreds by French and other foreign interests. Next in order of discomfort are the Russian monstrosities, and last come those built by the Chinese themselves. Most of the Chinese-built hotels are only about three years old, but they were so shabbily constructed and have been so poorly maintained that the rooms look at least ten times their age. But even these are far superior to the hotels used by the Chinese masses, where a cot for the night, with few other amenities, can be had for as little as thirty-five cents. After inspecting a few of those facilities, I wasn't at all unhappy about being restricted to the more expensive quarters—sixteen dollars a night for double occupancy—that are provided for foreigners. If China hopes to attract increasing numbers of tourists in order to earn convertible currency, the first step, as everyone seems to recognize, is to invite foreign interests to build the hotels required. But the logistical difficulties of importing entire hotels, item by item, and the further problems of management and maintenance suggest that the return on such an investment would be limited, and, despite earlier optimism, international hotel corporations now seem to be waking up to that fact. To date, the only people who have actually committed themselves to building hotels in China are a few Overseas Chinese, among them one Hong Kong multimillionaire who owns a substantial share of lucrative gambling establishments in Macao.

EVEN after my exposure to the minimal standards of hard-bed travel on the trip to Xian, I was unprepared for the twenty-hour hard-bed ride on the train from Xian to Chengdu. Having left Shanghai over thirty hours earlier, the train looked as woebegone and weary as its many passengers. Bunks are rarely vacant on these overnight trips, and mine had obviously been occupied the night before. As a spoiled foreigner, I asked for clean sheets, but the ones I was given were almost as tattered and gray as those they replaced. This shouldn't have been a surprise, for in rural areas laundry is done in irrigation ditches and polluted rivers, and even in the cities most clothes are washed in cold water—and by Chinese standards soap is expensive everywhere. The air was stagnant, and the car was clouded with layers of cigarette smoke. There is a high incidence of cancer and heart disease in China, yet most Chinese men, and even many teen-age boys, smoke heavily. In fact, the closest thing to tipping in restaurants in China—which is the world's largest producer and consumer of tobacco—is the practice of offering cigarettes to waiters (but not waitresses, for few women smoke, at least in public). The government has imposed a heavy tax on tobacco, and until very recently it has done little to inform the public about the dangers of smoking. Less remiss where the links are less clear, the authorities have evidently thought it expedient, in view of the shortage of meat in China, to give wide publicity to an American doctor's theory that the high consumption of meat increases the risk of cancer. There has been some progress on the no-smoking front, however: not long ago, C.A.A.C., the national airline, stopped handing out cigarettes to passengers on its flights, and just last month the government, disturbed about the increase in smoking among teen-agers and the rising rate of lung cancer, announced plans for an anti-smoking campaign.

On the train to Chengdu, a number of fellow-passengers kept me engaged in animated conversation. A young bureaucrat, boldly mouthing slogans of the day about socialist legality, became evasive and noncommittal when I argued that China could no longer afford to be contemptuous of Western concepts of legal process and that Party dominance over the legal apparatus was



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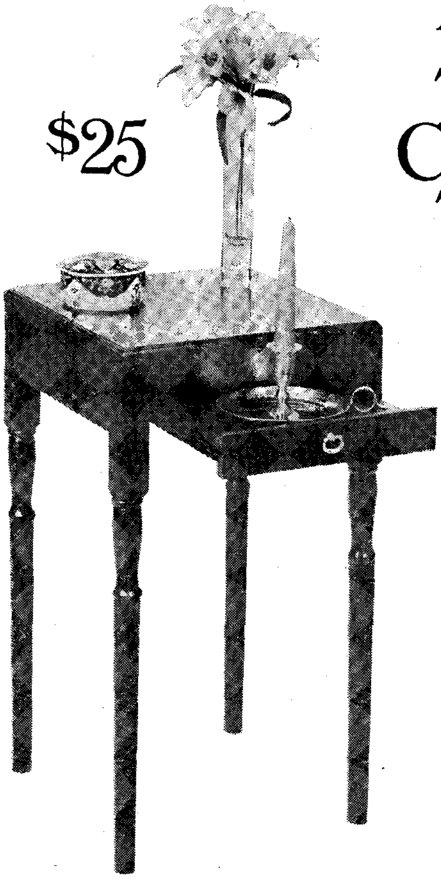

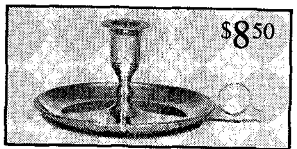

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incompatible with the administration of justice. To my surprise, a young soldier who had been staring out the window and had seemed not to be listening suddenly turned toward me and interrupted the conversation. With undisguised disgust for his bureaucratic comrade, and alluding to the fact that since 1957 China has trained virtually no legal professionals, he blurted out, "China needs lawyers badly—to defend people when they are prosecuted, and generally to protect our freedom." A third man added, "America is a democracy. The problem with China is that it's a dictatorship—but a couple of years ago I couldn't openly have said that."

The train moved through Shaanxi (Shensi) and into Sichuan. The unfolding panorama of the Jialing River winding its way through the mountainous countryside presented a perfect example of what Chinese landscape painters have for centuries striven to capture—jagged peaks veiled in clouds, terraces of green unripened wheat, brilliant-yellow patches of flowering rapeseed, clusters of bamboo, and the pink blossoms of apricot trees.

In Chengdu, which is Sichuan's capital and one of its major cities, the back streets, even more than those of Xian, convey the flavor of old China. Endless rows of dilapidated and dingy wooden dwellings, untouched by thirty years of "socialist construction," teem with gleeful runny-nosed youngsters. A huge exhibition hall in the center of town, guarded by a mammoth statue of Chairman Mao, is one of the few buildings that look relatively well kept, but it was erected only recently, to replace the fourteenth-century Imperial City, which was destroyed in the turmoil of the Cultural Revolution. Some of the fiercest fighting during those turbulent years took place in Sichuan, which, as the richest and most intensively cultivated agricultural province in China, has been a prized object of contention ever since the period of the Three Kingdoms, in the third century A.D. "Sichuan has historically been known as 'the heavenly country,' " said a man sitting next to me on a bus that was heading for the hermitage of the Tang Dynasty poet Du Fu. "But for ten years it was hell. Peasants were set against workers and workers against intellectuals. At one point, the factories were closed, and even agricultural production and distribution broke down."

For the moment, at least, things appear far more harmonious—so much so that in the crowded park by the

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Guanxian River, famous for its ninety-odd varieties of bamboo, hundreds of people on their day off were taking advantage of the less repressive climate by dancing. Enthusiastic couples—men and women, men and men, women and women—were learning the fox-trot to a scratchy recording of "Old Black Joe," which reverberated at fluctuating speeds over loudspeakers that once ceaselessly spouted propaganda.

THOUGH the "public security" authorities in Peking had denied us permission to travel to Kunming, their counterparts in Chengdu readily granted it. "They had to approve—we had already bought the tickets," a young Travel Service staff member explained, in a curious instance of the tail wagging the dog. Yunnan was one of the last provinces to come under Chinese influence (the Ming Dynasty took control from the region's Mongol rulers in the thirteen-eighties), and its capital, Kunming, lacks the atmosphere of vitality characteristic of most Chinese cities. What is more surprising is that the surrounding area, mountainous and sparsely populated, has little of the Southeast Asian flavor one might expect in a remote province bordering on Burma, Laos, and Vietnam—as Yunnan does—where "national minorities," though they are not much in evidence, make up almost a third of the population.

Much more visible was the aftermath of China's recent involvement in Vietnam. The Kunming hospital was filled with wounded Chinese soldiers, and those who could get about were being invited to patronize some of the local restaurants—Yunnan is not noted for the abundance or the quality of its food, and most of Kunming's restaurants are inferior—by signs saying "We welcome returning heroes." Camouflaged military trucks were on the roads, and artillery pieces and small tanks sat atop flatcars along railway sidings. Though many Chinese, obviously having been taken in by newspaper propaganda, assumed that China had victoriously achieved all its goals in Vietnam, some of the better-educated were dubious. According to rumor, the Vietnamese had not sent up as many of their best divisions as had been expected, and so the Chinese had not annihilated as many of these as they had hoped to. A relatively high-level Party member told me, in a moment of alcohol-induced candor, "China's foreign policy in Southeast Asia is not based on an abundance of expertise in that area,

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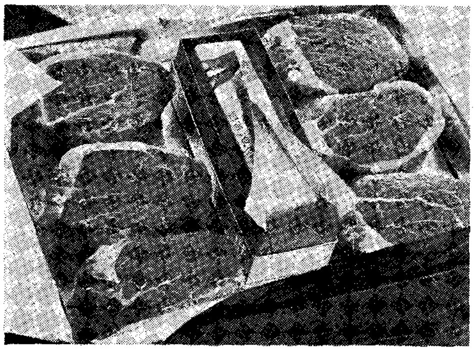

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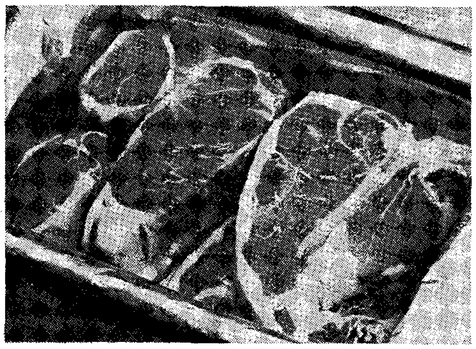

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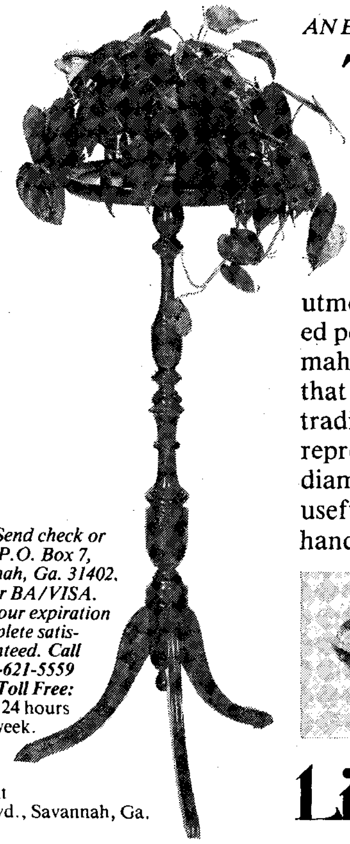

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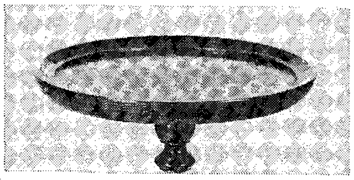

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and that's one of the reasons we've found ourselves in some embarrassing situations in the past few years—our support of Cambodia, for instance. I personally was worried about the risk of Soviet intervention in the Vietnam action." Then, suggesting that his hawkish colleagues had a more cynical view, he added, "But what the hell. The People's Liberation Army was forgetting how to fight, and the men needed some practice."

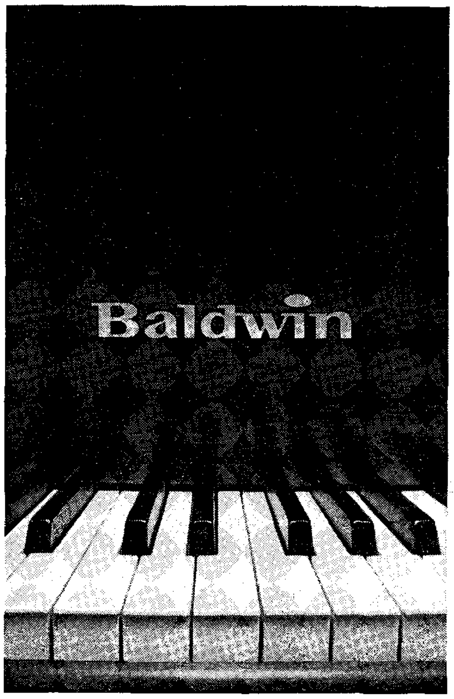
Kunming's major attraction is its Buddhist-Taoist temples, which are filled with magnificent old carvings depicting the strange and colorful characters of Chinese popular religion, and which are currently being restored. Some might think that the restoration of these temples signifies a revival of traditional religion, but the more likely explanation is that it is related to the recent opening of the city to foreign tourist groups. Although a number of elderly people were praying to the gods, and although incense was on sale in Kunming and elsewhere, ostensibly for religious use (it can also be used as a much-needed fly and mosquito repellent), younger groups seemed to prefer sitting in the teahouses of the temple courtyards chatting and playing cards.

In a conversation with one such group, I was asked what restrictions the American government placed on citizens who wanted to travel abroad. Amazed by my reply that there were none at all, one person said, "That's democracy. Maybe we'll get to that point in twenty or thirty years."

"Nonsense," said another. "We'd see how they live and never come back."

"We'd have to come back," a third said. "Not speaking the language, we'd never be able to get jobs there."

A FEW days later, Yunnan was far behind, and my friend and I were on board the East Is Red No. 35, a ferryboat sailing through the dramatic Yangtse River Gorges on a twelve-hundred-mile journey from Chongqing to Shanghai. Boats in China avoid the élitist stigma of first class by offering only accommodations designated "second class" through "fifth class"—the former consisting of two-berth cabins, the latter being mere catch-as-catch-can arrangements on the decks and in the gangways, and the intermediate classes having anywhere from four to thirty bunks to a cabin. As was true on the trains, it was not just money that determined who could buy a superior berth; apart from foreigners, only Chi-



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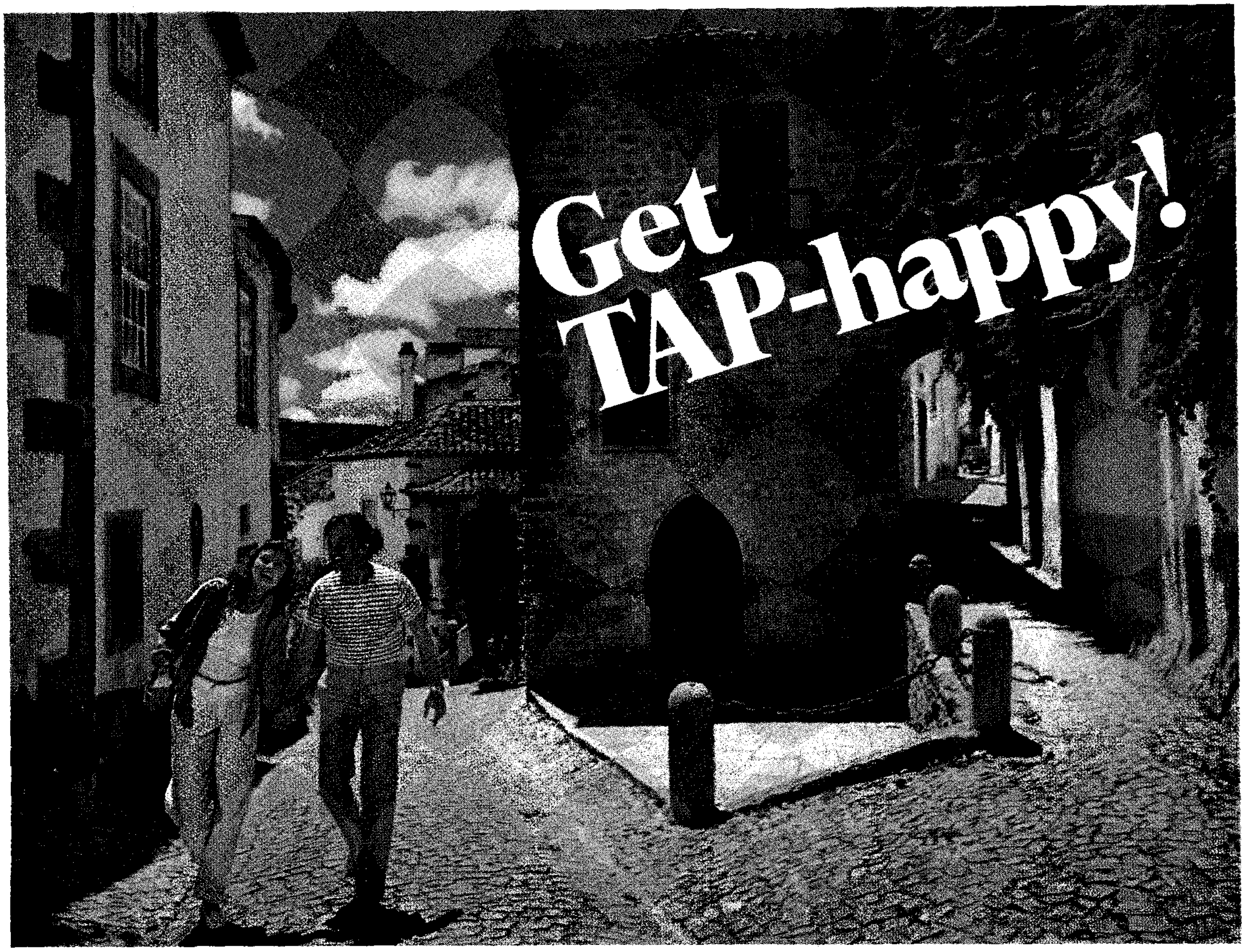

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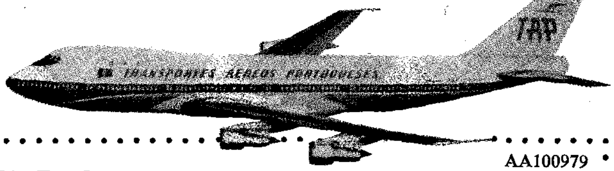

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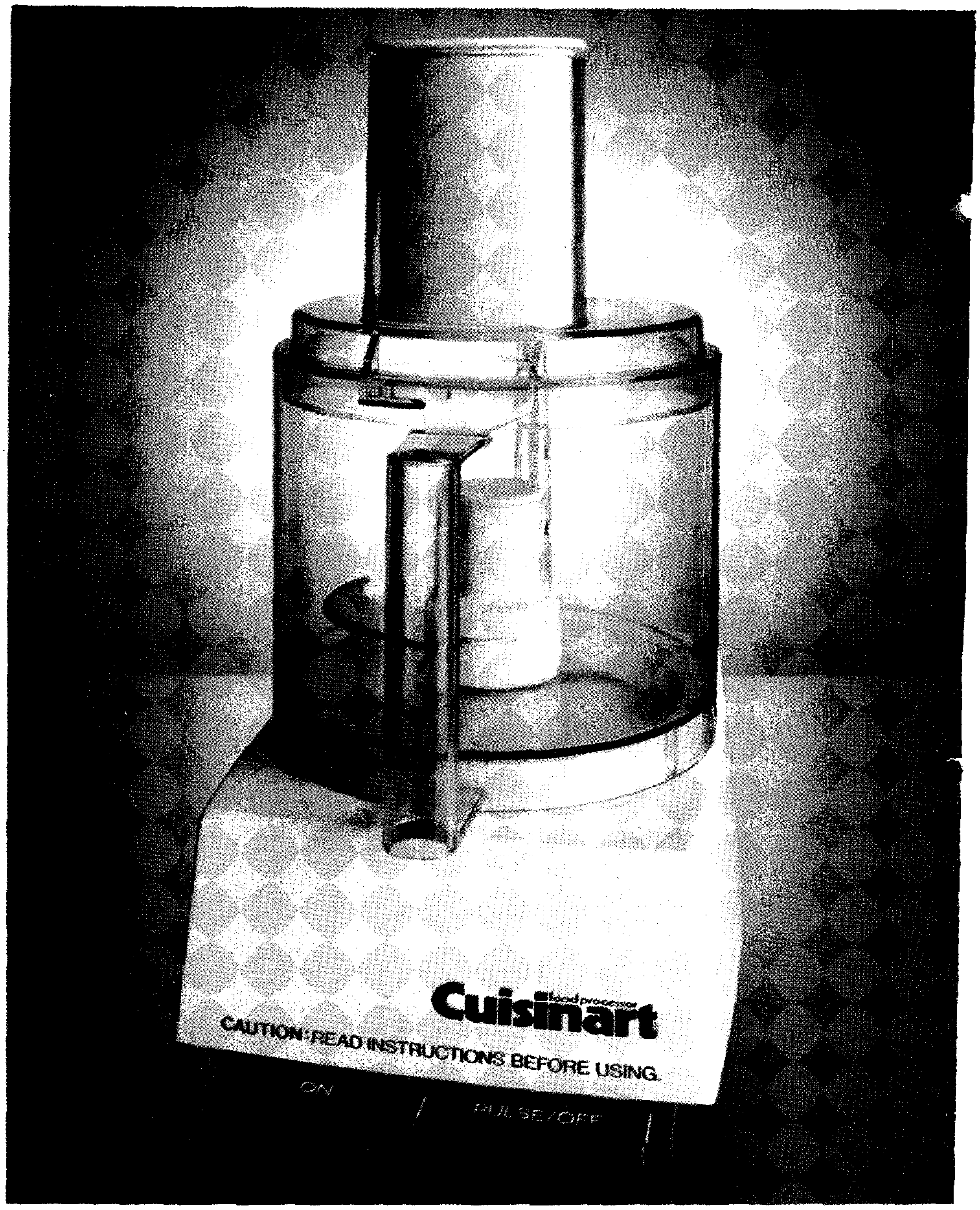

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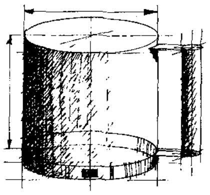

The bowl has 46% more capacity than our earlier models. (It is both wider and higher.) For example, you can now make bread and other yeast recipes using up to 6 cups of flour and make three pounds of bread dough in 90 seconds.

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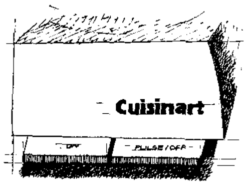
Because the DLC 7 has a considerably stronger motor, it can handle those 6 cups of flour without any strain. The DLC 7 will allow you to process larger loads. And do it faster, too. Many recipes that formerly required multiple steps can now be done in one.

SAFETY

The DLC 7 has an extra safety switch that prevents the machine from operating when the bowl is not in position. The machine stops within 2.8 seconds when turned off because of its new quick stop mechanism.

PULSE ACTION



On the front of the DLC 7 there are two very wide keys. Press the left one and the machine goes on and stays on; press the right one and the machine stops. Press the right one again and the machine goes on for as long as you hold the key down. You determine how fast to pulse.

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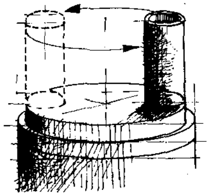

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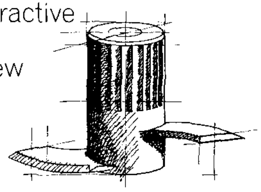

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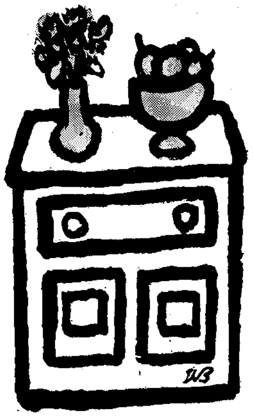
nese above a certain level in Party or state organizations have that privilege.

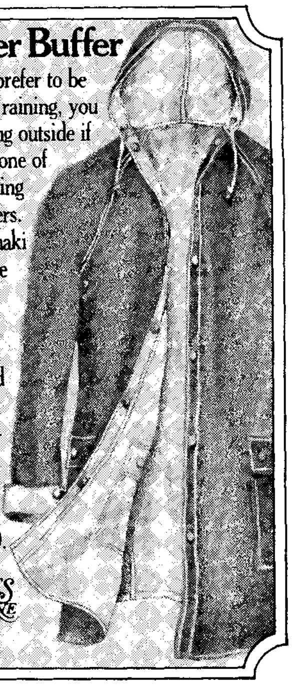
Several years ago, when Sichuan was still closed to foreign tourists and when it was official policy to exaggerate the country's progress, a few privileged Westerners, such as the former American Foreign Service officer John Service and his wife, Caroline, were invited to make this trip—one that his parents, who were missionaries, had made decades before under much more Spartan circumstances. Some of these visitors, including Mrs. Service, subsequently wrote articles for China's foreign-language propaganda journals which suggested that under the Communist regime China had modernized its river transportation. The fact is that manpower is still the major means of propulsion on the Yangtse: most boats are rowed or sailed down the river and then have to be hauled upstream by ropes harnessed to teams of men who creep along the banks, as they have for centuries, struggling against the swift current. This shouldn't come as a surprise, for on land the major forms of conveyance, apart from the bicycle, are still the wheelbarrow and a variety of rickshawlike carts. The peasants use these to carry sick and elderly relatives from one place to another, and also to transport the produce of their private plots to sell, at bargainable prices, in the thriving "free markets" of the dusty towns along the shore. They do the latter, of course, only by ignoring their responsibilities to the commune—an increasingly serious problem for the country, judging from a recent spate of newspaper criticism.



Overcoming my fear of having to interpret heavily accented rural Sichuanese, I struck up a conversation with an old peasant, whose wife walked painfully behind him on tiny, crippled feet, which had been bound when she was a child, as was the custom in pre-"liberation" days. "Things got better after Chairman Mao took over" was his laconic and somewhat dated response to my question about conditions in his village, but when I asked for information about recent events relating to the Gang of Four he grew wary and said only, "We peasants don't know much about that."

A serious question now facing China is the degree to which modernization and an increased emphasis on consumer goods in the cities is likely to exacerbate the already considerable economic disparity between people in urban areas and the peasantry. "The peasants don't generally have access to publications like *Culture & Life*, where they would see articles on the latest fashions, so that shouldn't be a problem"—this was the rather naïve view of a young man who had been reading that magazine. "But, in any case, the government will just have to raise food prices to increase peasant income," he went on, "and it will also have to improve the standard of rural education."

On the ferryboat, as happens all day long everywhere in China, loudspeakers were blaring to their captive audience. Each morning's radio program included a roll call of Party stalwarts who had fallen victim to the Cultural Revolution and were now being ceremoniously—though posthumously—rehabilitated. The broadcast of a eulogy of each victim was followed by a recitation of the names of well-known Party and government figures who had sent wreaths of commemoration. But, as was also the case elsewhere, no one seemed to pay much heed to the constant din. The passengers preferred to talk with the two foreigners in their midst. One Sichuanese woman in her early twenties, blaming the Cultural Revolution for depriving her of a college education, particularly wanted to unburden herself. "The newspapers lied to us," she told me. "We never read them. We were all 'sent down' to the countryside. Sure, we learned something about the peasants' tough life, but essentially it was a waste of time for all concerned, including the peasants, who didn't want us there. If you had connections, you bought your way out or got doctor friends to say you were sick. Now that's over, but the government still hasn't been able to find jobs for many of my friends, and it is once again talking about sending unemployed kids down to the countryside as a solution to the problem. My parents and their friends have been through so much these past thirty years—one denunciation after another—that they're too scared to be of any use. But the kids are different. Though the situation has improved a bit recently, many of them still feel that with things so bad they couldn't care less what happens to them. Even death is no threat. And, being cynical, they're thinking only of



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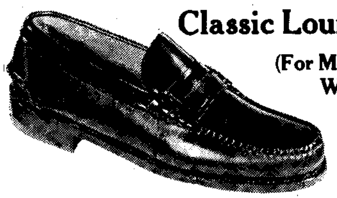

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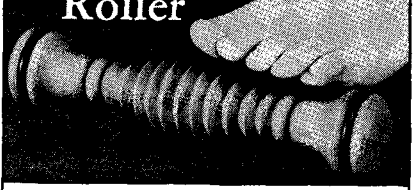

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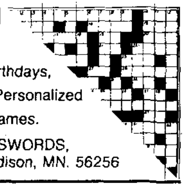

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how they themselves can get ahead. Maybe that's not the best way for youth to be, but that's the way it is."

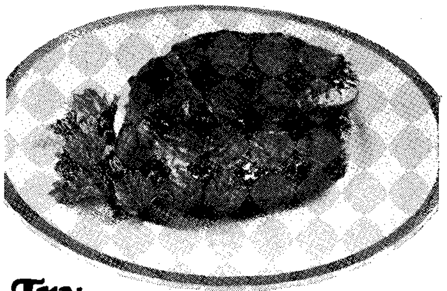
IT was a surprise to find, after being exposed to many such outpourings in the course of the journey, that few people in Shanghai were prepared to speak openly. Shanghai, which is often thought to be at once the most bourgeois and the most radical city in China, actually seemed the most subdued, notwithstanding the widely reported demonstrations around the time of the Boston Symphony's visit. "The lid is still on tight here, as tight as it was under the Gang of Four," said a twenty-year-old man eating noodles, with two friends, in a shop on Nanjing (Nanking) Road, one of the busiest streets in this overcrowded city.

One of his companions added, "We Shanghainese are an outspoken lot, and the authorities are afraid that if they relax the restrictions here things will get out of hand. So in Shanghai, in contrast to Peking and other places, dancing is not permitted, and colorful clothes and long hair are frowned upon."

And the other friend said, with a note of bitterness in his voice, "They say preoccupation with these things would interfere with our commitment to the four modernizations, but nothing could be further from the truth."

In at least one respect, however, Shanghai is irrepressible: young couples are out in force every evening along the bund, draped over the wall beside the Huangpu River. Necking and petting through heavy, padded garments, they ignore passing groups of men who eye them voyeuristically. At five in the morning, the scene is quite different. The young lovers have been replaced by thousands upon thousands of older men and women practicing the serene form of Chinese boxing called Taiji Chuan, exercising in unison to an incongruous musical accompaniment over the ever-present loudspeakers. And on another part of the pavement a few muscular young men work, under the scrutiny of an old master, on the more spectacular, though not necessarily more effective, leaps and sweeps of Shaolin boxing.

As I sat watching all this activity one morning, a young man sat down next to me and began talking in halting English—so that passersby would not understand, he explained. Though he was born in 1950, the year after "liberation," he was a devout Christian. "I study the Bible at home every day, in



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English and Chinese," he told me. His parents had managed to escape to Europe many years before, and his wife, an Overseas Chinese, had been able to take their young son to America. "But I'm stuck here for good," he said, with the air of one resigned to his fate.

I mentioned the rumor that the Tianjin Cathedral had recently reopened, but he was not impressed.

"No churches have opened in Shanghai," he said. "And, if they did, it still wouldn't be safe to go. Despite the Constitution, religious freedom in China is a joke."

TOWARD the end of our journey, we returned to Canton, where hordes of foreign businessmen were flocking in for the semiannual trade fair, which had just begun. Newspapers and broadcasts were proclaiming the fair's success and attributing it to the correctness of China's new line. Not everyone found things to his liking, though. More than four hundred of the several thousand visitors arrived to discover that, despite confirmed reservations, no hotel rooms were available. "Who's responsible here? Who's in charge?" demanded one exhausted and irate American who had just flown in from New York with his wife, and who was planning to spend the night in the hotel lobby before flying home the next day. "No one," the desk clerk said, with the placidity of an unyielding bureaucrat. At that point, an Overseas Chinese businessman based in Hong Kong, who has had countless such experiences in his dealings with China over the past few years, commented, "The system just doesn't work here. The country's a mess."

THE last leg of our trip took us to Guilin, a tourist-invaded town in the southern province of Guangxi Zhuang (Kwangsi Chuang). The area is noted for its extraordinary landscapes—towering, weirdly shaped rock formations jutting out of the wide plains through which flow the green, still fairly clear waters of the River Li. Except for a number of small fishing boats, the river traffic seems to consist primarily of tourist barges, which are dragged downstream fifty miles or so by tuglike tenders for the benefit of sightseers. In racially class-conscious China, non-Chinese foreign guests pay twenty-five dollars for the six-hour trip to Yangshuo. Overseas Chinese, and the even more shabbily received Hong Kong and Macao brethren, are in this instance lumped together in lesser

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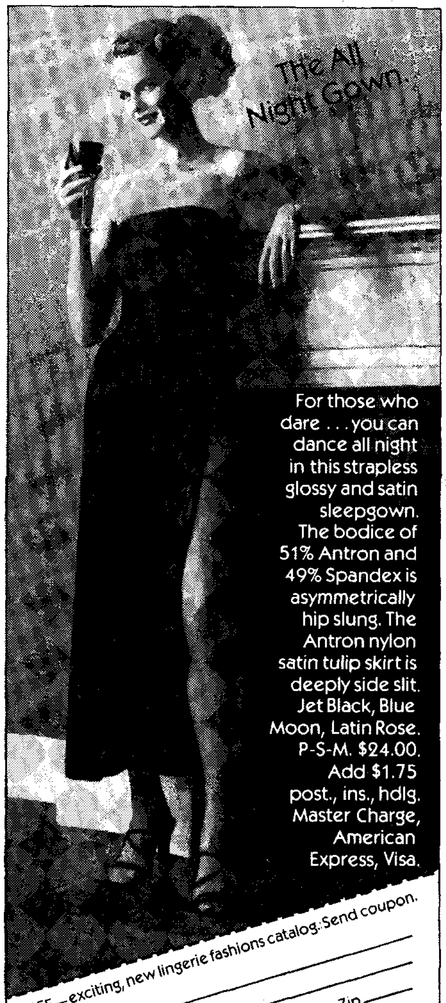
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luxury, and pay slightly less than half that amount. The Chinese masses, the worst-treated people in China, travel under much more crowded and austere circumstances, at a cost of about two dollars and fifty cents. It took four visits to the ramshackle offices of the city's Revolutionary Committee—and some mock histrionics on my part about the apparently still prevailing influence of the Gang of Four—before the authorities would permit me to go down the river with the Chinese.

On the boat, I talked with a newly married couple—the husband a computer specialist, the wife a doctor—enjoying a one-week honeymoon trip. The wife asked me, "Having travelled extensively around the country, what do you consider China's biggest problem to be?"

The easiest, and not necessarily the wrong, response would have been simply, "Its population, its poverty, and its unfulfilled promises." But another response seemed more appropriate at the time. However appealing the government's new line compared to the old, I replied, China remains a dictatorship, where most people are trained not to question but to repeat the Party line. The government wants to modernize the country but is still unwilling to let people think creatively and express themselves freely. Despite much publicity to the contrary, little that is fundamental to the system has changed, I continued, and there is really nothing to prevent past abuses from recurring—perhaps with Stalinist vengeance, if those in power attempt to suppress the increasingly widespread discontent and resentment.

"Many of us would agree with your assessment wholeheartedly," the husband told me, with a note of optimism. "China's salvation lies with the younger generation. If their minds can be opened—and to that end interaction with the West is important—our society, too, might become a more open one." —DAVID FINKELSTEIN

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[*From the San Angelo (Texas) Standard*]

CORRECTION

First place winner of the First Late St. Valentine's Day Massacre Chili Cookoff last weekend at Circle Bar Truck Corral near Ozona was the Orehouse Chili Team of San Antonio rather than the Whorehouse Chili Team as was inadvertently announced in the Sunday and Monday editions of The Standard-Times. The S-T regrets the error and any embarrassment it may have caused members of the chili team.

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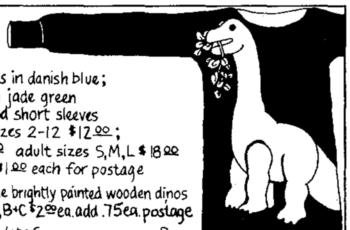

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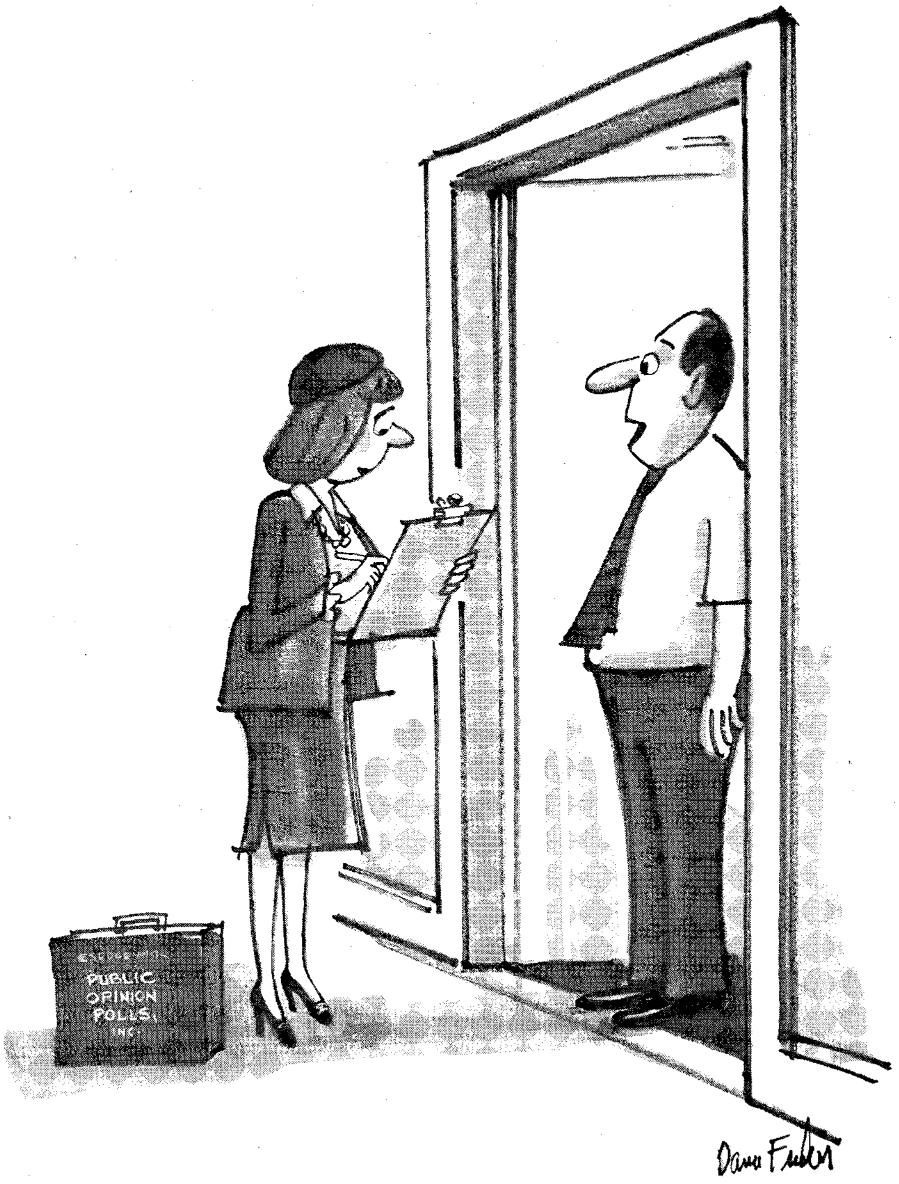
MUSICAL EVENTS

Island Operas

THE new East Coast company Kennedy Center Summer Opera ended its six-week season last month. It plays in the Center's Terrace Theatre, which I described when reviewing the company's first two productions. When I returned to see the last two, Donizetti's opera semiseria "Il Furioso all'Isola di San Domingo" and an Offenbach pasticcio, the acoustics had been improved. Cyril Harris, the acoustic consultant for the building, had come to diagnose the dryness many people complained of, and had prescribed a simple remedy—caulking the seams of the orchestra pit. Now that this has been done, the orchestra sounds warmer and the balance between voices and instruments is better. The theatre still seems to me a shade less vibrant and less flattering to young singers than a five-hundred-seater ought to be, but it is a valuable and agreeable place. New Yorkers may well envy Washington both the house and the company.

I have come across four different productions of "Il Furioso," three of them on the East Coast within the last year or so, and all four have been mounted in the same décor: set by Lorenzo Mongiardino and costumes by Claudie Gastine. But Washington's was the first to do something like justice to what is one of Donizetti's more remarkable operas—one that swept the world within a decade of its première, in 1833. The 1967 Spoleto festival and the 1978 Spoleto Festival U.S.A., in Charleston, presented no more than a cut-down and reordered version of the score, with music missing and instruments missing. Earlier this year, the New Opera Theatre at the Brooklyn Academy of Music reinstated some of the missing passages and, sensibly, performed the opera in the language of the artists and the audience; but it still stuck to a reduced orchestration. Washington did the opera almost complete—one cut in Act II was cruel, but the others were negligible—and used a full orchestra, with double woodwinds, two horns, two trumpets, and three trombones. (In the Spoletos and in Brooklyn, flute, oboe, bassoon, trumpet, and trombone were single; in Brooklyn there were only twelve strings, against Washington's eighteen.) Not unexpectedly, the larger orchestra provided a more comfortable and less shrill support for the voices. Donizetti does not score grossly and reserves his full band for moments of power and passion; the emotional force of the opera when heard in the small theatre was considerable. The edition that was used bears the somewhat ominous legend "Revisione di Vito Frazzi" and includes no account of what Mr. Frazzi's revisionary policy has been, but, unlike the vocal score most commonly met with, it does tally with the early librettos. (The New York Public Library has one from the 1833 première, and visitors to Kennedy Center could consult a Naples 1834 libretto in the new Performing Arts Library, outside the Terrace Theatre.) The autograph score, according to Guido Zavadini's big book on Donizetti, is in the Ricordi archives. The Washington troupe has a dramaturge, Francis Rizzo; his program note described the Frazzi score as "authenticated," but mentioned no authority. Did he check Frazzi against the autograph himself? The opera has so many unusual formal features that one would have liked hard assurance that everything one heard was of the composer's own devising.

In all ways, "Il Furioso" is unusual. As I suggested after the Brooklyn performance, the twenty-two-year-old baritone Giorgio Ronconi (later Verdi's first Nabucco) seems to have inspired the composer and his librettist, Jacopo Ferretti, to range beyond the formulas of the day and write two psychologically intense dramas with baritone protagonists. (The other work is "Torquato Tasso," which appeared later in 1833.) The subject matter of "Il Furioso" is after—a long way after—the Cardenio episodes of "Don Quixote": a hero driven mad by his wife's infidelity; her repentance; his fitful re-



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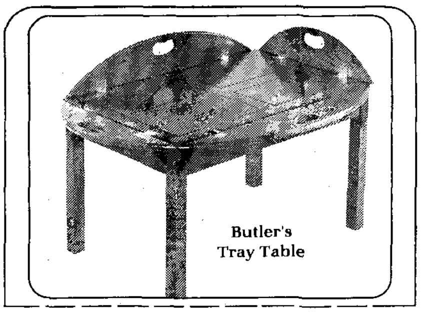

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turn to sanity. The setting was shifted from the Sierra Morena to San Domingo, which provided the chance for picturesque Caribbean décor, a shipwreck, a tropical storm. The black plantation worker Kaidamà supplied a buffo element.

Violence, tenderness, and jokes are deftly and affectingly blended. The more one discovers of Donizetti, the more one admires his warm, generous understanding of human joys and sorrows, the honesty of feeling that marks his music, his delight in what is beautiful and true, and the intensity with which he shares his characters' suffering. (And the more impatient one becomes with productions of "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "Don Pasquale" which put irrelevant jokiness and farcical business before accurate, amused observation of human character, and productions of the tragedies which treat them as mere prima-donna showpieces.) There were discoveries to be made at this latest "Furioso." One could agree with sentiments that its admirable conductor, John Mauceri, expressed in a program note:

> In respecting Donizetti's own sense of pacing and proportion, we have found that the opera is not only dramaturgically clearer but psychologically "shorter" than in abridged versions. For "Il Furioso" finally needs no explication or apology to make its mark on the public. Above all, it needs no improvements.

Not everything about the show was right, however. Richard Pearlman's stage direction was a mixture of stale routine not specific to the piece and unwanted activity that simply obscured Donizetti's and Ferretti's drama. But it was a shade cleaner and less insensitive than his direction of the opera in Charleston had been. The title rôle needed better singing and subtler, less complacent acting than Charles Long brought to it. He pushed a pleasant light baritone until it sounded artificial and ugly. He signalled Cardenio's return to sanity by a grin turned on like an electric light. The tenor—Cardenio's brother, who has come to San Domingo in search of him—is a role that seems to have been written in to satisfy the *convenienze*, because an opera needs a tenor. He has two graceful but almost irrelevant arias. Rockwell Blake sang them with some grace of style and a formidable coloratura technique, but the timbre in the top fifth of his voice—up to high D—was edgy and unpleasant. Mr. Pearlman's fancy direction of the second aria suggested that he either does

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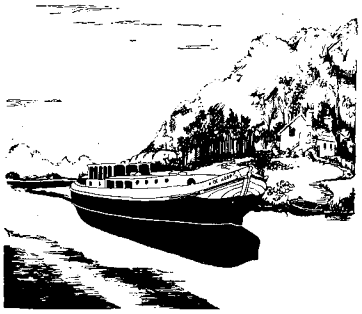

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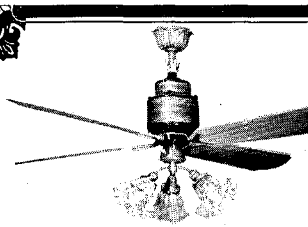

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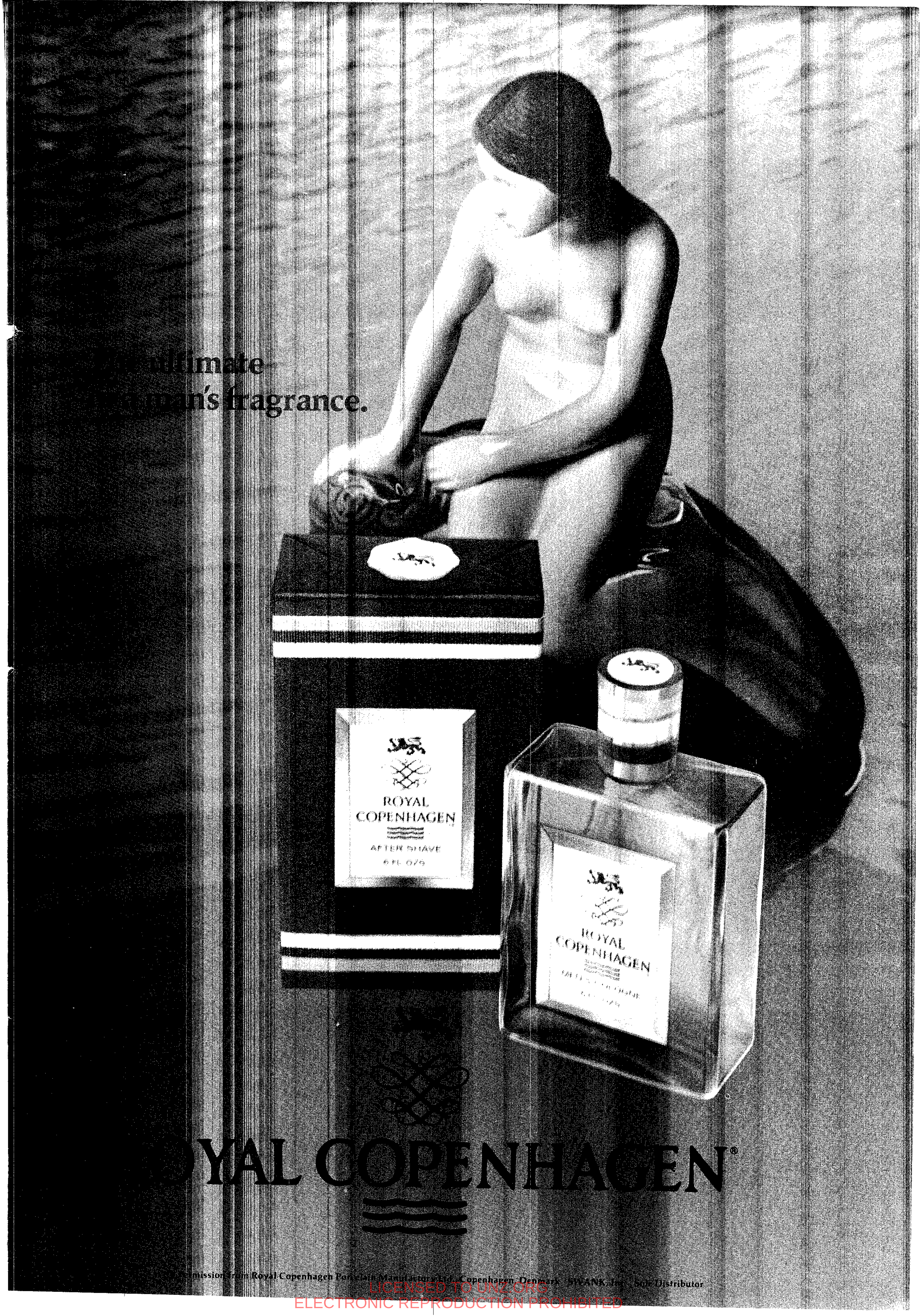
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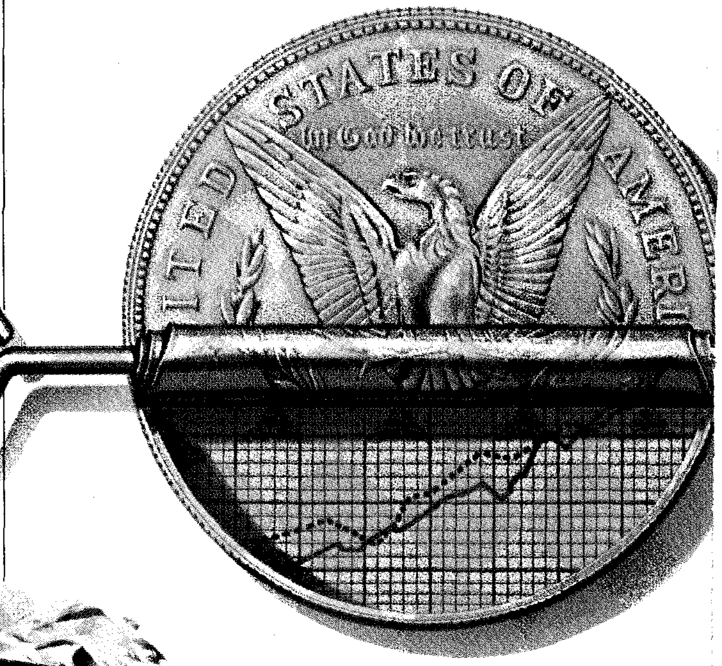

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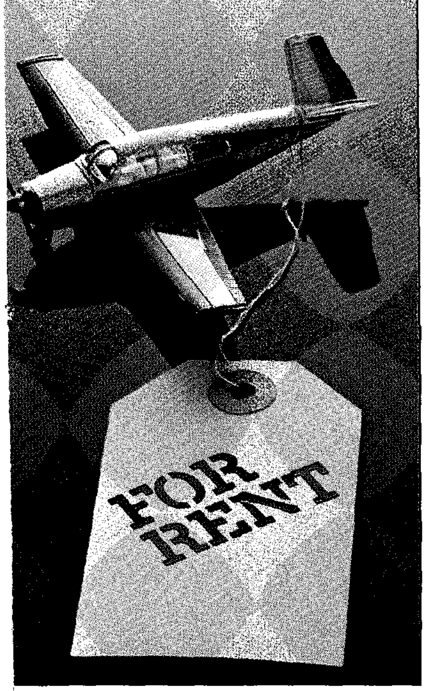

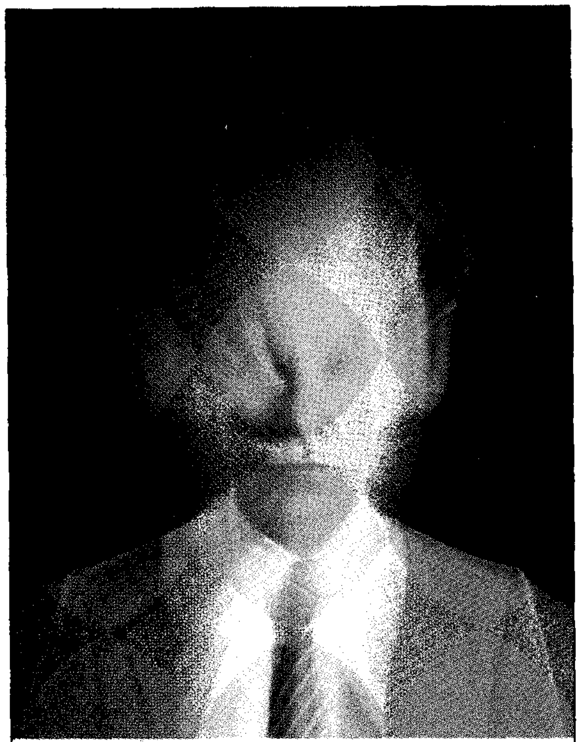

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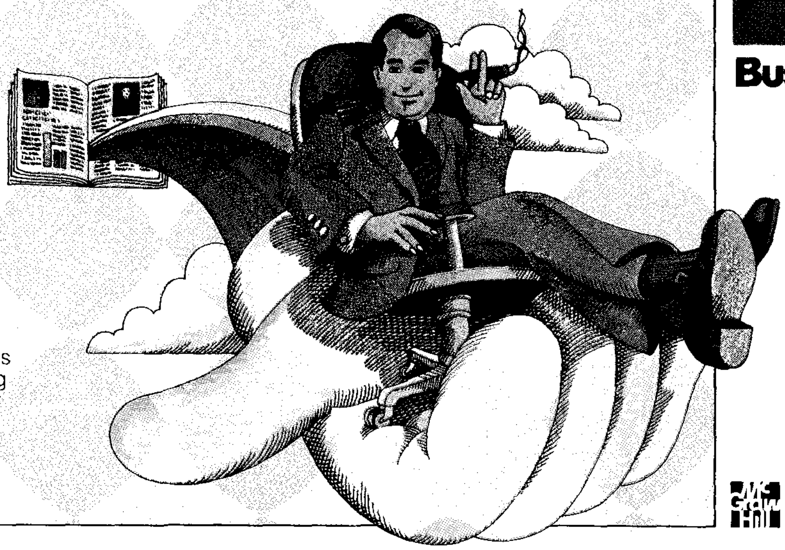

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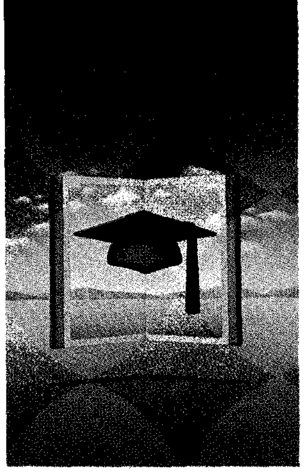

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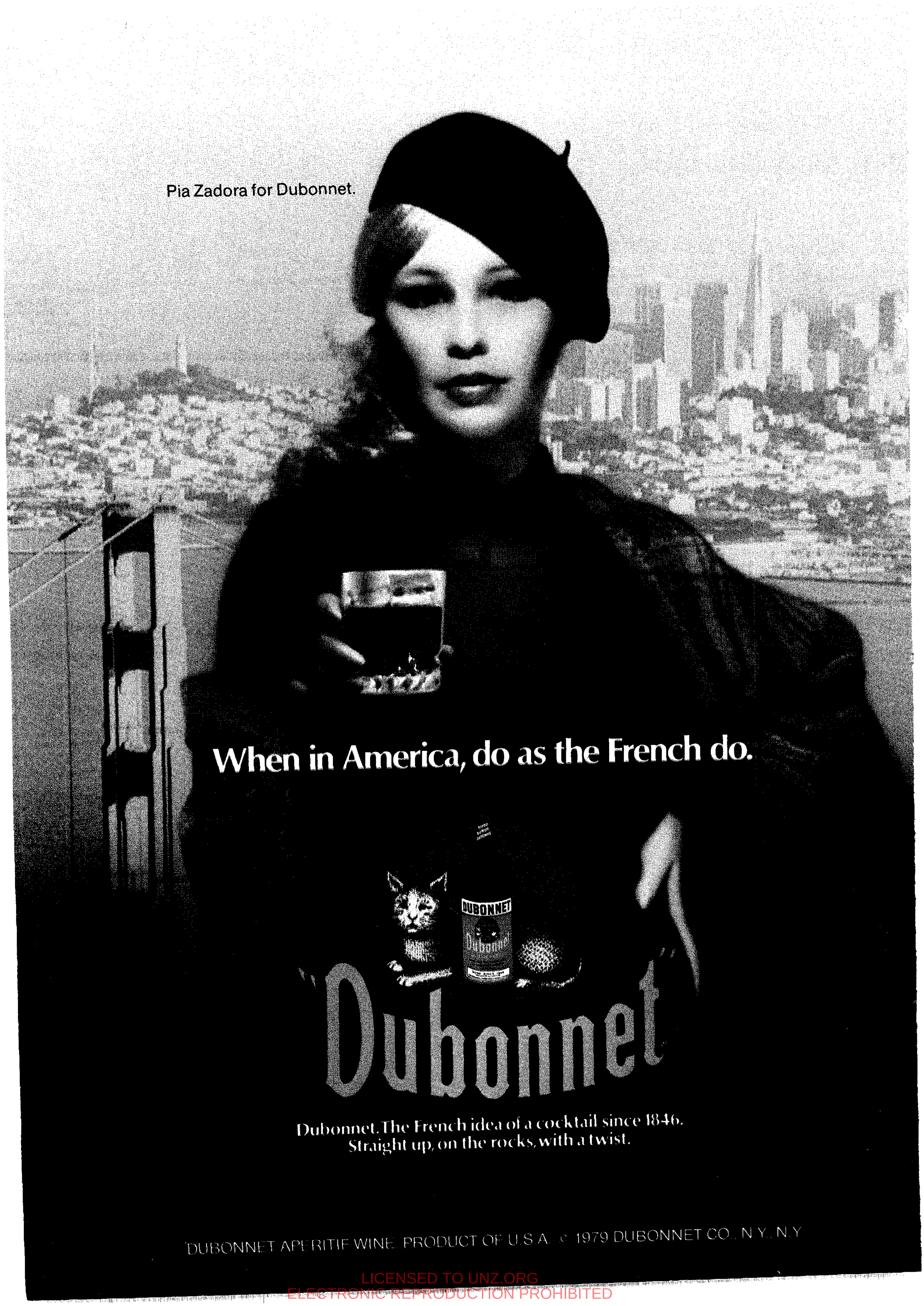
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not understand Italian or presumed on his audience's not understanding it.

But Marianna Christos as Eleonora, Cardenio's peccant wife, was both moving and a great pleasure to listen to. Her accuracy of pitch and exactness of focus are in themselves uncommon. There is just a hint of resin in her timbre—enough to lend it character, not so much as to mar its essential sweetness and purity. She brought to mind Mendelssohn's remark about Fanny Persiani, Donizetti's first Lucia: "Well, I do like Madame Persiani dearly. . . . There is such a pleasant, *bitter* tone in her voice!" When the line rose, Miss Christos's voice seemed to get fuller. Nothing was edgy or strained. She joined notes, molded the phrases, and was passionate in expression but never out of control. James Tyeska, in the buffo role, was a promising but gauche performer in need of direction. The smaller parts—Judith Christin as the seconda donna and William Dansby as the bass—were well taken.

The opera was sung in Italian, and that was a mistake, for it has a good libretto set by Donizetti in such a way that his music can be appreciated to the full only when the words are followed in detail by the audience. And the company had not put a bilingual, or even an Italian-only, libretto on sale. Surely it would not have been difficult to run off facsimiles of the Italian-English libretto printed for a New York performance of "Il Furioso" at the Astor Place Theatre in 1848.

MUSICALLY, the two-hundredth anniversary of the 1776 colonial rebellion was celebrated almost as prominently in the mother country as in the former colonies. Among other things, a "new" Offenbach operetta, "Christopher Columbus," was created for the occasion. Offenbach would have recognized the tunes. Some of them he had composed in 1876 aboard the Canada, on his way to America to conduct at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition; they were for "La Boîte au Lait," which appeared later that year. Others—among them a quartet, with castanets clacking, from "Maître Péronilla," an Atlantic storm from "Vent du Soir"—came from various crannies of the treasure house of animated, elegant music represented by his hundred-odd scores. The two directors of Opera Rara, a London organization that has revived unfamiliar operas by Rossini, Mercadante, and Meyerbeer, and last year gave the world première of Donizetti's 1838

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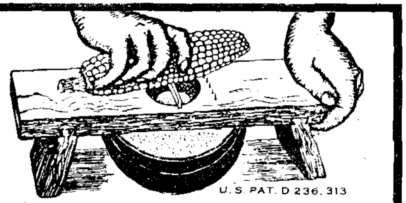

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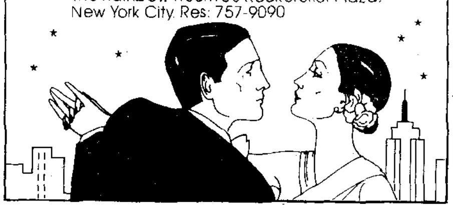

"Gabriella di Vergy," assembled the piece: Patric Schmid, the American operatic scholar, raided the treasure house for music; Don White, a British poet, wrote a witty libretto. Act I plays in Cordova, where Columbus, newly engaged to Beatriz, is embarrassed, Don Giovanni-like, by the arrival of his earlier brides Fleurette, Rosa, and Gretel, and in the Royal Palace, where a susceptible Queen Isabella provides him with the means to escape to a New World. Act II plays aboard the Santa Maria and then in "a clearing in the woods, somewhere in downtown Manhattan," where Beatriz, Fleurette, Rosa, and Gretel surprise Christopher with Minnehaha, his newest bride. In 1976, "Christopher Columbus" came out in Belfast and in London. The next year, the Minnesota Opera staged it. Now it has been taken up in Washington.

Of course, I regret that Kennedy Center Summer Opera didn't take up a *real* Offenbach opérette. This piece, a string of hit numbers, doesn't have the feel, doesn't move with the gait, of vintage Offenbach. Why not "Bluebeard"? Why not "Robinson Crusoe"? (It could have been played in the "Furioso" setting.) And, of course, I was captivated by Offenbach's music and had a thoroughly good time. Neil Rosenshein was bonny in the title role. Elaine Bonazzi, Isabella, was a virtuoso comedienne. In a large and accomplished cast, Erie Mills, as Gretel, stood out for her bright tone and the panache with which she delivered her words. Mr. White's libretto made me laugh. Lois Bewley had directed, and if when I saw the show the fun sometimes became rather too broad, that could be forgiven as last-night-of-a-run exuberance. Brian Salesky conducted with spirit. —ANDREW PORTER

•

Regardless of the weather, Nancy Lopez is drawing extra attention here.

The August issue of Gold Digest says Lopez, the big star of the tour in her rookie season last year and a big winner again this year, is on poor terms with her fellow tour members.

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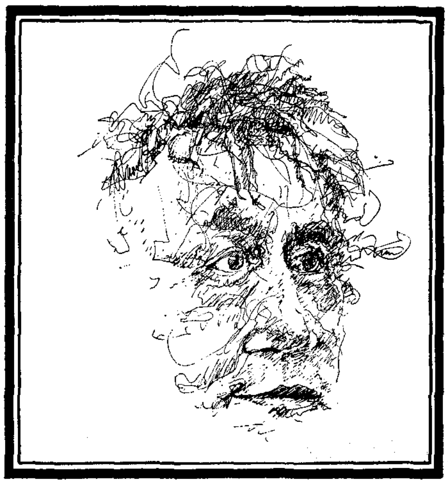

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Drawings by David Schorr

Vicente Aleixandre won the Nobel Prize for Poetry in 1977 at the age of 75. One of the last surviving members of the Generation of '27, that amazing group of writers who brought Spain her finest poetry in centuries, he lives and works today in the outskirts of Madrid. In *A Longing for the Light,* sixty of his most representative poems have been translated into English by a group of poets among whom are Robert Bly and W. S. Merwin. The editor of this handsome bi-lingual edition is Lewis Hyde, who has written a long biographical section in his excellent introduction to Aleixandre's work.

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BOOKS

Visions and Revisions

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of publishers. Alexis Léger (1887-1975) was a French diplomat and poet who published under the name of St.-John Perse. Though he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1960, his status as a poet remains esoteric and arguable. For the publication in French of his collected works, in 1972, Léger made a selection of the letters he had written between 1906 and 1966. Whatever his gifts as a poet, Alexis Léger—or Saint-Léger Léger, as he also signed himself—was an exceedingly stiff, self-conscious letter writer. This correspondence, now lavishly reproduced in English, is of interest to Perse specialists and to specialists concerned with rather limited aspects of modern French diplomatic history and letters—all of whom, presumably, can read the original. To the general English-speaking reader, many of Léger's correspondents will hardly be known—Rivière, Frizeau, Jammes, Larbaud, Caillois. The fact that only Léger's side of each exchange is published makes the situation even more obscure. Thus, the justification for the tome seems to be simply this: "St.-John Perse: Letters" (translated and edited by Arthur J. Knodel, Princeton University Press; $20) is meant to complete the English-language edition of Perse's works undertaken by the Bollingen Foundation in 1949. This noble purpose would have been better served if the material had been treated critically.

Léger, who was born in Guadeloupe and was taken to France by his family in 1899, lost his father when he was twenty. Feeling himself wholly responsible for his widowed mother and his three sisters, he entered the French foreign service in 1914. He had already published verse that was strikingly anticipatory of his mature style, but the thought of a literary career filled him with distaste. Familial and economic motives for this attitude are clear. In addition, Léger felt that serious art must have nothing to do with the tainted bohemia or professionalism of the metropolitan world of letters. Only in the vatic persona of St.-John Perse was the diplomat Alexis Léger able to summon up the secret forces of revelation and of archaic remoteness necessary for his art. At its best, this self-division brought on a purity of motive, a patience and lofty scruple rare in twentieth-century writing; at its not infrequent worst, it made of Perse a poseur who appeared to suffer the honors and mundanities that in fact he was careful to invite.

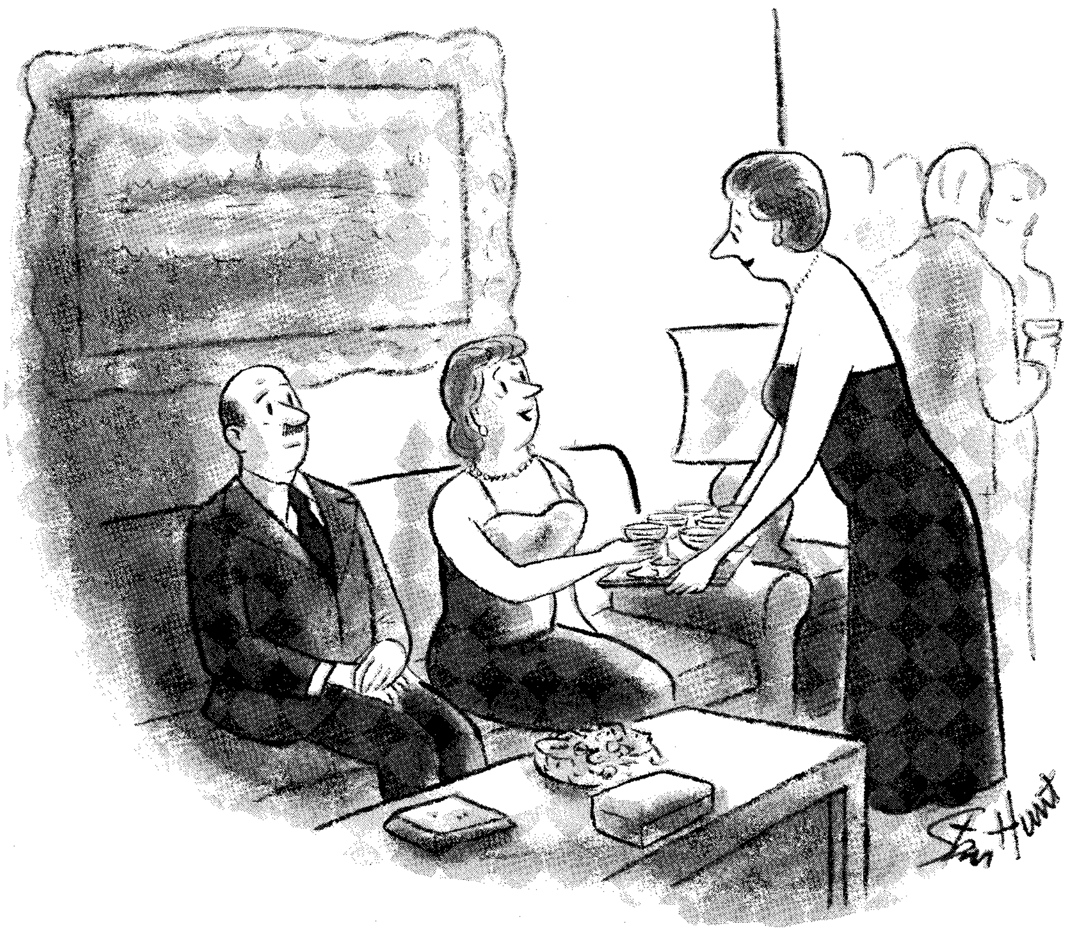
China, where Léger served from 1916 to 1921, was ideally suited to his cultivation of solitude. In a small Buddhist temple northwest of Peking, he wrote much of "Anabase," the first of his epic incantations. Here, he wrote in one of his letters, was the only landscape on the planet which could rival the trackless magic of the sea:

> At my feet, the only human touch is a shallow valley with a sandy river, and rising from it I hear only the sound of small stone-drums, calling to the ferryman at the ford or engaging a dialogue from one bank to the other between invisible rural communities. Beyond are the terraced uplands, the first great open western spaces, stretching towards Mongolia and Sinkiang, where the earliest caravan-routes have their vague beginnings. Still farther on, at last, absence, the unreal, and the earthly horizon that only a timeless contemplation may obscure. And over all this, the unchanging time of the Asian highlands; and far off the vanishing traces of the old nomadic empire and its marches where the roads have no markers. The Asia of Buddhism, lamas, tantric rites, striding off far from Confucian platitudes.

The studied cadences, the arch pun on the geological sense of flatness in "platitudes" are characteristic of a correspondence that rarely achieves the trust of the informal.

But the young third secretary was also meant to keep an eye on the turbulent Chinese political scene. His insights seem uncanny. In the first week of January, 1917, Léger reports to a superior at the Quai d'Orsay:

> The ideas of Karl Marx and of Engels already exert their subtle attraction on all the young Chinese intellectuals; and in the long run . . . nothing will stop the march of the Chinese community towards a collectivism very close



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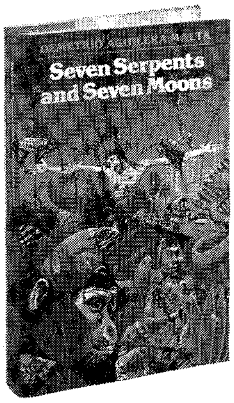
to the most orthodox Leninist communism.

An astonishing piece of clairvoyance, for at that date, of course, the Bolshevik Revolution had not yet taken place and there was no such position or even term as "orthodox Leninist communism." When the French edition appeared, scholars and critics immediately challenged the authenticity of this and similar wonders of foresight throughout the China letters. Acrimony and muffled avowals followed. M. Léger had perhaps been retouching his early correspondence with a view to clarifying this or that episode. In short, there is suggestive evidence that letters have been "brushed up" and also elided for later effect.

Léger chose to publish virtually no correspondence for the period from 1922 to 1940. These are the years in which he rose to the senior secretaryship at the Quai d'Orsay. For the historian, this gap is drastic. Much concerning Léger's political and social position during those tawdry times remains indistinct. And, lacking this background, the general reader will find it very difficult to account either for the brusque drama of Léger's condition as a refugee in the United States in 1940 or for the essentially negative view he took of postwar France—a view that inhibited him from returning to his homeland until 1957.

It was Francis and Katherine Biddle who acted as Léger's unfailingly tactful hosts and patrons during the war and after. It was they who gave the exiled poet-ambassador (he had been elevated to ambassadorial rank for his services at the Quai) almost immediate access to President Roosevelt and to the highest reaches of American literary and political society. The letters to Mrs. Biddle form the heart of this collection. Their gratitude, their affection are manifest, as are the fulsome flatteries that Léger lavishes on the judicial and stylistic achievements of Francis Biddle, who served as Attorney General of the United States from 1941 to 1945. It is in these letters that the mixture of austerity and pathos peculiar to Léger's intimate manner finds full expression:

> For, do I not now have the same status as my friends, the squirrels in Central Park and the seagulls along the East River, for whom my exile's budget will always provide enough "peanuts" and "crackers"? As for exile itself, is it not everywhere in this world, beginning in the heart of a woman? In any event, I find it in the eyes of the little black boy who shines my shoes and, even more, in the eye of the policeman's horse who, every



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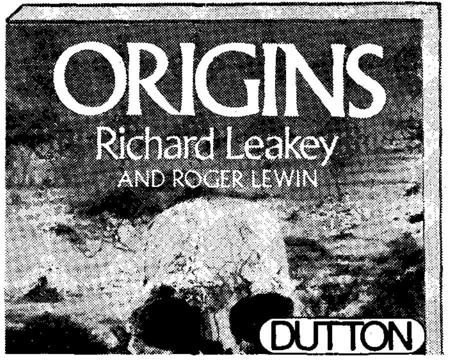

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night, with the same gentleness, refuses the lump of sugar I offer him out in the street.

If one recalls the circumstances of European existence in that November of 1940, this suave melancholy grates.

Yet though the Biddle letters reiterate Léger's deepening love of the United States (he was to take an American wife in 1958) and his despair of France, the grounds for this despair remain strangely masked—or have been excised. No friend of the Fourth Republic, no active supporter of de Gaulle, Léger seems to have borne within himself a politics of stoic disenchantment, a vision of government by ceremonious and disinterested merit. Renascent France ill matched this ideal. Understandably, he also carried the scars of the 1940 catastrophe and of the long meanderings of national cowardice, ministerial self-deception, and vulgarity of spirit which had made this catastrophe unavoidable. (But just what had been Léger's own political path?)

It was on the islands off the Maine coast that this inebriate of the sea and of aloneness was most himself:

> Here I lead the spacious physical life of a trailblazer, woodsman, beachcomber, cold-water swimmer, imaginary landscape gardener, and amateur naturalist, half poacher, and passionate entomologist, botanist, and geologist.

Plumed hats and green-baize tables had been the real banishment.

For the student of poetry and poetic processes, these letters do not contain much. St.-John Perse was no theoretician or confessor. It was to Mrs. Biddle that he communicated, in a highly formal vein, the credo of his poetics: his conviction that the poet must "integrate himself into the thing, identifying himself with it to the point of becoming that thing and confusing himself with it—living it, miming it, incarnating it." It was to Archibald MacLeish, indefatigable supporter, friend, and translator, that Perse voiced his passion for the French language: "My only home, the shelter and refuge par excellence, the armor and the arms par excellence, the only 'geometrical locus' in the world where I can station myself in order to understand, desire, or renounce anything." It is in a letter to the art patroness Mina Curtiss, of September, 1958, that we find the cardinal pairing: "Between the plebeian land and the patrician sea . . ."

It is difficult to believe that the translation of this selected correspondence will rally new or younger readers to St.-John Perse's work. It is best encountered direct—in the sumptuous invocation of marine eros which stands at the vortex of "Amers" (1957):

> . . . *Amour, amour, qui tiens si haut le cri de ma naissance, qu'il est de mer en marche vers l'Amante! Vigne foulée sur toutes grèves, bienfait d'écume en toute chair, et chant de bulles sur les sables. . . . Hommage, hommage à la Vivacité divine!*

No love poetry had been sung at quite this pitch since the heraldic baroque masters of "Tristan and Isolde." It is motions of spirit and of imagery like these, not the veiled urbanities of the letters, which give substance to the rhetoric in Perse's Nobel address—"Pride of man on the march under his burden of eternity!"

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BYZANTINE HONEYMOON: A TALE OF THE BOSPHORUS, by Philip Glazebrook (Atheneum; $8.95). Archie Caper, an exceptionally stuffy young Englishman, recounts his misadventures in Constantinople in the summer of 1895, which began when his timorous bride, with the aid of her guardian nanny, fended off his amorous advances. Archie wanders off in search of *luxe oriental*, is persuaded by a mysterious old traveller to lease an exotic villa and to furnish it with a female slave, and is soon surprised to find himself the dupe and debtor of a ruthless crew of opportunists and extortionists. Philip Glazebrook has produced an expert forgery of the literary style of the period (complete with asides in French, Latin, and Greek), and his portrait of this cigar-puffing fool—reclining in Turkish costume on a pillow-strewn divan; trailing crowds of urchins across a dusty square ("Going out to bat at cricket, succeed or fail, one has at all events been chosen to play; and so too here, an Englishman watched by these beggarly Turks, I was aware that simply by virtue of race one has been marked out by the Great Selector"); and finally cornered by a mob of rioting natives—amusingly conveys the romantic myopia that afflicted more than one generation of English adventurers.

GENERAL

THE INTRICATE MUSIC: A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STEINBECK, by Thomas Kiernan (Little, Brown; $12.95). Steinbeck was suspicious of

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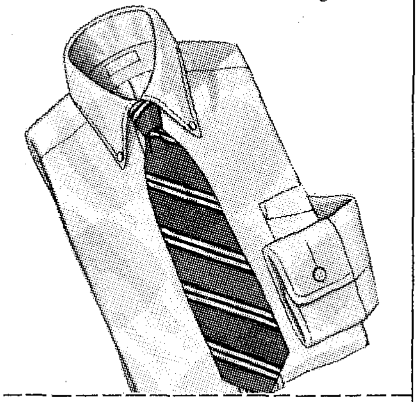

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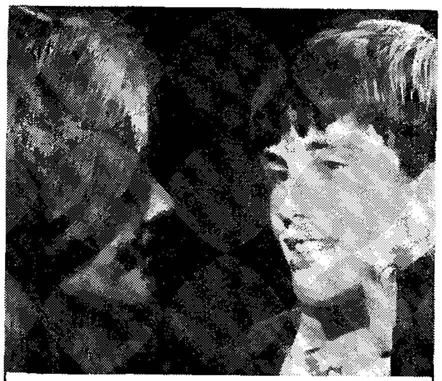
conventional literary biography. He told Mr. Kiernan that only a book that illuminated the problems of a writer's craft and showed how the fictional imagination evolved could be of any interest, and he doubted whether such a book could be written. That is what Mr. Kiernan has attempted here. He covers the factual ground—the awkward, painful growing up in small-town California; the years of writing novels no one read; the calamitous marriages; the relatively short season of critical and artistic success that preceded a long decline into celebrity, pomposity, and a petulance informed by the bitter realization that creative power was spent—but it is Steinbeck's art that interests him. His discussions of the prolonged experimenting with technique that went into Steinbeck's search for "a way to write" and of the friendship with Ed Ricketts, a maverick marine biologist whose theory of a "nonteleological" approach to life and art strongly influenced Steinbeck when he was writing "Tortilla Flat," "Of Mice and Men," and "The Grapes of Wrath," are clear and arresting. Steinbeck, for a number of reasons, some of them exculpatory, was not an attractive person. Mr. Kiernan shows us, however, a man of undoubted talent and inflexible artistic integrity, whose best work reminded an often thoughtless America of its humanity.

THE HALF-MAD LORD: THOMAS PITT, 2ND BARON CAMELFORD (1775-1804), by Nikolai Tolstoy (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). Lord Camelford was a member of the powerful Whig family that included a Prime Minister (William Pitt), a First Lord of the Admiralty (Lord Chatham), and a Foreign Secretary (Lord Grenville), and he was cousin to, and a great friend of, the intrepid Lady Hester Stanhope. He was also, in his short time (he was killed in a duel at the age of twenty-nine), a personage in his own right, though a highly controversial one. He had a lonely, loveless childhood; he ran away from school; he served as a midshipman under the Pacific explorer Vancouver; he returned to England overland to become an amateur pugilist and a patron of horse racing, cockfights, and prizefights. He was a drunken, brawling, practical-joking man-about-London; he was skilled in languages, a talented amateur scientist, a dandy, the inventor of a



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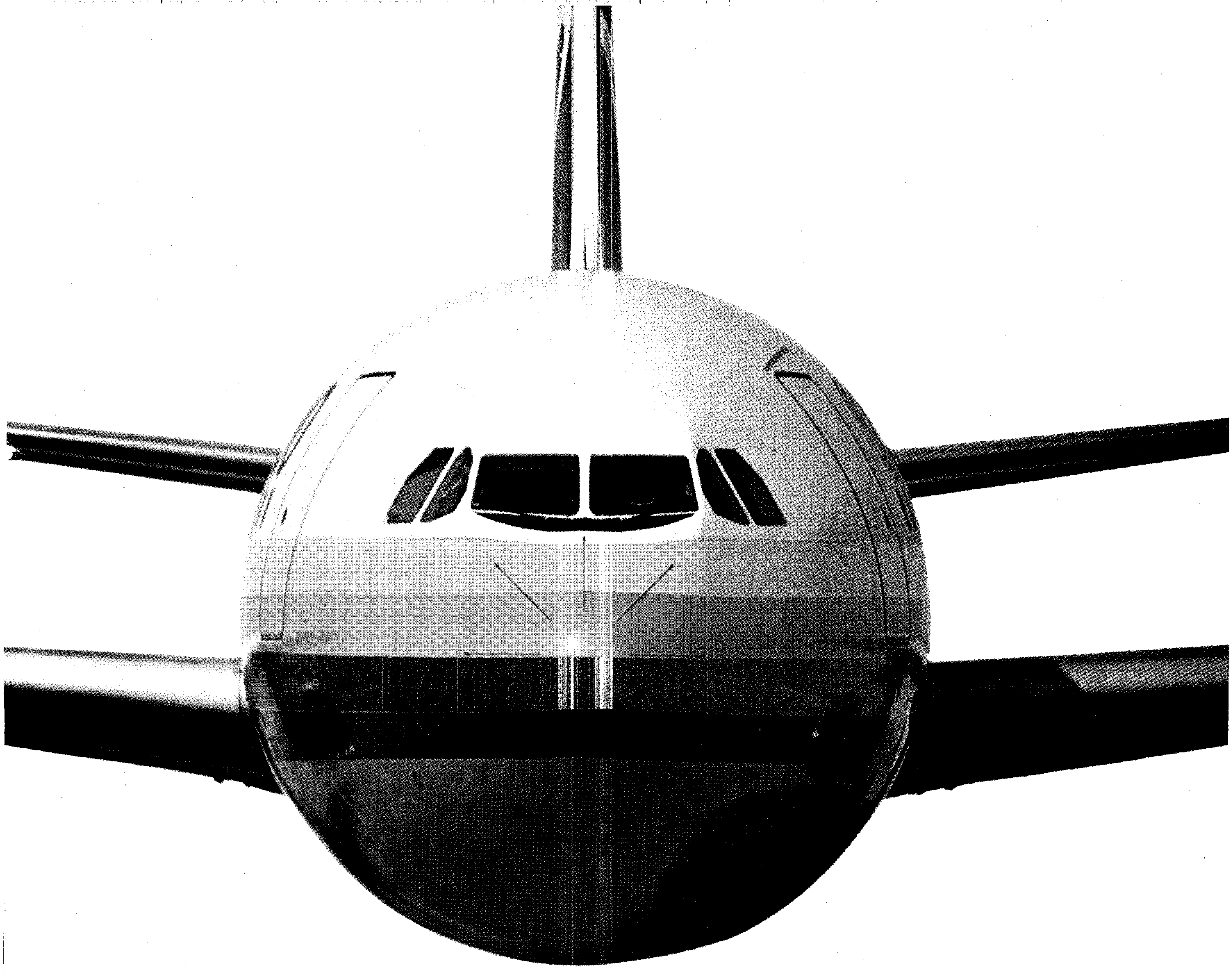

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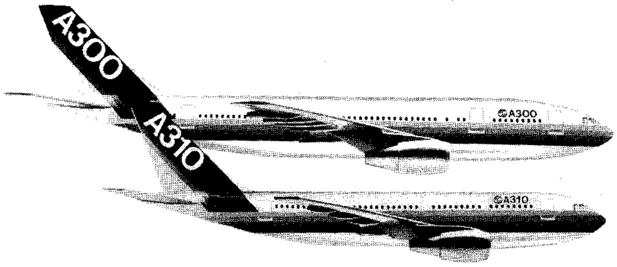

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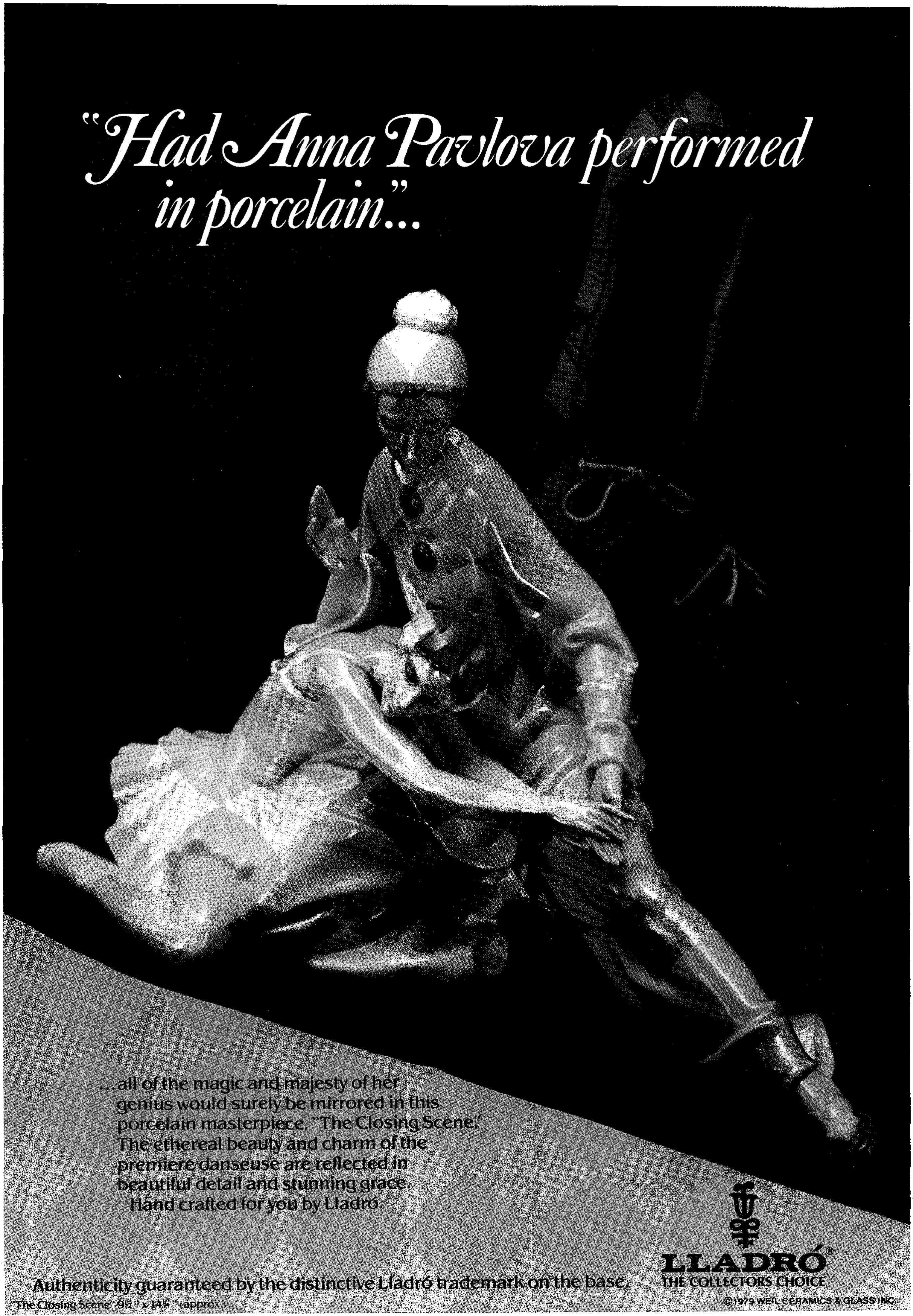

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SENTENCED TO DIE, by Stephen H. Gettinger (Macmillan; $9.95). A scrupulously objective survey of the death penalty for murder. The author, a journalist who specializes in criminology, has based his book on the cases of eight men now on death row in several states, and on interviews with judges, prosecutors, defense lawyers, the families of the victims, and the families of the convicted murderers. Mr. Gettinger says that he began his study as a convinced opponent of the death penalty but that in the course of his work, and in recapitulating the philosophical, legal, and ethical arguments for and against it, he came to see that it is not a simple matter of moral certainty. Even so, he believes that the objections to capital punishment are overwhelming, and in this book he spells them out, unemotionally and with admirable fair-mindedness.

STUNT MAN, by Yakima Canutt, with Oliver Drake (Walker; $14.95). Yakima Canutt, who is now in his eighties, started life as a rodeo rider, got into early silent pictures as a small-part actor, stunt man, and double, and went on to become "action director" of big films like "Stagecoach," "Gone with the Wind," "Ben-Hur," and "Where Eagles Dare." In this book, he reminisces, with scarcely a cross word for anybody, about the famous people he worked with (in particular, his two favorite stars, John Wayne and Charlton Heston), and, what is more interesting, explains how he devised and carried out some of his more spectacular stunts (like leaping from a galloping horse onto the backs of a runaway team pulling a stagecoach, and, after being "shot" by the coach's driver, falling under the hooves of the horses and

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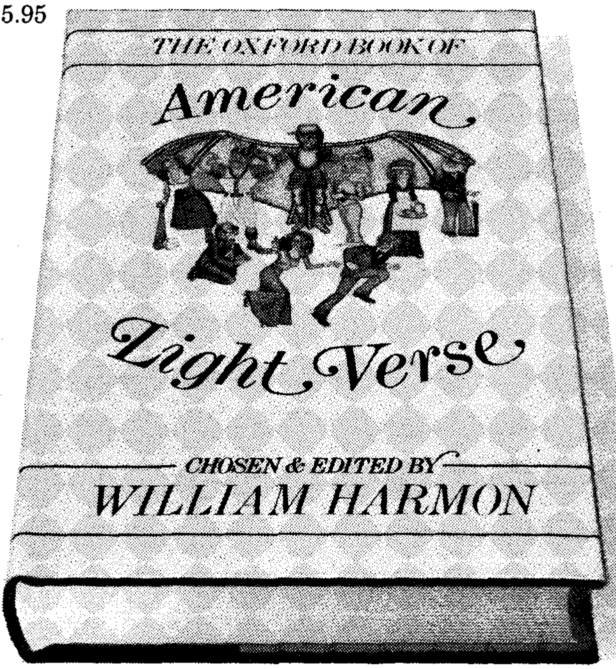

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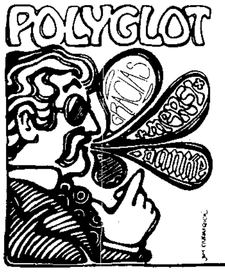

appearing to be run over by the wheels) without breaking his neck or causing injury to an animal. Many photographs of his exploits, although, alas, most of them are stills from the movies as the audience saw them.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ANGLE OF ATTACK, by Rex Burns (Harper & Row; $9.95). Another solid episode in the professional career of Gabriel Wager, lone wolf, Mexican-American, and homicide detective in the Denver Police Department. Wager continues in Mr. Burns' careful and understanding hands to grow in character and interest: he is a personality, not a mere collection of mannerisms. His problem here is a seemingly aimless gangland killing—the assassination of a young Mexican-American of untarnished repute—and he handles it with his usual intensity, intelligence, and devotion to duty, a devotion that survives an almost daily disenchantment with the penal process.

WHITE FOR DANGER, by David Stevens (Stein & Day; $9.95). A New Zealand scientist staggers into Scott Base in Antarctica to report that his two companions have disappeared and that he caught a glimpse in a hidden valley of what looked like the towers and battlements of an ancient city. One of the few of his fellow-New Zealanders to believe him is a rich archeologist with a passion for ancient cities, and he organizes an expedition to check this one out. Mysterious happenings begin at once: the narrator (a New Zealand novelist) is attacked by muggers; the steering wheel of his car is tinkered with; en route by ship to Antarctica, he is knocked down a sliding ice floe—and so on, ever more alarmingly, as the long cross-country trek gets under way. Mr. Stevens, himself a New Zealander, seems to have visited Antarctica: his descriptions of the icy, snowy, windy, numbing southern summer have an authentic ring. He is able to build expert suspense and digestible melodrama, and his showdown climax—an area where many thrillers wilt—is a rousing one.

THE BOTTICELLI MADONNA, by Richard Cox (McGraw-Hill; $9.95). Intrigue in the international art world. A Frankfurt art dealer produces a long-lost Botticelli in almost mint condition, and although there is something a little fishy about its reappearance, an illustrious London

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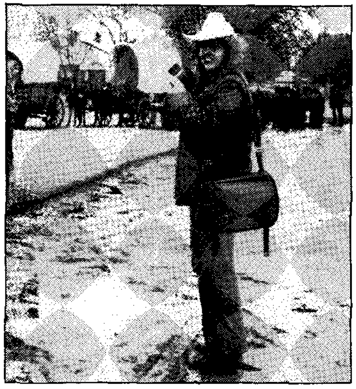

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art firm fallen on hard times arranges to buy it. But suddenly there are other claimants. An East German security colonel claims that the picture was bequeathed to him by a wartime friend. A museum in Vienna claims that the picture was in its possession at the outbreak of the Second World War, and had been "borrowed" by Hitler. Mr. Cox, an English journalist, appears to know the scene he describes down to the last flake of jargon, and he keeps things at a bubbling boil. Choice entertainment.

Follow the Leader, by John Logue (Crown; $8.95). Somebody is killing the great golfers of America at the U.S. Open in Atlanta. First, a former Open champion and leading professional instructor falls from the balcony of his eighteenth-floor room at the Peachtree Towers Hotel. Then the leader of the present Open is found drowned in a water hazard. Then the runner-up is found dead in a hotel sauna. Everything suggests that the murderer is a member of the Tour. John Morris, a veteran Associated Press golf writer, and an Atlanta detective share the investigation. Mr. Logue, himself a former sportswriter familiar with the Tour, gives us good golf, good suspense, and an interesting look at the golf professional and his life.

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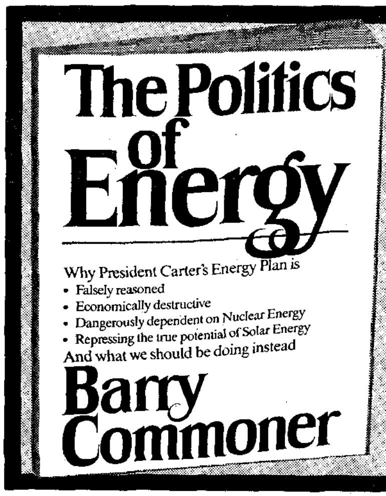
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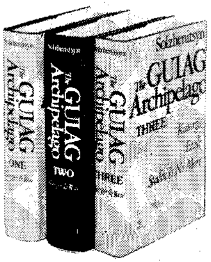

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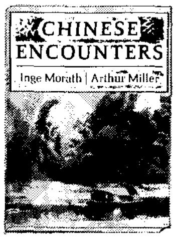

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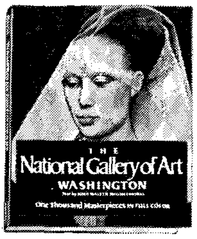

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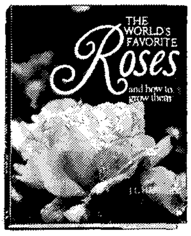

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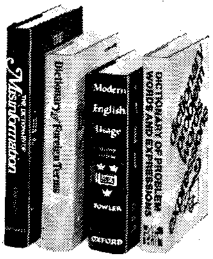

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And to give you the kind of attention we think you have a right to expect.

Because, in the very competitive airline business, all of us at Eastern know we have to earn our wings every day. On the ground. On the plane. And on the phone.

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WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY.™

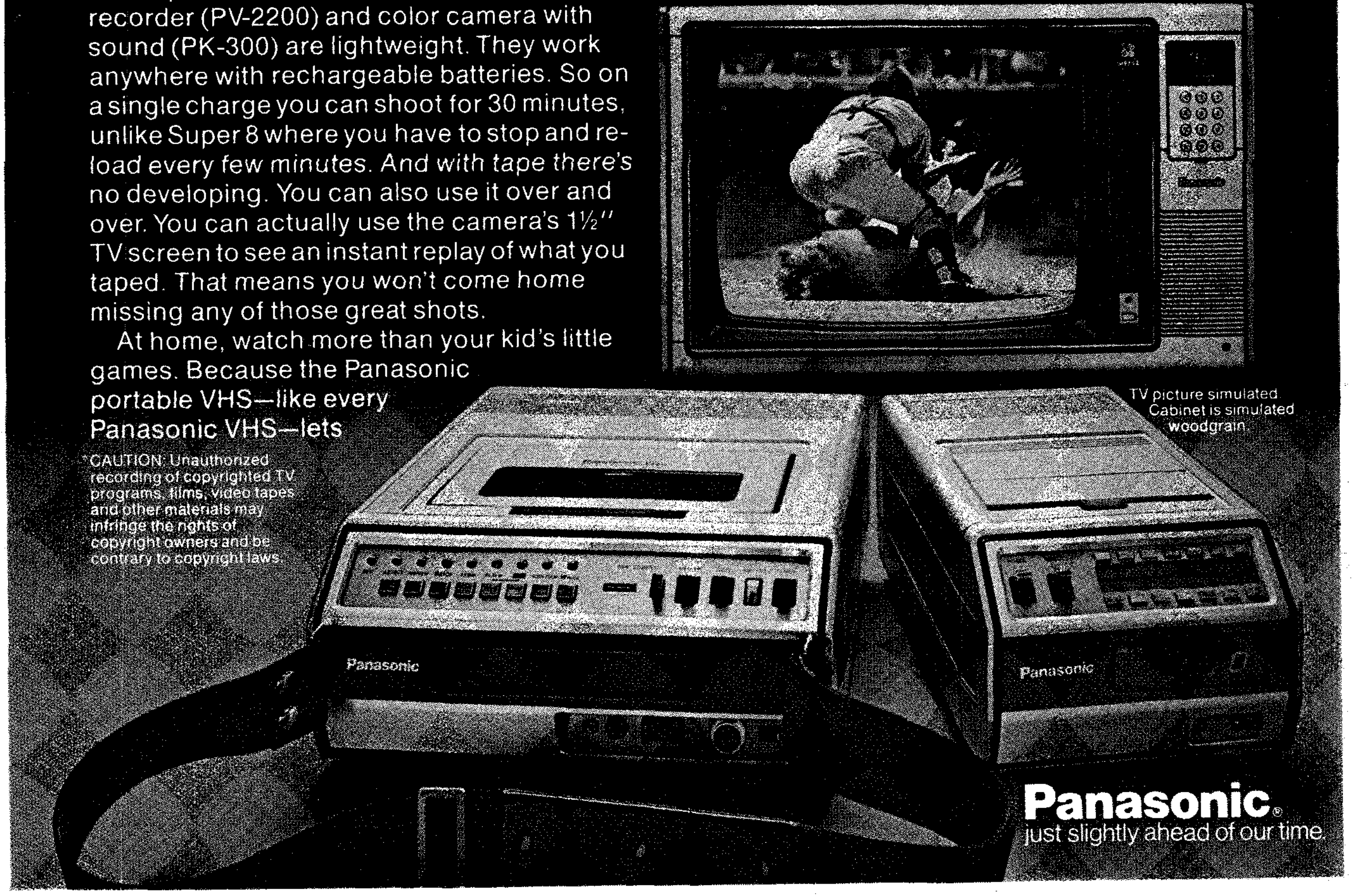
The new Panasonic portable VHS™ tapes little games outdoors and big games indoors.

The little games with all those big moments. Your kid's first birthday. Your parents' 50th anniversary. Tape them now on the new Panasonic portable VHS. So you can relive them years from now.

The portable VHS home video tape recorder (PV-2200) and color camera with sound (PK-300) are lightweight. They work anywhere with rechargeable batteries. So on a single charge you can shoot for 30 minutes, unlike Super 8 where you have to stop and reload every few minutes. And with tape there's no developing. You can also use it over and over. You can actually use the camera's 1½" TV screen to see an instant replay of what you taped. That means you won't come home missing any of those great shots.

At home, watch more than your kid's little games. Because the Panasonic portable VHS—like every Panasonic VHS—lets you record from your TV for up to 4 hours on one cassette to catch those long movies and extra-inning big league games.*

The new Panasonic portable VHS works indoors and out. So you can record life's prime times.



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just slightly ahead of our time.

*CAUTION: Unauthorized recording of copyrighted TV programs, films, video tapes and other materials may infringe the rights of copyright owners and be contrary to copyright laws.